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THE WINGLESS ONE



M NOT a flyer myself. I think I've said that before. But I'm interested in flying and never miss an opportunity to watch the boys take off, in anything from "amphibs" to the Boeing Pursuits.

Naturally, then, I was especially interested in the first Marine Corps Aircraft Squadrons ever to put ships in the air in China. That was their boast. Whether true or not I don't know. Being a Marine myself, with a certain pride in the Corps, I prefer to think so. In any case, I was at the edge of the brand new landing field on the north side of the Hai Ho River, Province of Pe-Chihli, Northern China, when Major Bevans took off in his own Boeing for the first Marine Corps hop into the odorous air of the "Celestial" Kingdom, and like everybody else who watched that hop, I was sentimentally impressed. For, save for a lot of interested and rather frightened Orientals, the audience was strictly Marine Corps.

But Major Bevans' flight has nothing to do with the story. It was his flight which led up to the story, deserving mention therefore. He was in command of the Aircraft Squadrons referred to above, and therefore the commanding officer of the "kiwi."

What's a Kiwi?

A Kiwi is a bird that is a bird—but can't fly. Thereby hangs a tale.

Jerry Baird, Second Lieutenant, took the air after Bevans had come down, and he, too, took off in a Boeing Pursuit. His take-off, with everybody keyed up to the highest pitch, and rather hoping that the tour of the Aircraft Squadrons in China would be unmarred by any accidents, was not very promising.

He came sky-hooting down the field, into the wind, her tail off the ground within fifty feet, and when I say he was traveling I don't mean perhaps. A Boeing Pursuit makes time. But there came a gasp from the audience lined up on either side of the rather rough field—from which only one plane in all history, Major Bevans', had ever taken off—as the crowd began to give back from the charging plane. She was weaving from side to side like a drunken man.

First she headed for the tents of the encampment, and sure destruction. Then she headed for a whole line of brand-new amphibians which hadn't as yet ever flown and had cost Uncle Sam a mint of money. She missed the amphibians by a miracle, her left wing barely touching a wing of one of the huge ships, missed a row of tents by two miracles—and was ten feet in the air, still wobbling, when she started to dive back into the field.

"Who's taking her off?" shouted some one in my ear. But I shook my head. I hadn't seen the flyer take his place in the single cockpit. It was only later that I learned his identity.

The little ship, lightning fast as she was, righted before she had fallen that ten feet to the ground, proof that the man in the seat was fighting her, and finally soared into the air in a climbing turn that made my hair stand on end; but she had managed, in that drop to the left to avoid the tents, to crash her landing gear into a gasoline drum that, of course, had to be exactly in the wrong place—

By Arthur J. Burks

And, lo and behold, the, to me, unknown flyer was in the air in a ship that had to be landed at some seventy-five miles an hour—without any wheels to land on!

He had wheels, right enough, but one pointed toward one wing-tip, the other pointed in the opposite direction, nicely spread apart to utter uselessness after contact with that gasoline drum. Knowing something of flying, since I never miss a chance to take a hop, always in the role of observer, I knew that the flyer probably didn't know that he had lost his landing gear. Somebody would have to get into another ship, get up to him before he should take a notion to land, and signal the bald truth to the flyer.

One other ship was being warmed up, however, and it was trundled out without very much of a test, and a time-tried Captain took the stick. This ship was a D. H., and it looked huge and lumbering compared with the Boehings. But no other Boeing was ready. The D. H. took the air swiftly and began to circle for altitude. I couldn't fly, though I had always wanted to, but hadn't been able to make the grade because of a pair of bum eyes—reminders of certain unforgettable tropical duty with the Marines. Here, however, was something I could do. The Boeing would have to tumble into the Hai Ho River, the muddiest, most odorous stream in Northern China, and I could be on hand to help pick up the pieces. Boehings are not made to land in water.

I don't know how I managed to make the sampan people understand that things were due to happen when that ship with the broken landing gear came down, but I did manage it somehow, and myself gained a place of vantage on one of these dirty, grimy homes of the river scavengers. The word passed from mouth to mouth among the river folk, and the sampans crowded the banks of the Hai Ho on either side as though their lives depended upon it. The Marines began to line the bank, five deep, and men who could swim were stripping down, when I saw the old D. H. swoop down the tail of the Boeing, level off beside her, cling to her for a minute or two, and then spiral swiftly toward the field.

The man in the Boeing had just been informed that he had no landing gear. I wondered how he felt when he looked down and knew he would have to land in the river. There were the sampans being poled to safety on either bank of the snaky river. The flyer might kill himself in the unavoidable landing, but the Chinks were determined that he wasn't going to kill one of them.

Then there were the Marines lining the banks, waiting for the landing, thrilled like any crowd of civilians, wondering, and secretly hoping, that it all might end in a fatal crack-up that could be talked about upon the problematical return home. That flyer knew, believe me. He had only to look down. He was the cynosure of all eyes, because everyone expected him to get killed. Nice feeling that must have been for him.

Then he swooped down, close, and looked the river over, and I saw his face as he swept past the sampan upon which I stood. His face was pale and set, and I didn't wonder. I had a rope

in my hand. He noted that and knew what it was for. I believe the sight helped him, for as he gave her the gun, he smiled at me. The Boehing climbed again, passing over my head at lightning speed, circling about to come down again, with the tide which was rushing in from the Gulf of Pe-Chihli.

The die was cast. He had to land, and he was going to get it over with. He went far back, over Tongku, which was three miles away from where we waited for him to crash into the Hai Ho, and came back for the landing. I wondered what was in his mind as the big moment approached, as the muddy brown bosom of the Hai Ho came closer and closer, as though it surged up of its own will to grasp grimy fingers at his broken landing gear and drag him down.

The least the man could hope for was a few broken ribs and a leg or two, and even a plunge into the Hai Ho, and the inevitable ducking, was unthinkable. Rivers in China are cess-pools par excellence.

Down swooped the Boehing. I could feel the pilot pulling back on her, mentally of course, trying to have as little flying speed as possible when she struck. His broken gear almost touched the water. He gave her the gun, stalled her again. He had to come in with a stalled engine, you know, to keep from breaking his propeller when she nosed down—which she was bound to do—and the prop hit the water. The Boehing raised slightly, like a tired bird which bravely makes one more try, and I thought she was going to be right opposite me when she struck.

Then I went sick, so suddenly did it happen. The engine sound was stopped, broken off. The broken landing gear struck the water, the Boehing whipped over on her nose, and the spat with which she struck the dirty waters of the Hai Ho could have been heard for two miles, I was sure. But then I saw the crash, and I might have been sensitive. Muddy water spouted up into a yellow spray that, for a moment, hid all sight of the cockpit, and the Boehing began rapidly to sink by the head. From both banks the sampans, their passengers scavengers now as always, intent upon whatever they could salvage from the river, were making toward the sinking ship. The stripped Marines had plunged into the awful muck of the river as soon as they had seen exactly where the ship would strike. My own sampan was making toward the wreck as fast as the scar-faced Chinaman at the sweeps could urge her along, with paddles and sing-song Chinese.

Sick at heart, I searched the surface of the water for the flyer. All this takes time to tell.

There really weren't more than three seconds between the crash and the coming into view, ahead of the plane, of the flyer. He had not unfastened his safety belt. He had left her fastened, well knowing that he would land with such force that he would be snapped out of the cockpit, that his safety belt would be snapped, too. If he had unfastened the belt, he would have been hurled from the cockpit as from a catapult, and a broken back was the very least he could have hoped for. That the ship crashed and the flyer appeared a second afterward, ahead of the ship, was proof that the aviator had used his old bean right straight through.

He began to swim toward my sampan, and I managed to make the Chinaman understand that, to me at least, the swimming man was more important than the sinking ship, and we swerved aside to pick him up. His nose was swollen and bleeding, and he confessed as I dragged him aboard that he had broken his thumb as he had been hurled over the upper wing. The cockpit on a Boehing is not far behind the upper wing, you know, and when a man is snapped forward out of the cockpit, with the speed of such a landing as this man had just made, he doesn't miss that wing by more than a hair.

Jerry Baird had broken his nose and his thumb, when a hair lower down would have bashed out his brains.

He grinned rather crookedly as I helped him over the side of the sampan.

Then we made our way to the ship, whose tail was just visible above the waters of the Hai Ho, and Jerry Baird, his experience seemingly already forgotten, supervised the salvaging of the ship he had wrecked.

I liked the lad for that, believe me. If I had landed that ship, I should have wanted a lot of personal attention afterward, would have wanted to pose as a hero and all that. But to Jerry it was all in the day's work. He had forgotten the crash, his ducking into the rotten Hai Ho, and was concentrating on pulling a valuable Boehing out of the drink.

Well, we finally managed to drag the Boehing to the bank, let the water out of the wing fabric, and snake her out of what otherwise had been a very unusual burial place for a defunct

Pursuit. There are lots of dead things in the Hai Ho—Chinese, dead cats, dogs and whatnot; but few if any Boehings.

There was some crowd to watch Jerry come ashore, for he had been through something, his nose was all over his face, he favored his right thumb as he worked, and his face was covered with blood. Moreover, he was in a mess from having taken his ducking in the Hai Ho—which same would make a mess of anything; from which you might guess, by this time, that I don't care for the beauty of Chinese rivers, with especial reference to the Hai Ho.

I was walking beside Jerry, trying to get some reflected glory out of his passage through the rows of Leathernecks who opened up to let us through, when the airman's insult was passed.

"Nothing but a 'kiwi'! Always was a 'kiwi'! Never'll be anything else but a 'kiwi'!"

Jerry halted in his tracks. His face grew pale as death through the blood and sweat, and his eyes narrowed as he looked here and there among the five hundred or so men grouped on the river bank as a reception committee. There was no doubt that he was being referred to as the "kiwi." There was no doubt that he had been meant to hear the words. There was no doubt that he had heard them and knew at whom they had been aimed. Of the three flyers who had taken ships off, he only had crashed. Besides, more than once, in the years since Jerry had taken up flying, I had heard him referred to as a "kiwi."

He was a birdman who could not fly.

And he was trying with all his heart and soul to fly. Bad luck, like this just experienced, had followed him everywhere, and he had escaped being kicked out of aviation by a miracle a hundred times, mostly because he was one of the most likeable men in the Corps and Commanding Officers couldn't find the heart to give him the gate. He broke up planes galore, saving his own skin by acts of God.

He could take 'em off, sometimes, and set 'em down, sometimes; but his take-offs were usually as wobbly as his last had been, and his landings usually series of graceful leaps and bounds—and always so far down the field that he usually had to kick her around, sometimes snapping the tail-skid, in order to save the lives of onlookers or the property of some one who lived beside the landing field.

Naturally, Jerry didn't like to be called a "kiwi." Damn it, he was trying, wasn't he?

So, tired as he was, he began to search through that crowd of Leathernecks for the man—an enlisted man certainly—who had called him a "kiwi."

He didn't have far to look. The man who had said it made no bones about it—and the man was Master Technical Sergeant Hammerstrom, the only enlisted pilot in the Expeditionary Force. Hammerstrom, to make matters worse, was probably the best American flyer in China. Trouble was he knew he was good; and he wanted all officers, especially "shave-tails," to know it, too.

Jerry Baird faced him squarely.

"Were you referring to me, Hammerstrom?"

Hammerstrom knew his stuff. He was an enlisted man. Jerry a commissioned officer. He stood stiffly at attention and said nothing.

"Forget that I'm an officer, Hammerstrom!" snapped Jerry Baird. "There's no place in the same squadron for two flyers who don't hitch, regardless of the rank they hold. If you meant me, or have any reason not to like or at least respect me, say so now, man to man!"

Seldom indeed does such a chance come to an enlisted man. Hammerstrom was an old-timer and knew the truth of this. Jerry had given him his opportunity, before witnesses, to say his say without being punished afterward for insolence. Hammerstrom's face became suffused with the blood of pent-up anger. He leaned forward and snarled into the face of Jerry Baird:

"I said you and I meant you, Baird!" he snarled. "And nothing would please me better than for you to step down, if only for five minutes—it wouldn't take me any longer than that to do my stuff!—and meet me man to man!"

Jerry turned to the gaping Marines who had crowded up close to hear.

"Get into your tents immediately, and stay there until further orders! On the double!"

The men scattered reluctantly. Jerry doffed his helmet leisurely and handed it to me. Then he slapped Master Technical Sergeant Hammerstrom squarely in the face! He had to hit the first blow, to give Hammerstrom the right to fight back, and he made the blow a light one for that reason.

But after that first blow!

Hot ziggety! Gene Tunney would have given ten hours of his life to have seen the fight which followed!

All the time, busy as I was watching the "battle of a century," I wondered what was really back of the hatred which Hammerstrom held for Jerry Baird.

CHAPTER II

Kiwi Crashes Again

OH, I'm not pretending to say fights between officers and enlisted men are common. They aren't. Enlisted men often wish perhaps to get a crack at an officer, but for the most part they take it out in wishing—and when the test comes, give the officer everything they've got in loyalty. I wouldn't give a dime for a man who didn't growl, and the desire to punch an officer's face is one of the regulation "gripes." Sometimes an officer feels like punching an enlisted man—

What I'm trying to get over is that, besides being on the whole a hard-boiled bunch from the word go, the Marine Corps is just a branch of the human family, with all the traits of most of the other branches. No better, no worse—and a darned good outfit to know. Take it from a chap who knows.

Besides, when Jerry Baird hit Hammerstrom in the face, we were a long way from home and there were no civilians to comment upon the discipline, or lack of it, permitting fights like this one. There are times, and this was one of them, when the old barrier of rank falls with a loud thud—and when custom and habit raise it again everybody feels better for having heard the fall of the barrier. Such breaks in the monotony make life more livable.

But Jerry Baird slapped Master Technical Sergeant Hammerstrom in the face—

And Hammerstrom countered with a right uppercut that stretched Jerry on the ground, apparently out of the fight for good! It certainly looked like a bum day for officers! Jerry had been through a lot. As he lay on the ground, Hammerstrom grinning his enjoyment down upon him, I was about to go to him and try to snap him out of it, when he raised his head, groggily. His face was white as a sheet.

It looked just as it had when he passed me and my sampan just before the forced landing which might have cost him his life—and when I saw his face I felt better. A coward, pressed to the wall, turns red in the face; a man with guts turns pale. Jerry turned pale. I knew he had forgotten his trying ordeal in the air, had forgotten his broken nose, his broken thumb, and that Hammerstrom, while he would most certainly win the fight, would know he had been in one.

Hammerstrom held his clinched fists on his hips, and he was grinning derisively, as Jerry wobbled to his feet. Hammerstrom gave him plenty of room. I studied Hammerstrom's face. It was lined slightly, and I knew he had read the meaning of the look in Jerry's face. This was to be no tame victory over a "shave-tail" who held command purely by virtue of his rank.

I don't know why I turned, but I did, and looked behind me. Puffing a big cigar, his spectacles dangling near the pocket of his liberty blouse, Major Bevans himself was sauntering toward the fighters. This would stop it all, and I felt vaguely disappointed. Bevans, in the interests of discipline, could not allow the fight to continue. I said nothing to the fighters, though I saw Hammerstrom had noted the approach of the Commanding Officer.

Bevans needed no explanation. Here was a fight between an officer and an enlisted man. There must be a reason. He'd find out what that was later. He addressed me tartly:

"Tell the men to come on out and see it!" he snapped. "Good example for 'em! Let 'em see that because Congress made a man a gentleman it didn't rob him of his manhood."

"Thanks, Major," said Jerry briefly.

From that moment on there was an audience, and an appreciative one. The Aircraft Squadrons, enlisted and commissioned, turned out in force, as did the battalion attached for ground defence of the area, me belonging to the latter unit.

Well, Hammerstrom knocked Jerry down again. But Jerry got up, crouched forward, his lips drawn back from his teeth slightly, as though he snarled. But I knew Jerry in that moment. He was no longer angry. Those two knock-downs had caused him to regain control. Here and now he was fighting a fight very much like the fight he must have had with himself before setting his Boeing down in the Hai Ho. But Hammerstrom was sore. There's a difference. Ask any fighter.

They went at it, hammer and tongs. Hammerstrom patted Jerry squarely on that broken nose, and the blood spurted all over the place. Jerry, seeming not to have felt the savage blow, countered with two stinging rights to the cheek-bones, upon which there presently appeared two spots of red. Hammerstrom's head went back with the fury of Jerry's attack, and his lips spread open slightly. Full and true Jerry's right fist crashed to the mouth of Hammerstrom, and blood flew again, this time from the smashed lips of Hammerstrom.

Then Jerry began to talk, and there was something in his words, evenly measured, as expressionless as the mouthings of a parrot, which sent a chill along my spine.

"You talk too much, Hammerstrom!" said Jerry. "That mouth will get you into trouble sometime if I don't give you something to remind you of the fact that—you talk too much!"

Four times, like the rattle of automatic-rifle fire, Jerry smashed Hammerstrom in the mouth as he uttered the last four words. Hammerstrom tried to guard his mouth; but Jerry drove through his guard, sinuous as a snake, to smite him on the lips. He fainted his guard out of place and smashed him again; dove inside a hay-maker that, had it landed would have floored Jerry a third time,

and smashed him again. Stepped back swiftly, and as Hammerstrom lunged forward in a savage charge, smashed him again.

"Nothing but your mouth, Hammerstrom!" said Jerry softly. "Lest you forget!"

Jerry lunged for the midriff of Hammerstrom, his right circling for a solar plexus punch if I ever saw one start—and once upon a time I used to step a few in the ring my own self. Automatically I brought my own hand down, in sympathy with Hammerstrom's, to guard my tummy. It was the natural thing to do. Hammerstrom did it, and the right fist of Jerry Baird, elusive as a mosquito, swerved aside, a lifting, circling movement, and smacked home once more against the blood-spattered lips of Hammerstrom!

Hammerstrom swore roundly. I guessed it was swearing, for there was such a spluttering of blood on his lips as he tried to swear that I couldn't be sure. Since it was evident at once that he couldn't swear, Hammerstrom gave us a glimpse of that indefinable something in mankind which makes aviators—

He couldn't swear—so he grinned!

That grin won him friends. Bevans took his cigar from his face and his eyes narrowed as he noted that grin. Slowly, thoughtfully, Bevans nodded his head as though in answer to some mental question of his own.

As I say, Hammerstrom grinned. But not because he loved Jerry Baird! He let his bruised and broken mouth go hang, took eight or ten on the lips in quick succession without a murmur, and bore in. His right connected with Jerry's temple with stunning force and Jerry staggered. Hammerstrom, grasping at his advantage, bore in anew, his right poised once more for the finishing blow—and then his head rocked like a coconut on an ocean wave as two blows, one right after the other so quickly they looked like one blow, smacked him on those tortured lips of his.

Hammerstrom shook his head, grinned through the blood, which was all over the front of his shirt now, ducked his head low, and strode forward, slowly and inexorably, like a human Juggernaut, upon the staggering Jerry Baird.

Jerry gave back not a single inch. He rained blow after blow upon the face of Hammerstrom, aiming at the mouth because he had intimated that he would hit the man nowhere else—and Hammerstrom bore in without a return until, as he stood toe to toe with Jerry, his right licked out once, and Jerry fell as though pole-axed. I heard a watching enlisted man murmur something and saw him step forward.

"Thirty days deprivation of liberty for the man who touches Lieutenant Baird!" snapped Major Bevans. "A Marine officer fights his battles alone—like any other Marine!"

The man stepped back, abashed. Bevans never spoke idly. He meant what he said. There was a lot of stuff under the surface here. Jerry was trying to get up again. Hammerstrom was eying him speculatively and, I thought, with



a new respect dawning through the blood on his face. Jerry scrambled to his feet, his hands still on the ground, his whole body swaying—

"That mouth, Hammerstrom," he mumbled, as he drove head foremost into a clinch.

Hammerstrom rocked him to his heels as he came in; but Jerry was not to be denied, and a faint gasp came from the lips of the Master Technical Sergeant as Jerry's fist fell fair and true for the twentieth time upon his bruised and battered lips. Hammerstrom spat viciously, and something white—something white and almost round, like a smudged pearl—fell from his parted lips. Hammerstrom, seeing it fall, grinned—crookedly, it seemed, because of the missing tooth, and as he spat, and grinned, Jerry landed again.

Hammerstrom's face twisted with pain, this time, and the muscles on his arms knotted as his fists balled until the knuckles grew white with strain. Hammerstrom, if he hit Jerry again where he wanted to hit him, would put an end to this fight. He was heavier than Jerry by ten pounds; but Jerry knew more about boxing. Take it from me, though, a boxer doesn't like to fight a man who doesn't know how to box, and can take it. If the fighter himself doesn't know what he is going to do with his hands, how can his opponent so much as hazard a guess?

Hammerstrom started a terrific left, straight for the chin of Jerry Baird. Jerry ducked his head, rocked back to his heels with the impact, and a cry of pain burst from Hammerstrom. It's no fun to hit a grown man on the head. A man's head is hard. So's a man's hand, and when the two come together something has to give, and very seldom is it the head. Jerry already had a broken thumb. Now Hammerstrom had one.

But Hammerstrom, swallowing the pain which showed on his face through the blood, came in again, swinging. Jerry hit him in the mouth, but Hammerstrom came in. In spite of his best efforts Jerry gave back a step, forced deference to the superior weight of Hammerstrom. Jerry couldn't help it. He lashed out again, missed Hammerstrom's mouth this time by two inches, spoiling the Sergeant's nose instead; but Hammerstrom came on in, forcing Jerry back. With all his power, Jerry bending backward as he strove to hold his ground, Hammerstrom struck the beaten boy in the solar plexus. Jerry gasped, the breath going out of him like a punctured balloon, and as he swayed Hammerstrom struck him full and square upon the jaw—

And Jerry went down, and stayed down!

The fight had lasted a long time.

Hammerstrom looked dazedly down upon the man he had beaten, his hands working at his sides as though he were getting up steam to send in another haymaker if Jerry got up again. Hammerstrom didn't seem to realize that he had won.

Then relief, and something else, showed on his face. He staggered to Jerry, bent

down above the prostrate officer, strove to get his arms under him, as though he would lift him. Jerry's eyes opened. Jerry was a true sportsman, but he was still, technically, "out," and didn't know what it was all about. He only saw the bruised and broken face of Hammerstrom above his own, and managed a few words:

"Your mouth, Hammerstrom!" and struck, missing the mouth by inches, sending a weak blow to Hammerstrom's chest instead.

That blow wouldn't have felled a mosquito; but Hammerstrom fell on top of Jerry Baird, completely out from exhaustion.

When the fou—"hot heat"—is raging in Northern China, it is foolish to fight.

Major Bevans removed the cigar from his lips.

"Get 'em to the sick-bay, fellows!" snapped Major Bevans. "Put 'em in separate tents, too! Great stuff for Jerry, this fight. Made him forget to brood about his forced landing. Good for Hammerstrom, too. Good for all of us. But I could whip either of 'em myself!"

Bevans said the last as though he meant it, and believed it. We all knew he meant it; but none of us believed it. But that was Bevans. That's why men swore by him. That's why, because he was Bevans, he could step down and countenance a fight between an officer and an enlisted man and get away with it. He did a lot of things that simply weren't done, you know. "Cocky" Bevans knew his stuff. That's why he had been chosen to command the Aircraft Squadrons in China.

I walked to his tent after I had seen Jerry Baird back to consciousness, and he was poring over a radio he had just received from Brigade Headquarters at Tientsin.

"Sorry I let those yaphanks fight, after all," he said to me. "This radio says that the Shantungese are pushing northward like the devil was after 'em, for Tientsin. If they take Tientsin we are in for action of some sort. If they don't take it, we're still in for action, for they may try to take a bunch of lesser towns hereabouts to make up for it.

"There's Hsin Ho, Chiaochuang, Tongku, Tung Taku, et cetera, and if we do nothing else at all, we've got to keep up our aerial observation in order to keep Brigade informed of troop movements. And here I've let a couple of good flyers—at least Hammerstrom's good—half kill each other over something that nobody, not even them maybe, knows anything about. Jerry can't fly for sour owl steaks, but he's the best Intelligence Officer this side of the Pacific."

"How about me?" I asked eagerly. "I'm Intelligence Officer for the infantry battalion, and I'm sure I could do the old observer stuff in the after cockpit—and besides I've been up a lot, am not bothered about stunts and such-like things and—gimme a chance, Major, I might be of some help."

"Hell yes!" snorted "Cocky" Bevans. "One kiwi's as good as another! You can't fly and know you can't. Jerry Baird can't fly and nobody can convince him he can't! He's a game kid, though, and I'm for him. Ought to take on Hammerstrom myself for getting the kid's goat. May do it, at that, when Hammerstrom gets well!"

All of which, while it led up to that unforgettable two hours in the air which will go with me always in memory, failed to explain the something or other which lay between Jerry Baird and Hammerstrom. The pretext for the fight had been entirely too flimsy, and it had been waged too bitterly, for anything like the mere accusation of one pilot for another, to the effect that the latter was a "kiwi," to cause so much feeling. But I didn't know, either. The business of flying lay close to the big heart of Jerry Baird—and to that of Hammerstrom; but in a different way; if you know what I mean.

Jerry wanted to fly to keep his self-respect. Hammerstrom was a flyer because it came natural to him, and he got a kick out of doing impossible things with a ship, with the world spread out below him, dotted with onlookers who gaped up at him with their mouths hanging open wide enough to catch all the flies in China—of which there are quite some few!

It was only later, during those two hours which almost ended in terrible tragedy, that I got an inkling of what it was all about—before which two hours, in movie parlance, transpired a lapse of time.

CHAPTER III Interlocking Wings

JERRY BAIRD and Master Technical Sergeant Hammerstrom came back from the sick-bay the same day, and the appearance of friendship between them was conspicuous by its absence. Baird never spoke to Hammerstrom except in line of duty, and Hammerstrom invariably replied with the polite and formal mode of military address—which can so often be sarcastic and sneering.

Hammerstrom saluted Jerry far more than was actually necessary, even, it seemed, going out of his way to do so. Jerry always returned the salutes with meticulous care. All this in the Aircraft Squadrons where, as a rule, salutes and military forms were as plentiful as hen's bicusps. You could see that, inside them, something far greater than that which led to the fight referred to above was seething, and that it was only a question of time before there would be a new outbreak.

Major Bevans, who had been watching developments carefully, as an officer must who commands a gang of rough-necks as temperamental as a bunch of flyers, called the two into his office one morning when I just happened to be there. He gave 'em both a good dressing down—and Bevans could do that little thing to the Queen's taste!—and made 'em shake hands. They shook hands, and each dropped the hand of the other as

(Continued on page 51)



CHEVRONS

By Leonard Nason

THEN the morning rain still fell, bucketing down slantwise before a cold wind. The fall rains were beginning and the heavy heat of the day before had been a sure precursor of a spell of cold rain. The two wanderers looked sadly out of the truck. They were in the yard of a great caserne, a barrack square surrounded by high buildings, empty now and cheerless. A long line of trucks like their own was waiting to unload.

"Where do you go from here?" Eadie asked the driver.

"We unload an' go back to Vaucouleurs."

"Do they put out any breakfast here?"

"Nope, only what we had last night. Bread an' jam. There's some beans there if you want 'em. Some likes beans for breakfast."

"I can stand 'em," said Eadie. "If you spread 'em on bread they aren't bad. Well, we'll eat on you again if you don't mind an' then we'll drift. How far are we from the center of the town?"

"Not far. Drag your tail down the main stem and across the railroad bridge and you'll see the town gate. What place do you want?"

"I don't know," said Eadie, "but I thought I'd go in and ask the billeting officer where the 79th Field Artillery is. Ever hear of 'em?"

"No," said the driver, "I never did. But there's ten million outfits around here. Black Jack himself never heard of half of 'em."

"Come on," called Eadie, "grab up your pack, Darcy, and we'll dust out of here."

"Can't we leave our packs here and come back for 'em?" asked Darcy. "My shoulders got cuts in 'em you could put your hand into, I ain't kiddin' yuh."

"Darcy, I'm surprised at you. A man of your service wanting to leave his pack loose. Man, we wouldn't be outside the gate before the pack would fade away. A snowman in hell wouldn't disappear half so quick."

"Aw, what would these truck drivers want with our blankets an' extra shoes?" objected Darcy. "They got lots of their own."

"There's Algerians to sell them to, aren't there?" demanded the sergeant. "And another reason for taking them is that if we saw a quick chance to get away if we met a truck or something going up to the outfit, we wouldn't want to come back here for our packs. I can see the driver waiting for us while we did it."

"You win," said Darcy, "us for where the town major hangs out."

The two went down the hill, knowing that this must lead to the center of the town. They passed a great many French soldiers, a few Americans, and saw some Italian gendarmes, clad in gray-green uniforms, with flowing capes and strange, huge, cocked hats. They crossed the bridge above the railroad and so came to the old-fashioned city gate.

"Look at the M. P.," said Darcy in a whisper, indicating a man in a slicker who twirled a club under the porch of a sort of guardhouse.

"Never mind him," replied Eadie under his breath. "Keep right on going, just as though he didn't mean anything to you." The driving rain gave the two an excuse to keep their heads down and they proceeded stolidly through the gate.

"Hey?" yelled the M. P. The two stopped. "Hey, where you guys goin'?"

"Down town," said Eadie. "We want to find the billeting officer."

"Got a pass?"

"You don't need a pass to come from one barracks to another," countered Eadie boldly.

"Maybe not," said the M. P., "but you need one to get through this gate. Got one?"

"No," answered Eadie.

The M. P. waived his club in a gesture that said, "Outside, bum!" as plainly as if he had spoken it. The two turned without comment and retraced their steps. On the railroad bridge they halted by common consent and leaned against the railing.

"Don't it beat all!" said Darcy. "You an' me a coupla wounded guys tryin' to get back to the front. You'd think every one would give us a hand. But us! 'How's chances on a flop for the night?' 'Git t'hell outta here!' 'Hey, guy, where's the Third Division hang-out?' 'Show me your pass an' I'll tell yuh.' 'Ain't got no pass.' 'Git t'hell outta here!'"

"They're all sore at us," said Eadie. "When I was in hospital I read an article in a magazine about how happy the boys were in France with their theaters, their games, their good wholesome food, their clean, well-kept hospitals, their healthy happy life with one another, how friendly they all were. The article let on that the officers tucked us into bed and heard our prayers every night."

"Some of it sounds like prayin'," said Darcy. "No, I ain't seen a theayter since I was in France an' the only white woman that spoke to me was that Limey truck driver in Saint Dizier. She stalled her car. 'Will ye give it a twist?' she says. So I give it a twist and just then a ambulance goes by and let's a shower o' mud go all over me an' the Limey girl, too. Boy, she said some words I never heard before. Man, that girl could speak, I ain't kiddin'."

"How's your courage?" asked Eadie suddenly.

"Good, why?"

"Game for a hike in the rain?"

"Sure, it's better than sittin' here bitin' our thumbs an' wonderin' when we eat."

"Well," said Eadie, "here comes a Frog and I'm going to ask him where the front is."

A French soldier was walking briskly across the bridge and him Eadie hailed. "Hey!" called Eadie. "Where's the front?"

The French soldier halted and waved a hand toward the scenery.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Eadie, "but how do we get there?"

"Ah," said the French soldier, waving his forefinger back and forth, "pas bon!"

"Combien de kilometres?" asked Eadie.

"Ah, twenty-five kilos," said the Frenchman.

"Oh, God," groaned Eadie, "this guy is going to show me he can speak English!"

"Two roads," continued the other. He held two fingers before Eadie's eyes. "One over there. One here. One over there, Bernecourt, one here, Boucq."

"What do you mean, one here?" asked Eadie.

"There," said the French soldier, still in English. "You turn there, by beeg tree, turn to your left hand," plainly indicating a right-hand turn all the time, "and you come to front. Far, far, twenty-five kilos." He waved both hands with fingers extended twice, and then wagged his right hand again.

"Thanks," said Eadie, "we know where the road is anyway."

"I thought you were a shark at French," remarked Darcy when the French soldier had departed.

"Oh, boy, they're dumb, these French," said Eadie bitterly. "I can speak just as



He moved both hands with fingers extended twice.

SYNOPSIS:—"Well, can you tie that?" asked Darcy of Sergeant Eadie. "Every one in this country is our friend because we beat up the cook."

Sergeant Eadie and Darcy, discharged from a hospital, had journeyed to Vaucouleurs, where they intended to rejoin the 79th Field Artillery but, upon their arrival there, they found out that their organization had moved to Toul. They requested a handout at the headquarter's kitchen and after chopping a cord or so of wood for a supposed real feed, were given a can of government salmon. Their wrath mounted at this and the cook was thoroughly trounced. As this cook was the special pet of the headquarter's commanders, a hue and cry was raised for the pair but instead of aiding in their capture their pursuers aided them to escape to Toul in a truck.

good French almost as they can, but the minute they see my uniform they make up their minds they can't understand a word I say, or else they want to show me they can speak English. I'd be only too glad to speak English to them if I could understand what they said in it. And did you hear this boob? Me speaking perfectly good French to him, and him answering me in pigeon English?"

"Every one gets in a panic that way," said Darcy. "I mind when we was at Cokeydawn I give a Frog ten francs to leave me have his uniform and I went to Rennes in it. Well, I spent a month's pay in peace for once. But what I meant to say, a looey from the ammunition train comes up to me about three A.M. and starts readin' stuff at me out of a little book. I was just drunk enough to answer in English. 'What does the lieutenant want?' says I. An' he reads some more about Oo ay le gare, ja voospre, monseer. 'The gare I don't know about,' says I, 'but anything else in Rennes you want to see I can tell you where it is.' He never got a word of what I said. He shuts up the book and goes off wavin' his hands."

"Maybe he had a few drinks under his belt, too," said Eadie. "Well, let's go again. I found out the way to the front and somewhere between here and Germany we ought to find an outfit that'll give two good soldiers a job until they find their own."

At sunset of the same day the rain had ceased, but the sky was still lowering, the wind rustled the wet leaves, and a chill cold damp was on all the countryside. Darcy and Eadie tramped through the mud. They had that day progressed twenty-two kilometers, riding in trucks, on empty caissons, bareback on horses that nearly clove them in two, in French country carts, and lastly on a tank. They had come to a thickly wooded section, into the depths of whose forests went narrow roads, new, and bearing the marks of much traffic.

"It's comin' on to get dark," said Darcy. "Would you mind tellin' a guy where you expect to flop in these wet woods?"

"When I smell a kitchen," said the sergeant, "then I quit. We're among regular troops. I just saw an ammunition cart that belongs to the Sixteenth Infantry. I have more hopes of them than of the other kind."

"We're gettin' closer to the front all the time," said Darcy, trying to shift his pack to a more comfortable position. "Kitchens an' everything will be hid in the woods. I think we ought to duck down one o' these roads—what the hell is bitin' you now?"

The sergeant had darted to one side of the road and was looking into the air with intense earnestness.

"What's the matter?" asked Darcy again.

"Come here," said Eadie, "and see if you see what I do."

Darcy complied and found the sergeant looking at a piece of new wood, half the top of a box in which canned goods had been packed, for the marks of the bottom of the cans were still visible. On the wood, in straggling black letters were the words, "79th F. A. Post of Command." Underneath an arrow pointed down one of the narrow roads.

"It ain't real," said Darcy. The two soldiers looked up the road into the woods. It curved away out of sight, it was muddy and ran through pools of water. Leaves, torn from the trees by the wind, lay scattered in it.

"Sure, it's real," said the sergeant. "We haven't had a drink for weeks. Our outfit's down this road, Darcy, what d'you think of that for luck?"

"I don't believe it," said Darcy firmly.

"Well, we'll go see." The two of them splashed their way down the road. Beyond the first turn a confused murmur be-

came audible and after another minute's walking, they could see a sort of park under the trees, wagons half covered with tarpaulins, a picket line, the horses tethered thereon kicking and squealing. Men moved about among the trees, not idly, but quickly and nervously, some even at a run. Eadie and Darcy turned in the direction of the picket line and discovered that the underbrush was thick with shelter tents.

"Well, if it ain't Sployd!" cried Darcy suddenly.

"Well, if it ain't Darcy an' Sergeant Eadie!" cried the man addressed as Sployd. "When did yuh get back? By God, if you ain't more welcome than a month's pay!"

"Had supper yet?" asked the sergeant, wringing the other's hand.

"Sure, long ago," said Sployd. "I'm a busy man. I'll see you fellars in a second. There's the old gun crew, Darcy, wheelin' that gun outta line there. Most of the old gang is left. I'll see yuh in a minute."

"Where's the Old Man?" asked the sergeant. "We've got to report to him and then we'll see about chow."

"His tent's over there under that big tree," said Sployd, pointing. "Well, I gotta hurry away." He shook hands again and hastily took his departure.

"Every one's in a rush," said Eadie. "They must be going to have an inspection. You go over and parley with the gun crew, Darcy, and I'll go tell the Old Man his two prodigals have come home. It's not much later than five o'clock. They're rather early with chow."

"Tell the Old Man we haven't had anything since breakfast," said Darcy. "I'll see if I can't hit these hombres up for some chow."

"Good, I'll be back in a minute."

CHAPTER V

Preparing to March

THE sergeant gave a feeble brush or two at the mud on his slicker, hooked it together a little more neatly, and started in the direction of the big tree. Men hailed him gayly from time to time, all the old gang he had known on the Marne before he had been wounded, other men, whose faces

were new to him, looked at him curiously. The sergeant paused at a shelter tent from which protruded a pair of feet in officer's boots. The sergeant coughed slightly and a face peered out.

"By God!" cried the owner of the face, "it's Sergeant Eadie back again. Well, well. You always come back at the opportune moment. I'll bet the police are at your heels this time, too." The boots scraped on the ground and their owner emerged, a tall man wearing the insignia of a captain of field artillery. He shook hands violently with Sergeant Eadie. "Speak of the devil," continued the captain "and he always appears. I was just this minute wishing you were here and thinking you were somewhere in hospital goldbricking your time away. Yessir and be damn! I'm glad to see you. Have you got a gun?"

"Yes, sir," said Eadie, a little mystified.

"Got any bullets for it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, get some pronto. Hang a first-aid packet on yourself, get a can of bully beef to put in your pocket, and drag yourself over to Lieutenant Sawyer. He's got the only other map of the sector. Commit it to memory, sergeant! Ah, boy! I'm glad you're back. I see my way clear now. Young Mack will



"If you shoot all them off at a German, come back and I'll give you more."

figure fire dope and Finn can be liaison sergeant. Well, on your way now, snap! One hour is all you've got!"

"Sir," said Eadie, "I haven't had anything to eat all day. Could I wait on the map until after I've eaten?"

The captain's lips shut firmly and he turned a cold gaze upon the sergeant. The captain had blue eyes, as expressionless as the muzzle of a pistol and fully as alarming.

"We're starting a drive tonight, sergeant," said he. "The battery moves at six P.M."

"Ah," said the sergeant, "I see. Good. I'll get right at the map."

"Report to me when the battery moves out," directed the captain. Eadie saluted and went away.

Out of sight of the big tree he removed his slicker, removed his pack, and drew and examined his pistol. It had been issued to him in the replacement camp and was new, still gummy with the cosmoline in which it had been stored. It would probably jam on him the first shot, thought Eadie. He would have to find some kerosene and clean it. An hour! So many things to do! All of the weariness that he had fought against throughout the wet muddy march since they had left Toul descended on him at once. His gas mask was new and would taste of sulphur. The eye-pieces must be greased. A drive! Eadie knew what a drive meant. He had been in one on the Marne. It meant no food, no sleep for days on end, and fighting, fighting, all the time. It meant seeing men killed and lying down beside their unburied bodies to wait for the boche to tire of shooting machine guns and flares; it meant hunting infantry at night in black woods, alone. He must draw ammunition, lots of it! And he did not know a foot of the sector! Five minutes of the hour had already gone.

"Hi, Eadie, home again?" cried a voice. A man called Ham, who was a machine gunner, extended his hand to Eadie. "What's that on your sleeve?" cried Ham.

"A wound stripe," said Eadie. "Don't you know what a wound stripe looks like?"

"Was you wounded?" grinned Ham. "I heard you went over the hill."

"I went over feet first," said Eadie. "I hear we're going to pull off a drive."

"Sure'n hell are," said Ham, "on Metz. Tough fight, gonna be. Well, I'm glad you come back all right even if it does cheat me outta my new stripes."

"How come?"

"I just got made," said Ham, sadly, displaying a sleeve with a brand new set of sergeant's chevrons, "but now you come back we'll have more sergeants than we're allowed an' me bein' dub, I'll probably get broke again."

"Not much chance," said Eadie. "I'll be the one. I don't know whether a man holds his stripes all the time he's gone or not."

"I guess he does," said Ham. "Anyway they won't bust you. You're rankest N. C. O. now. If Mulcahy gets a commission you'll be first sergeant. Well, I got to rustle along. I'm drawing pistol ammunition for the gunners."

"Good," said Eadie, "I'll go with you. I've got to get some pistol bullets, too. Your machine guns do any shooting now, or are they still using you for a fatigue detail?"

"I'll say we shoot," said Ham. "When we was at Le Charnel we kept off a flock o' planes for two hours. Boy, we burned up ammunition that morning."

"Bring any down?"

"One," said Ham. He grinned. "We found out afterward

it was an American. Never mind, I been wantin' to sock one o' them fresh aviators for a long time."

In the center of a pile of freshly opened boxes sat a distracted looking man. About him were clustered several others protesting. The distracted man's face was wrinkled, his curly hair was fading away from the top of his head, and he was older by ten years than the oldest soldier about him. His name was Cokey Mullins and he fulfilled the duties of supply sergeant to the battery, though he had been reduced to the grade of private several months ago. The other men greeted Eadie and Cokey gave vent to hoarse laugh.

"Here's Eadie back again. How's Eadie? Did they kick you out of that hospital?"

"Sure," said Eadie, "you don't think I'd come back otherwise, do you? Give us about a hundred rounds of pistol ammunition."

"Whoa, boy!" cried Cokey. "R'ar back there! Hundred rounds! Man, who are you? Listen to him, boys!"

"Never mind listenin' to him, Coke," said one of the others. "Give us our bullets. We got somethin' to do besides monkey with you."

The other men were section chiefs, evidently drawing pistol ammunition for their men. Coke thrust his hand into a burlap bag and began counting. Eadie did not pay a great deal of attention. He was thinking what next had to be done. His gun must be cleaned, gas mask prepared, some food put in his stomach and some in his pack, and the map! The sector had to be learned by heart, the roads, where

they came from and whither they went, the names and heights of all hills, the names of all woods and farmhouses, the location of the enemy lines, and the approximate ranges of any good aiming points behind them. Eadie's job with the battery had been a combination of observer and liaison sergeant. The guns, firing on the enemy from some concealed point, could not see the target. Some one, therefore, must be where he could see the falling shells and correct the aim of the guns if necessary. This job had been Eadie's. In addition, when any infantry sent back a request for fire, but neglected to send their location, it was Eadie's task to go out and find said infantry and then locate them accurately on

the map, so that the battery, in giving the requested fire, would not shoot up the infantry it intended to aid. And to locate units quickly and accurately, a man must have a very good idea of the country in which he is operating. The mistaking of one farmhouse for another, of a road running east and west for a parallel road a half mile further on, is a slight thing indeed and on a dark night in blinding rain might be made by any one, but such a mistake in time of war means a lot of unnecessary deaths, possible loss of a position, and even the failure of a general attack.

"And me," said Eadie aloud, "I've got half an hour to memorize the map in."

"What you want, Sergeant Eadie?" asked Cokey.

"Some bullets, and make it snappy."

Cokey Mullins reached into a burlap bag and brought out a handful of pistol ammunition, from which he counted ten cartridges. These he handed to Eadie.

"Ten!" said Eadie.

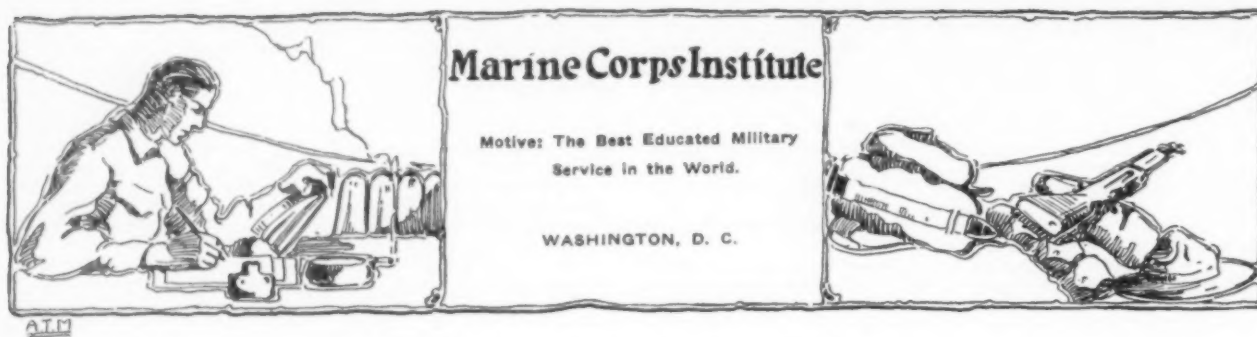
"Ten," repeated Coke, "yes, ten. You speak like you reckoned to get more."

"You don't mean to say that you're going to send me into battle with ten shells, do you?"

(Continued on page 87)



"What do you mean by loafing in the kitchen . . . ?"



April 10, 1929, Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	6,024
Total number enrolled since last report	461
Total number disenrolled since last report	491
Number examination papers received during period	3,220
Total number graduates to date	4,122

San Diego, Calif.,
March 22, 1929.

Captain Stewart B. O'Neill, U. S. Marine Corps,
Registrar, United States Marine Corps Institute,
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.
Dear Captain:

Enclosed there is a copy of a radiogram received from the Division Commander. . . . I thought this information would be of interest to you, since it is gratifying for me to be able to state that this expression of thanks is directly attributable to the valuable instruction received from the Complete Business Management Course of the United States Marine Corps Institute.

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(Signed) W. L. CALHOUN,
COMMANDER, U. S. Navy.

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AMERICAN LEGATION GUARD BAND, PEKING, CHINA

By Hugh Maddox

For the past several issues of The Leatherneck this legation has been well represented by articles from several different writers, but each and every one of them has failed to mention the fact that such an organization as a band was in the post. For the good work they have done in the past and with a bright outlook for the future, it is no more than right that they should be given mention.

At the present writing Captain Charles C. Gill, commanding officer of Casual Company No. 1, is band officer. First Sgt. Jerome C. Brownell is director of this fine body of musicians. Not only as a musician of the first order is this man, but an athlete as well. "Jerry" has carried the Marine Corps colors in a good many track meets here in Peking, also in Tientsin and Darien. In the latter place he was pitted against eight 1928 Olympic men and came in fourth in the 5,000-metre race. He is a flash on the clay courts and ranks with the top notchers of Peking.

In the ranks of the band can be found athletes who have helped to place the American Legation Guard in their high standing amongst the athletic world of the Far East. Charley Lantz, a saxophone player of no mean ability, romped home in the International Field Meet last year with the high point cup in his possession. Lantz's running was, in a way, a big factor in the Marines winning the field meet from the other legation guards who were entered in the meet. Some post's gain will be our loss, for Charley will soon leave the band for the States; sorry to see the boy go, but that's the breaks.

When the warm weather rolls around the band will be on hand to play for the baseball games and lend their moral support. The baseball cup has been in this post for two straight years now and if we win this year the cup is ours for keeps. If they have their say the cup will stay just where it is. Swimming is another sport in which the band hopes to figure largely this year. Nicola, a human fish, who, by the way, carried the colors of the Pearl Harbor and San Diego Marines in the tank, will be on hand this year. It is hoped, by those who know him, that he will be able to go to Tientsin this year to participate in the swimming championships this coming July. Last year the Marines carried off two places in the diving, but this year we are going to try for more.

Davidson, the solo cornet player, is quite a swimmer and will be a good mate for "Nick" in the meets this year.

In basketball, which at present has the spotlight, the band has no representative, but there is a member of the band who is just the same as one of the team, for it is work to let the public, through the local dailies, know just what the team is doing. This is being taken care of by Ed. Hughes, who is Sports Editor



Some Marines on duty in China give the pagodas the once-over.

of the Legation Guard News. Before coming to this post Hughes was stationed in Tientsin with the Third Brigade and while there, covered all games played by the Marines and saw to it that the games were put in the newspapers.

In their musical line they are kept quite busy, their day starts with colors at eight in the morning. Two days a week they have formal guard mounts and parades, with a review and inspection on Saturday mornings. Rehearsals every morning following the parades and guard mounts. Wednesday mornings their rifles are inspected by the band officer who has complimented the band time after time for their neat appearance at these inspections. At twelve-thirty every day except Saturday and Sunday, the band renders a concert in the band stand. Also on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 4 to 5 p. m., they play a concert,

which, during the warmer months, draws large crowds.

The orchestra which now consists of ten pieces under the direction of "Jerry" Brownell are on the go most of the time playing for the dances at the Legation Guard "Y" every week, for the American Minister's parties and dances and other functions too numerous to mention. One writer had the nerve to say that the music at the "Y" dances was furnished by a group of intellectuals from the band, and giving a dirty smear at the music played by this group. There is this much about it. These boys play at these dances on their own time and the music is the latest hits from the States, being just about one month old. The orchestra get numbers long before the hotel orchestras do.

Under the auspices of the Legation Guard "Y," the band gave a concert in the auditorium of the Peking Union Medical College on the sixth of February. An article which appeared in the Peking Leader praised the band for the type of music given to the cosmopolitan audience, also for their neat appearance in dress and in their deportment.

Private First Class Ora Murphy of the band appeared on the program with two piano solos and accompanied O'Connor, a Marine songster, on the organ, O'Connor singing "Girl of My Dreams." It was Murphy's first appearance before the Peking music-loving public. He was given a big hand and was called upon for several encores.

This concert was the first to be given in several years by the Marine Band in this spacious auditorium which was packed to overflowing on the night of the concert.

Those on the roster of the band at this writing are: 1st Sergeant Brownell, Sergeant Blackburn, assistant leader and baritone; cornet section, sitting in the band as mentioned, Davidson, Long, Tichacek, Hamlin and Geissberger; clarinets, Smith, Harrison, Ward, Arrow-smith, Puckett, Nicola and Marshall, Murphy playing E flat; horns (E flat altos), Gordon, Pavlieck and Hughes; trombones, Black, Pusi and Shinka; saxophones, Thompson and Lantz; basses, Brest and Betz, BB flats, Queen E flat; Basson, Fruehauf, drums; bass drum, Tuttison; small drums, Collins, Sthal and Blakely; last named man small drums and bells.

On the April Army boat, the A. T. S. "Grant" will take seven of the band back to the States. Those to leave are Arrowsmith, Brest, Black, Collins, Lantz, Thompson and Ward. These men have

been in the band and have given their best while members of this organization and will be missed by their comrades.

It is hoped by the auditor that he has conveyed to the readers the truth about the American Legation Guard Band at Peking. Being a friend of the band he feels that they should get what is coming to them and here it is. Any questions will be answered in regards to the band, if the inquirer will write to the auditor. (Picture on page 32.)

NORTHWARD HO! IN NICARAGUA! 11TH REGT., MOTOR TRANSPORT

By Pfc. Thos. S. Pietrzak

Here we are again to amuse you folks with our story of the trip from Leon, Nicaragua, by tractor, and a few other items about the boys at home, meaning Ocotal.

Leaving Leon on January 31, we had a very wonderful time, making a journey of 78 miles (that is the distance to El Sauce) in a two-day run. Sounds rather fishy that motor vehicles could cover only 78 miles in two days, but the roads are in such condition as to make it impossible to attain any speed, and the "Web-foots" (meaning tractors) sputtered along in snail-like progress. Now do you wonder? The average speed of a "pig iron horse" is only 4½ miles per hour.

Talking about roads—well, some of them were impassable and we had to turn to with picks and shovels. All hands were hard at it; even First Lieutenant T. H. Cartwright stepped in and did more than his share. That was good inspiration for the enlisted men, and, naturally, everything went fine.

The tractor convoy ran as follows: The leading vehicle was driven by Cpl. John W. Smith, then came Pfc. Thos. S. Pietrzak, Pfc. Frank Hasse, Pfc. Morris H. Burr, Pvt. N. O. Neal, and our own "Mechanical" Olk, then came the G. M. C. truck driven by First Lieutenant T. H. Cartwright, Sgt. Fred R. Collins, and Private Bowers.

Half way between Achuapa and Limay we ran into a little bad luck. We broke

a transmission case, and then the fun began. Corporal Smith had to tow the disabled tractor to the top of "Buzzard's Roost." Not changing the subject any, but the name surely does mean everything it says; there isn't a drop of water around the place for miles. Pfc. Hasse pulled the trailer and that is the place we laid over for almost a day, dismantling whatever we could so that it would be possible to load it on one of the trailers. We finally reached Limay, left the next morning for Pueblo Nuevo, and started for Ocotal the following morning. But again Old Jinx seemed to trail us. We had hardly gotten out of the city limits when a center bolt on one of the trailers was sheared off, forcing us to lay over in Pueblo Nuevo for a day. We left for Ocotal early the next morning and arrived there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon; but the Old Jinx still remained with us. Just within sight of the city limits of Ocotal Smithy ran out of gas. At least we are here to do our stuff, hauling rations to some of the outposts farther north.

Just one week after our arrival we left for San Albino with twenty-one tons of chow. Now if that's not hauling it away I want to know what is? If you don't believe me just come to our fair city of Ocotal and let our "Professor" Hasse explain the situation to you. He is very obliging, providing you treat him to "Sauerkraut and weenies."

"Pee Wee" Burr had a little bad luck, overturning a trailer with Olk riding it. Now I've heard of "Flying Dutchmen," but I'd never seen one before. Olk is Dutch, but he was just too slow. He hung himself on barbed-wire, skinning both shins. We thought we might have to shoot him to put him out of his misery, but I guess he will come out all right.

I mean to say that this transport sure is a working outfit. While some of us left for Leon to bring up the new tractors to Ocotal, Corporal Howard Blair and part of the outfit went to San Albino, staying away from the home port for over three weeks, building roads and

hauling chow at the same time. Some of the drivers he had with him were new men, but every one of them just boiling over with ambition to learn.

Funny things happen and people get very inquisitive. Just for instance, we want to know why Sheppard talks to himself when he rides on the trailer, why "Little Joe" can jig so well and so fast that his teeth fall out, why some people prefer walking to riding, and why, of all things, they call Hasse "Professor."

Our storeroom keeper, Cpl. J. J. Pieterwiez, is getting to be a short timer, with Pee Wee Burr and Harrison following close behind, and then it won't be long before we all leave.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention it, but here is a secret and a puzzling one at that. We wonder why Pee Wee is so in love with that immortal piece, "Muddy Waters." We know he isn't from the South, and we are positive his best girl doesn't live there. But when we ask the reason he only smiles—woof-woof, grrr!

At present the rifle range at Ocotal is in full swing. Marines fire in the mornings and Guardia de Nacional in the evenings, under the supervision of Chief Marine Gunner J. J. Faragher, with Gunnery Sergeant Mickey Finn on the firing line and Pfc. L. F. McRobie in charge of the butts.

This transport boasts of two things that we believe are unusual. The first is "Big Tony" Lee Allen, 6 feet, 6 inches tall. Oh, yes, he's human, although he comes from California and has a headlight in his mouth. The second is "Little Tony" Avery, a broken-down soldier of fortune from the Lone Star State. See you again soon.

MARINES AT THE JAVALI MINES, SANTO DOMINGO, NICARAGUA

By Private Luzier

Hello, Folks:—We are awfully sorry to say so, but we've been pretty busy lately, and as yet have had no opportunity to get to press. You see it's just like this: There is Corporal Cisarik, our commanding officer; Pfc. Rubin, our sea lawyer and second in command; Pvt. C. C. Endress, better known as "Mickey," our sergeant major, police sergeant and a few other things.

We also have Whitis, our first cook. He's a darn good one, too; we have just shown him how to boil water without burning it. "Red," known as Private Plees, is our Doc. Well, anyway, he thinks he is. Of course, that should be kept a secret.

Our chief grouch, however, is "Lightning" Derrosset, the welterweight. He is now in training for next Thanksgiving dinner; and watch out, for that boy surely can eat.

Now then we come to "Scrub-and-wash-clothes" Swabowski. We call him that because he won't give a washwoman a dime. He's so tight that he squeezes a nickel until the buffalo bellows.

Next, and last, come our short timers. Corporal Cisarik and Private Endress are always sounding off about four months and a butt to do, and about the pretty little blonde back home. Oh, how sweet life will be after 43 months in the tropics!



Part of the tractor train of the Service Co., 11th Regt., Ocotal, Nicaragua. One tractor is better than several of the slow-moving bullock carts, not only in speed but also in tonnage carried.

U. S. MARINE BAND ENTERTAINS ROYAL BAND FROM BELGIUM

Captain Arthur Prevost and his Royal Belgian Band arrived in Washington, D. C., on the afternoon of Thursday, March 21. The United States Marine Band formed outside the station and rendered the Belgian National Anthem in honor of their distinguished visitors and followed it with "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Belgian musicians were then distributed in the various automobiles belonging to the Marine Bandsmen and, after a short parade, were driven to the Burlington Hotel.

Their first official visit was to the Belgian Embassy, where they were greeted by His Excellency Prince Albert de Ligne, the Belgian Ambassador. Captain Taylor Branson of the Marine Band was a guest of honor at the reception. The visitors were then taken to the Congressional Country Club where they were entertained at a supper given by the Marine Band.

On Friday morning Captain Prevost laid a wreath of flowers on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the Arlington National Cemetery. In the afternoon a visit was made to the Marine Barracks where the million dollar library of music was of unending interest to the guests. They then returned to the hotel to assemble for their performance at Poli's Theater, where they played their first concert in Washington.

On Saturday morning they visited Mount Vernon, displaying curiosity in Washington's home. Later there were several receptions given to individual members of the Belgian Band at the homes of their Marine hosts.

Sunday morning they gave a concert at the Congressional Library, where they played as one of their numbers, "An American Fantasy." Once more they were met and escorted by the Marines, this time on a tour in and about Washington, visiting points of historical significance. Many visited the monastery in Brookland.

Early Monday morning they left Washington for Hampton, Va. On his departure, Captain Prevost expressed his great appreciation for the fraternal spirit with which the members of the Marine Band had welcomed their Belgian colleagues.

RANGE RANGING AT QUANTICO

By So Lonk

Being an ardent reader of "The Leatherneck" (when somebody else buys it), I have yet to see an article about the rifle range at Quantico. Having a little time to myself, I'll try to put out a few facts and rumors that float around this place.

Our commanding officer, Major M. B. Humphrey, is the head man in this show; but I'm so far ahead of him that I'm not even in it. Dunno whether Chief Marine Gunner Cal (not Coolidge) Lloyd is our O. D., executive officer, or what, but he comes in frequently to get his mail. Seems to me as if I've heard something about his shooting ability.

Chief Marine Gunner Wiggs just rolled in from Parris Island, the Isle of Dreams (of home). He's our quartermaster, but Q. M. Sergeant McDonald, with the help of Mose, does all the work. Well, we shouldn't say too much about our Q. M.



Captain Arthur Prevost and his Royal Belgian Band greeted on their arrival at Union Station by Captain Taylor Branson of the U. S. Marine Band.

Department; we may want some pins some day (try and get 'em).

Captain Lienhard, the bane of weary Marines and Nicaraguan bandits, is with us. He carries so many medals (shooting) on his shoulder that he walks with a perpetual slump. I've also heard that he can shoot.

Lieutenant Cutts, Jr., R. M., the telescope expert, came up from Haiti to lend the team his moral support (Bang!).

Our first sergeant, Nagazyana, John J., U. S. M. C., is a good guy but he's married. You know how these married guys are, sometimes they are, and sometimes they ain't. He always is (Pong!).

We are getting things in shape (wonderful form) for a banner year. All hands and the ship's cook are working overtime. A bunch of old time shooters have reported in for the International tryouts (they all shoot the bull). To listen to them talk, they'll win everything from a match to a cigarette (they all bum smokes).

Chief Marine Gunner Lloyd is team coach. He used to be a coach on the outside (coached his schoolmates on how to play hookey).

Henry P. Crowe, gunnery sergeant par excellence, alias Jim Crow, is among those present. Jim says that he is nervous.

Russell F. Seitzinger, who used to be a sergeant—and still is, is learning to shoot. Dunno how he will make out; he's absent minded. He was arrested once for being in the nude; he was on his way to a strip poker game (don't be like that!).

Sergeant Clements, who just came back from St. Thomas, Virgin Islands (mebbe), is our "Hello Girl."

Old man Blakley's son, John Blakley, is around eating up all the chow. Scotty has a time keeping John and Gourley out of the galley. Being quick-witted and nothing loath, Scotty put locks on the galley doors (great grief!).

Sergeant Seiler, the boy friend of the

ladies, says he doesn't know whether he will go with the team or not; the country is too dry to be wet.

First Sergeant Alvin Nowell, U. S. Cavalry (see his spurs?), is on the job. He's a ridin', shootin', hootin', tootin' fool from way out west where men are men and they still have telephone booths in the backyard (don't run!).

His partner in crime, Sergeant Bissenden, U. S. Infantry, by gosh, is a great hiker. When quizzed about his nocturnal hikes, he replied that he was an infantryman, by heck!

Anybody know First Sergeant Tillman? He reported in from some place or other, and states that he will show the boys up. He claims to be a good shot—about four fingers.

Sergeant Joseph F. Hankins, the boy from Vernon, Alabama, is here with bells on. He just came back from furlough. We've found out since that he was recommended for the B. V. D. for heroism in saving his father's hogs from the cruel butcher.

Sergeant Carl Cagle, girls' pet from Philly, is here now and then. Most of his time is spent in touring the country with Jim Crow (how he can crow!) in Jim's new (?) car. Well, suffice to say that several have volunteered to buy flowers (peace be with you).

Pop Praedel, a would-be pistol shot, says to tell you that he is here. Pop used to travel with a jockey's daughter; says she always gave him his money's worth.

The rest of the force doesn't amount to much except to mark targets for the shooters. It's the spirit that won the last war. Plenty of spirit (every payday), in fact, too much.

Taken all in all, we have a darned good outfit; all the boys are proud of it. Everyone does a little more than his share, and that's what counts (but doesn't count too much). We are going to put out a winning team this year; here's betting on it.

WITH THE "TEXAS" DETACHMENT OUT ON THE WEST COAST

By Lacy Richardson

What a concatenation of events the past two or three months have dealt to the gallant chow hounds, or rather sea-soldiers of the Flagship "Texas." But no one to whom this gadget of infinitesimal merit may come within worthy cognizance cares to "con" the contents herein set to learn precisely what sort of "cat" the "nation" has turned out to be. Therefore—and you will give us credit for having dropped the subject so abruptly in the reader's favor—therefore, let us send the unapplied adjectives on a week-end furlough, better known locally as a "forty-eight," and proceed upon our wholly illiterate journey—clutching with either hand the crucifix of Literature for all that may ensue.

As you will notice, in giving the word "concatenation" extended order, we have lost one letter of the alphabet—E. But that, perchance, is all right. We also lose numerals at times—precious numerals, indeed. As instance—last evening we (I) lost a month's pay in a sociable little nickel-ante draw. Yeah—that's the word, no doubt—"sociable." Oh, well, every man has his weakness, and what with Mr. Hoyle, a swell-looking demoiselle, plural, and blackberry pie, we're weaker than Samson after Delilah had sheared him—ker-choo!

At this writing, March 26, the "Texas" is anchored in Berth A-1, San Pedro Harbor, having made the run yesterday from San Diego and dropped the hook at about four-thirty p. m. On the way up we went through the regular procedure of a day at sea—quarters for muster at nine-thirty, followed by physical exercises, followed by gunnery drills, which, due to the iceberg wind blowing hard from dead ahead, were not so pleasant. But, recalling our long absence from the ship, and in view of the fact that actual firing will take place in a very short time, it is, to say, imperative that we crowd the rehearsals somewhat, not only for the benefit of ourselves who have fired before, but for the sake of many new men sadly inexperienced at the game. With the capable guidance of Lieutenant T. C. Perrin and First Sergeant Rasmussen, reinforced by our benignant skipper's presence, Captain T. E. Kendrick, we are subject to the most accurate instructions to this day. Consequently we have all faith in the good results of the forthcoming events in that division of gunnery controlled by local Marines. And, of course, the sailors of the good ship "Texas" will rip the targets too (the object is to hit 'em).

Ere advancing further with this deficient contrast to the beautiful chirography of competitive scribblers, there is an apology we wish to make. Sometime, it seems ages ago, while doing E. P. D. (Extra Police Duty) with the detachment in Nicaragua, we were fortunate in having one of our not-so-famous articles published in "The Leatherneck," wherein was stated: "No sooner had Abie Renstrom departed for the States to be 'paid off' in February, than Fagan Bullard inherited the Ramona directly across the street from the guard house." In this we were greatly mistaken, for—and again we are obliged to say "no

sooner"—for no sooner had we reached our own native land than Fagan received a letter postmarked "Nicaragua." It must have been interesting, too, and below the surface—at least sufficiently so to detain the ex-mandarin for a week in fearful perusal. In fact, the intellectual capacity of the entire guard was engaged in unearthing its affectionate essence (the letter was written in Spanish). Incidentally, Abie was over to see us today, and since he couldn't boast of such distant correspondence, Bullard was unanimously chosen the sheik of the darker regions.

Kolbert and Haskins, after returning from a "forty-eight," were discussing their activities ashore when the latter inquired of the former: "How many girls did you take to the movies, did you you say?" "Oh, only a couple," returned the other; "A young lady and her mother. By the way, how did you come out in the poker game, Haskins?" "Broke even," lamented Haskins, "and walked back to the docks where I waited



Marines taking a few captured bandits from San Lucas to Somoto, Nicaragua.

two hours for the ship's boat. Er—you see, I don't like the idea of paying two-bits for a shore boat." Yeah; that's about right. In saying "broke even" the word "even" was applied in a poetic manner, which, if the knowledge of one who knows is to be respected, simply means that Haskins went broke early in the evening, and was forced to return to the ship in a state of penury. He was with the writer in the little "sociable" nickel-ante draw hereinabove mentioned.

After listening to John Sepe and Nalevanko argue, one would doubtless believe the twain to be hardly congenial. "Nalevanko," says John, "may mean the world and all to Sergeant Rairden's police department, but as a soldier, I sincerely question whether or not he could mark time to the 'Semper Fidelis' march." Ouch!

Sergeant Triplett is having some difficulty in "raising" his corporals here of late. As Sergeant Hanford would put it, the other day the full guard was called away, and Triplett scurried in haste to round up his men. But, strange as it may seem, there were no men. Great bellows of wrath swept through the Marine compartment as the obnoxious odor emanating from the funnels of a paper-mill permeates the air. Soon after the smoke had settled and the sergeant had returned to his natural good humor, the matter was investigated, only to find that Schultz, who was corporal of the guard at that time, had given Triplett's

army their "Liberty Cards," and, naturally, being true Marines, they beat it ashore. Schultz was elected The Prince of Guards by members of the full guard.

The other day Ryan and Burgan had a dollar bet up, payable pay-day, that the one had more money left from the last trip to the beach than the other. When several of the fellows had witnessed the bargain, they took inventory. Burgan produced two nickels. Ryan—well, Ryan ejaculated (almost out of turn): "What's that, Burgan, you've only got a dime?" "That's my pile," Burgan sighed. "I must have been a little careless in estimating my financial standing." "Guess you win, all right"—Judge Ryan half sobbed—"That's ten cents more than I've got." A fair example of Ryan's nerve. From a strictly psychological point of view, we are persuaded that the Judge had an urgent date abroad and was willing to lose a dollar pay-day in order to ascertain whether or not Burgan had any surplus cash—to lend, for those blessed with the wherewithal so near the center of any month are more or less (usually more) inclined to keep their traps shut.

There are several men whose sea duty expires in April, and it is probable they will have left the ship ere we see this again—always assuming that it might pass the editor. They are Corporals Rayburn, Barton, and Haskins, and Privates First Class Robinson, Bailey, Babb, Simkins and Private Furry. Here let us wish them luck in their new billets and to those whose enlistments expire soon, congratulate them on behalf of the guard for the clear and enviable records they are leaving behind. The dashing company clown, Johnny Heitman, hasn't long to do; but Johnny is likely to extend and return with us to New York in June. 'Tis best we save him for a special issue.

Pvt. Robt. Edward Upton says that, upon expiration of his hitch, he is going into the business of destroying all radio sets—to make sure that he'll never hear Police Sergeant Rairden "sound off" at reveille.

COMMUNICATION NOTES, PEKING AMERICAN LEGATION DETACHMENT

No new material has been received during the past month. The new Marshall receiver was placed in a rubber suspension. With this exception and the revamping of one station-built high-frequency receiver, the month has been spent in general overhaul, cleaning up and painting. At present we are awaiting the arrival of our new TAB and TAF transmitters before making any major changes in station material.

Traffic is still on the increase. NPP has been acting as the relaying station for C6P, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, and for the boats on the Yangtze River. This, with the rise in radio traffic incident to the withdrawal of the Third Brigade in Tientsin, has given the station plenty to do. During the year just ended the station handled a total of 1,343,000 words against 781,324 words for the year of 1927.

We thought last month that the station was due for a period of quiet, insofar as the transfer of personnel was concerned. However, with the with-

drawal of the Third Brigade, orders were received from the Commander-in-Chief to transfer all short-timers. This took Privates Frederick D. Davis, John F. Dixon, Harry S. Knust and Ralph J. Hertz. The first three were operators. Hertz was communication clerk. All three operators were excellent radio men, trained and broken-in on the station. With a little more experience they will make excellent big station operators. Davis was particularly efficient. We have received two new men on this station, namely, Privates Stephen J. Roberts and Kermit W. Feist. These two men come from the brigade at Tientsin, where Roberts was an operator and Feist a recent radio school graduate. Henry I. Hummel, who has been an operator on the station for a few months, replaced Hertz as communication clerk.

THE BISHOP MUSEUM IN HONOLULU

By Allyn Henry Wright

On a recent trip into Honolulu town I visited the Bernice P. Bishop Museum, and found it more than interesting; hence these few impressions of it for those who may not have yet visited it.

This scientific institution is located on the spacious grounds of the Kamehameha School for Boys, and is reached by taking the "open-air" street cars marked "To Fort Shafter."

Founded in 1889 by Charles Reed Bishop, the museum is a lasting and permanent memorial to his wife, Bernice P. Bishop, who was the Princess Pauahi of the Kamehameha family of the chief of the Hawaii.

Meandering through the numerous rooms and hallways, one will find collections of Hawaiian, Samoan, Marquesan and Polynesian antiquities, ethnology, and natural history. A collection of rare feather cloaks, which are indeed beautiful, are on exhibition twice a month; the famous feather cloak of old King Kamehameha being among those in the collection.

A grass house, which is made in the old manner; a collection of historical pictures; models showing the methods of making tapa (the native cloth); a large and varied collection of swords and spears; a collection of stuffed birds, animals, insects, and fish; these are some of the not only interesting but educational features of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum. This Marine spent a very enjoyable afternoon trying to "take in" the museum, and was able to get only part way through when closing time came. This place cannot be fully described, it must be seen to be really appreciated. It is well worth a visit.

U. S. NAVAL RADIO STATION, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

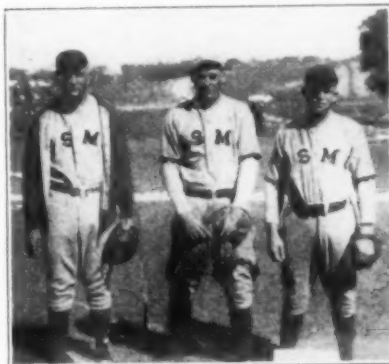
By Private Layton

Well, folks . . . although the short month is over and the time has sped away, it would hardly be fair to "The Leatherneck" for this beautiful tropical station to omit the few eventful happenings of the past two or three weeks.

The First Brigade Marines held a field

and track meet on George Washington's Birthday, and many of our great athletes were present, and even placed the Radio Station in the running.

The all-brigade baseball team, which includes players from Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Motor Transport Company, Field Hospital, and the Radio Station, is well under way, and is tied for first place (of course we'll do better before the season is over). The old timer, Spuds Murphy, is still knocking 'em out. Maybe he's after the title "Home Run King of the World!" Archer, the great pitcher for the fastest baseball team in Haiti, has ended his part of the season by taking a thirty-day furlough to the United States. When it comes to pitching baseball, that boy Archer is no slouch. He has proven enough ability to pitch for any good team anywhere and any time. For the past season Archer has been under the management of Capt. W. M. Radcliffe, and has gained greatly by his brilliant training. The Salty Marine in the picture is Archer just before going into action in the last game he played, and won. The main hitters are, from left



The main hitters in the First Brigade Baseball League at Port au Prince. Left to right: "Hungry" Hudson, "Lazy" Choate, and "Spuds" Murphy.

to right, "Hungry" Hudson, "Lazy" Choate, and "Spuds" Murphy.

Our company clown, Charlie Alexander, is sounding off short timer, and "Pretty Boy" (Flossie) Archer talks about the beautiful corn that grows in Iowa. They are putting their bankrolls on the good S. S. "Ancon" that it may carry them safely to New York City and the bright lights of Broadway. Well, Chief, it won't be long now!

The Marine field radio station, situated in Cape Haitien, is now under the supervision of Private Judson Vanderhoff, and with the help of Private Ellis Williams, he is mighty busy putting the old station on an up-to-date plan. Jud says when he gets things together he is going to make a real station out of it.

Private Peterson was advanced to communication clerk as relief of Private Layton who has taken over the duties of company clown and desk duster for the skipper.

Well, I guess I'd better knock off before I get knocked off. Hope you will enjoy reading this and ship over for Haiti.

MARINE BARRACKS, N. A. D., HINGHAM, MASS.

By Llessur Lrae.

Just a few lines from Hingham where news is uninteresting or has been told before. With summer in the offing we have reason to believe that the skipper, Captain J. C. Wood, and the "Top," First Sergeant F. H. Stephenson, are planning much for the edification of the troops here. As you all know, this is the short-timer's post of New England. We just said the parting prayers for Pvt. Edward Clark, who just got paid off, and judging from the looks on Doc. and a couple of the boys who helped spend the closing hours with him, it will be fully three months before he recuperates enough to ship over. He is going to try the State Police. That is as it should be, for Sergeant Griffin has just got a new Pierce Arrow. It and Wright's Maxwell will probably be out for a few speed runs this summer and will need protection, more or less, from the bean eaters of Boston and the clam throwers of Providence. If he (Clark) gets on the force he has promised to lock us all up on sight.

After doing duty with General Smedley Butler, it is a good bet that one can get along here. We do a day on and one off; that is when we have the men to do it. If we don't, then it is day on and stay on. However, as yet, we haven't stayed on. We have the main gate to watch. You know if this place should ever blow up, the corporal on watch would have a busy time checking us out. The gate is the only exit, unless one should go over the fence, which, of course, would be rather undignified, don't you know. Then there is the dock, yes, there it is, what's left of it! I understand that the sergeant of the guard, Prunty by preference, got a call from there one dark and stormy evening and found Abie, greatly agitated, about to pass out; in fact, was on the phone. Well, after great effort, etc., he was informed that the dock had left, disappeared, vamoosed. Yes, it was leaving without notice. Now, Prunty is a man of parts and equal to any occasion, so he told Abie to jump in the river and bring the dock back. He also suggested that if it didn't want to come back, Abie was to stay in the river and hold it. Needless to say, the orders were disobeyed and there is very little dock left. All you have to do there now is punch a clock every half hour and make a call on the phone between times. That makes the time pass very nicely, thank you. Now, perhaps you didn't know it, but this is the home of the Horse Marines. The animals that did time in the old Corps enjoy their stay here, and give us very little trouble. There is some talk of a parade this summer. On inquiring what for, we learned that two of them are going out on thirty years. That is as it should be. "We have only one regret," says Tom, the oldest, "and that is that we are so short-lived and have no place to hang our expeditionary bars."

Now, outside of guard duty, we have nothing to do except police work every morning, and a little troop inspection after breakfast. Three times a week we have movies whether we need them or not. A better recreation room is hard to find. We also have a pool room, radio,

library (when it's open) and a barber chair. Of course, the post is not complete (like the old soldier's home) unless the cat is mentioned—and we have it. Did I say "It"? Well, I mean "them."

A great many of the boys drink nothing but milk and they are the ones who provide the fistic amusement for all hands when Prunty is sergeant of the guard. Perhaps that accounts for their success with the fatal sex. I say "fatal," for that's what it is in this neck of the south shore. We all get married sooner or later, but here they get married sooner. No shotgun weddings, understand. No, indeed, shotguns are too big to handle and pistols do just as well!

This post has not the usual laundry troubles. But that doesn't mean that we stay dirty—we don't; that is, not all of us. We wear clothes, too, as it is too cold to go around otherwise. We don't burn them up when we take them off either. You could never guess it, so I will tell you. We have a "Water Witch." Now you have heard of all kinds of fairies, and you have read the advertisement, "Have you a little fairy in your home?" We have; a beauty, too. We can put our clothes in it in the morning and take them out two days later and find that what is left of them (except where the holes are) is almost as clean as when we took them off. But all kidding aside, it is great, and it does cut down the expense item quite a bit. The fifty cents a month pays for that along with our pool tables, radio, etc.

Private Grover left this morning for the great U. S. S. "Outside." He has completed twelve years service, and to all intent and purposes intends to leave it at that. He has just returned from the "Shineese" expedition and says that the "Shineese" got him down. He gets married on the 6th of April. We all wish him well. Sergeants Prunty and Tracey are due to be paid off the first week of April. Prunty will ship over, but Tracey, we believe, will try the Morgan Guard for a change in duty. Sergeant Pop Combs, with twenty-nine years plus in the Corps, joined last week. He will be with us only five months. He makes an excellent police sergeant, as his long experience has taught him where to find work for the E. P. D. men.

The grass fires have started. The first day of spring we had two. After all the debating as to which way we would run in case of fire, we forgot to run away from it, so the fires were put out in speedy fashion. One of our horses got a nail in his foot and he is unfit for duty. Funny world, isn't it? All his life he has had nails in his feet, and just now discovered it was a good excuse to do a little gold-bricking.

As I was saying in the beginning, it is now in the ending. I'd write often but there's nothing to say, so in closing we say "Hello" to all our buddies returning from China and Nicaragua, etc. Look us up when you're out this way, and don't get so interested in prohibition and the new administration that you forget to keep track of the time we have to do, and thus forget to have our discharges written up when our turn comes.

Well, that's all for this time. Yours for a more comfortable uniform of the day at Hingham.

58TH COMPANY, YALI, NICARAGUA

By L. Prior & E. Wetzel

Hello, Gang! Just a few lines from the Old "Fighting Fifty-eighth." We are not on the air very often, but we have good reasons. Why? Oh, because we are never home enough. Men who are not on patrol are either on guard or hunting bulls for steaks.

Speaking of steaks, some of this outfit, especially the two old women, Ma Puckett and Ma Jenkins, sure lay away a mean ambush for steak at chow time.

We had a few sporting events on Washington's Birthday, such as potato races, hill climbing, bronco busting and barnyard golf. A good time was had by all.

Between the patrols and the bronco busting, the "Gallop Fifty-eighth" makes the long-horn steers shake a wicked hoof.

We make quite a few patrols over these wood-tick mountains, our specialty being the Rio Coco patrols. It seems that the Fifty-eighth is the only



NCO's off the 52nd Mounted who, shortly after photo was taken, participated in a battle with bandits resulting in the death of Gy. Sgt. Williams.

outfit that can climb the Coco Mountains.

We have a good staff of officers, namely, Lieutenant Lewis Hohn, Company Commander, and Second Lieutenants M. Levie and W. Troxell, of Parris Island football fame.

When it comes to patrols, Lieutenant Troxell certainly makes his share. Our top kick, First Sergeant Welch, is somewhat a bandit chaser himself. He was Jefe de Marino on one of our patrols to the Coco, bringing back a "Gook" prisoner and some dirty rifles.

We are still wondering why Gunnery Sergeant Hughes collected all the hand grenades in the barracks. Don't be afraid, Gunny, you won't be molested.

Half of the outfit has bald heads. The reasons are unknown. Some say it is wood-ticks in the hair, but it seems as if everyone was trying to show his noble dome.

Our "short timer," Red Laverty, is getting gray from worrying. All anyone can get out of him is, "Three and a butt." Don't worry, Red, it won't be long now.

Our ex-water boy, Rebel Basile, is running around looking for Ramona and chasing butterflies. Too bad, you have our sympathy.

Our ex-P. F. C. Vogus has been promoted to "Bull Skinner." Congratulations, Vogus.

Connel, our brush-faced Irishman, looks like an advertisement for Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. What a whale of a difference just a razor would make! How about a shave, Connie?

Thank Gosh there are only two fellows in this outfit who are from West Virginia; Shovelface Lowe and ex-Army Wetzel. Lowe thinks guard duty is a joke. He believes that pigs are human beings, and Wetzel imagines that turkeys in the roadway early in the morning are bandits.

We have had a few recent promotions in our company and a few reductions. Shrove and Brougher lost their automobiles and Mandy, Blatter, and Turner received them. We wish them all the luck in the world. Hey, Mandy, don't forget that we want a left ear.

Thursday the "Mississippi Mud Rat," Treadway, wanted to know who that guy Wall Street was. He heard that he was the guy who was the cause of his being here.

E. P. D. is a popular dish around here. Be sure you keep a straight face when you look at the gunny. It may cost you two weeks E. P. D. if you don't.

Bailey is bucking for stable sergeant, Wonka for chow sergeant, and Cambell for a trip to Managua. It is hard to tell who the winner is going to be. They are all working pretty hard.

There isn't any dinero in the outfit but still the boys play a lot of black jack. No, it isn't a mystery; just plain cigarettes and plenty of jawbone in town.

The Misses Smiley and Grate, the Yali radio bugs, are sure a lot of static themselves. Yes, this is a compliment.

Corporal Neal is catching plenty of guard lately but not many patrols. What is the matter, Neal? The bandits won't hurt you.

Our company clown, Corporal Prior, quits his safe job every so often to make patrols. You had better forget the Navy Cross, corporal; living is much better.

Sergeant Hoffner makes as many as three patrols a week. What are you working for, John, more dinero?

Top Kick Welsh is just about ready to break loose again. When he does the Rio Coco will be safe for Marines.

Trumpeter Scott is arguing again as usual. He can't help it, he has blown his head off already.

Some company crook was on the prowl for chow last night and fell through the "Dutch oven." So our punishment is hardtack.

Gunnery Sergeant Lee, of the Fifth Regiment, with seven Marines, aided by General Plata and one hundred Vilantes troops, have done splendid work in the northern area.

Private "Cope," known as "King Tut," recently shaved off his beard and moustache because of the many wood-ticks they contained. He is looking his best now for he is acting corporal.

News has been getting out lately; we believe that the Spirits have been using skeleton keys.

This is Station Y-A-L-I signing off; will be on the air again soon.

KNOW THIS MAN?

William D. Barker, who went out in December, 1925, is back again once more with the boys. He is doing duty as a recruiter at 79½ Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga., and would like to hear from some of his old buddies.

**MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S.
"SOUTHERY," NAVY YARD,
BOSTON, MASS.**

Ye Olde Arke.

Geefs eet anudder vonce someting mitt dis old ship vot iss de bride uff de Navee. Vee haff got not some seffenteen straw decks and straw bottoms but vee haff gott de best sway beck und mud scraper vat iss.

We have not been in print for quite a while and I do not imagine that we will be in it very long this time either, but every now and then we get a sudden idea that we are gifted with a literary tendency.

Of course if some of the fellows would help out with a little inspiring suggestion we probably could get up a fair column every month. But listen, honestly this bunch of moth-eaten Marines have become endowed with such a sense of righteousness that it is almost impossible to dig up a breath of scandal about them.

This city of Culture and refinement and—, must truly be a romantic city, for there is hardly a new man arrives here but what cupid gets a dart into his interior, but with so many cupids on the Commons it is not startling that such a large majority are fatally caught.

Here is Evans, our new sergeant and brig warden, hardly here long enough to even get acquainted with the men in the detachment, and he has already fallen a victim to the wiles of this crafty Cherub.

Then there is Melhado the Terrible, a typical Marine if ever there was one, now that he has fallen for a certain young nurse in Boston, he has gone on the down road completely, why you cannot even get a good grumble out of him these days, there was once a time when you did not even have to incite him to start him off on one of his spells, but now that he is stepping out regularly to see the little bundle of Sweetness, he can talk of nothing but, those eyes, those nose, and ears, and, well, you know, those things in general.

Joe Ditton was talking about getting his discharge and entering into the washer business. He would not elucidate on the details, but we have our secret ideas as to what he means. He sits around all day cutting washers and claims that at the right time he will have an unlimited supply of washers, so he sees no reason why he should not enter into the life of business and make his fortune.

And speaking of baseball, I do not see how the Marine Ball Squad has ever missed out on obtaining the services of Vic Gradischer. That boy is some flash, what I mean, he really is, he can play any position on the team, including bat boy, of course. He doesn't even have a speaking acquaintance with an error; he has not got close enough to a ball yet to make an error. Of course, that would all be in his favor though, for look what his fielding average would be.

I guess most of you are acquainted with Shuffling Paul, the demon shoe slinger. He has been mentioned a number of times in former writings and I would not feel that the column was complete if his name was left out. Just

now Paul is knocking off a mean heel and toe with the assistance of the radio and is doing a good job of it too. Paul is catching up on his dancing just at present as he was invited to a sixty-day visit on the ship and it gives him a wonderful opportunity to practice all the latest steps now in vogue.

First Lieutenant Adolph Stahlberger has arrived and will soon take over the reins, relieving First Lieutenant C. J. Lohmiller, who is to leave for Nicaraguan duty.

Well, this just about concludes the offerings for this month and if it is lucky enough to get into print we will see what can be done about a column next month.

**AT THE TRANSPORT SCHOOL, CAMP
HOLABIRD, MARYLAND**

Seeing a copy of the February edition of *The Leatherneck*, it occurred to me that you would like to hear from the Marines who are attending the Army Motor Transport School this year.

There are five good men and true here and each one has the secret ambition to become the world's greatest automobile



Marines attending the Army Motor Transport School. Pfc. Holliday, Pvt. Weinberger, Cpl. Hamric, Cpl. Nori, and Pvt. Jones.

mechanic. But, so far, none of them has succeeded in doing anything except fixing cars so no one else can fix them. However, they are capable of wiring up carburetors and adjusting the ignition quite well.

The enclosed photo will give you an idea of just how the five Leathernecks look in fatigue clothes (pronounced fati-goo). I might add that fatigue in the Army is a synonym for hard, hard work.

Reading right to left: Pfc. Holliday, familiarly known as Rummy; Charlie Weinberger, the little Irish fellow; Jesse Hamric, our brand new corporal, having just made IT last month; Corporal Nori, the athlete, famous for his running nose; and last, but not least, Pvt. Jones from way out west (West Virginia). "Shoot 'im, pop, he's a revenoor!"

The entire school starts on a convoy to Detroit, Michigan, sometime in May and then the boys will be frolicking hither and thither in a big five ton Liberty truck.

There isn't much in the line of news here, outside of certain officers looking inside of trucks in the hope of finding someone asleep, so adios until the convoy returns.

NEWS FROM THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

By Corporal Harold H. Langsdorf

Mail day again, and I have to hurry to get this off on the out-going boat!

The old "Kittery" played us a rather mean trick this time, as it took away some of our best men, among whom were: Paymaster Sergeant George R. Frank, who passed out the shekels to our hungry money-grabbers on pay day; Quartermaster Sergeant Francis M. Jackson, who could tell a bee where to get off at when it comes to real honest-to-goodness hustling; and Sergeant Lawrence H. Seiler, who has been showing the boys how to hit the bull's eye on the range at St. Croix. We also lost, among the lot of good men, our range instructor, Sergeant Broox E. Clements; Corporal Thomas C. Godfrey, of Marine Corps baseball fame; and Private First Class Murray Klein, affectionately known as "Jew-baby," and already missed by the whole command.

But if the "Kittery" deprived us of some of our best men, it left with us others, among whom are Quartermaster Clerk George Lentz, Paymaster Sergeant Ray R. Maynard, and Supply Sgt. John J. Stahl, whom we take pleasure in welcoming to Saint Thomas, and hope that their tour of duty here will be pleasant and not arduous.

Most of our men have finished shooting the range for record, and the results are very gratifying. Nearly all have qualified "in the money," and this speaks well for the excellent training we had under Sergeants Seiler and Clements. Firing for qualification will be finished in April, and will be followed by team competition between 56th Company at St. Croix, and Headquarters Detachment, St. Thomas. To date, Private E. R. Williams has the highest score for Headquarters Detachment. We will be able to tell you more about this later.

During the week of March 4, 1929, we had "Safety Week"—provided by the Red Cross under the able direction of Mr. Kenning. Two of our men, Corporals Spragg and Harrington, are qualified life-guards, and assisted Mr. Kenning in his program of classes and events. On Sunday, March 10, there were swimming races and exhibitions. Private E. R. Williams won the Marine race of 100 yards with a record of 2 minutes, 1 second; Corporal Spragg and Private Valerio coming in second and third with records of 2 minutes 8 seconds and 2 minutes 12 seconds, respectively. In the Navy-Marine relay, Private Williams and Culpepper (USN), touched the rope at 52 seconds; Corporal Spragg and Padron (USN) coming in 4/5 of a second later.

There were other races too, in which the natives participated, and the afternoon was enjoyed by all. Many interesting methods of life-saving were demonstrated during safety week, as well as new ways of swimming and diving. Many natives, and most of our boys, too, profited by the instructions, and we hope this will be an annual occurrence.

On Thursday evening, March 28, the command was honored by the presence of Rear Admiral Hayden, USN (retired), who gave us an exceptionally interesting talk on "Odd Reminiscences during 54 Years in the Navy." There was a large

gathering there to hear him, and we are grateful to officials of the Enlisted Men's Club, who first asked him to speak to us.

With this article, we welcome Corporal Little back to duty. He has been in the hospital with old age or something, and the miracle of it is he came back with everything intact!—nothing cut off or out! It is good to see his smiling face around here again, and we hope he feels as good as he looks. (He says he doesn't, but—well, we've been sick, too.)

Before we write again, we will have lost Captain T. G. Hunter, the commanding Officer of the Marine Detachment at St. Croix. He has been ordered to Washington via the April "Kitty." It is with genuine sorrow and regret that we see him go, and the men of his next command are certainly going to be a lot of lucky birds! We extend to him best wishes and success in his future duties.

60TH COMPANY, 11TH REGIMENT, CUVALI, NICARAGUA

By James J. Tracey

This outpost is so far away from anywhere that we have not sounded off before, but we have improved upon the location so much that we are forced to make ourselves known. Although there are quite a few "boots" here in camp, they are coming along nicely and are receiving a thorough schooling from the men who have two years and a long "butt" to do.

The camp is located at the junction of the Matagalpa Trail and the Cuvali River, about five miles from Hiyas, and about sixty miles from La Luz Mine, which is our supply base. Captain Donald R. Fox has just relieved Captain Henry D. Linscott as our commanding officer. Captain Fox has had previous service in Haiti and Guam. His outline of police work makes our labor a joy; and a former resident of Cuvali, upon his next arrival, will see many improvements.

Sergeant Stanley L. Harney, who came over from the west coast with this company, is acting first sergeant. Sergeant "Bosco" Benton is our police sergeant, and an excellent recreation hall has been

erected under his direction. It is well off the ground, with a split bamboo deck and a high peaked roof of leaves that grow around the camp. A high-backed seat is built around the entire hall and it reminds me of one of the bandstands back at Parris Island. A larger and better galley of the same material is well under way, with a storeroom in the rear.

Corporal DeVore was recently relieved by Corporal Hutchcroft and he took ten of his pet mules back to La Luz on his way to Puerto Cabezas. Corporal Edgar C. Caudill was relieved by Corporal Farnsworth, and he departed for La Luz to serve under Captain Linscott. Corporals Humphrey and Alexander Durham are corporals of the guard. The former has had the distinction of having a mule named after him.

Private George Green has relieved Private James Morrissey as one of the airplane lookouts. He is proud of his new job which he shares with Private Dzurik, who is also the captain's orderly. Private Samuel Lewis has relieved Private Hank Lansing at handing out regulation two-inch haircuts. Privates Izone and Hobbs are putting out the frijoles, tortillas and java. They are assisted by Private Joseph Allen. Private Izone says he can't be worried about anything; he is getting too short for that. He expects to ship over in the Coast Guard. We know he is worrying as he struggles to cross the swimming hole every evening. Private Ferris N. Ferris woke up the other morning to find a young tomiga snake about six feet long coiled up beneath his bunk. Ferris' movements annoyed the reptile and it moved over and parked itself under Private Dorcey Smith's bunk. Corporal Caudill killed it. Trumpeter Charles Mekara came into camp without a meat horn so he has been going on post and answering police call.

At our last weekly inspection the commanding officer commended our bamboo house very highly, and said he was changing the name of "The Town of Cuvali" to "The City of Cuvali." Our total strength here is forty men, and PhM. 1cl. Dallas L. Finch sees that we are not snowed under. He also made the

last patrol to Garrobo. Private Ray Roller brought a Victrola up from Puerto Cabezas, and Privates "Rebel" Clanton and Izone give us dancing exhibitions now and then in the recreation hall.

To appreciate Cuvali, one really should see it. But you can get some idea of it if you will picture twenty-eight bamboo houses with leaf thatches and split bamboo sides, rock pathways, bordered with bamboo, between the houses, and a bamboo fence all around to keep out the fifteen or so mules forming our "motor" transport. Add to this the fact that we are on a hill that affords us an excellent view of the surrounding country and the river in which we can boat or swim, and you will realize that this place is hard to beat in the ocean of mud known as Nicaragua.

11TH REGIMENT, 14TH COMPANY, JICARO, NICARAGUA

By Pvt. F. J. F.

Well, fellows, we're back again to give you all the latest dope. Lieutenant Hansen has gone back to the States for aviation. "Doc" Crowfort and Sergeant Noel also have gone this month. Well, here's luck. We wish we were back, too. Private First Class Webster has joined us again, and his mandolin playing is worse than ever. Sergeant Campbell, our sheik mess sergeant, is all in an uproar about his five months and a butt to do.

Our mess force consists of Private First Class Hawkins, our chef, and Privates Triplet, Florin and Lasesses. Corporal Burt is playing nursemaid to the mules, and Davis is helping him.

Well, Adios, Mi Amigos, until they run out of sardines; which will never happen in Jicaro.

FRIEND OF JUSTICE

"Brigadier General Logan Feland, commanding general of the American Marines in Nicaragua, returned to the United States with his beautiful wife about the middle of Holy Week by way of Panama.

"The American soldier leaves a most grateful remembrance in our country. He contributed efficaciously with all loyalty and honor, to the carrying out of the plans of the Honorable Henry L. Stimson, Personal Delegate of President Coolidge for the definite establishment of peace in Nicaragua, based on justice, protection and free-suffrage! He contributed to the maintenance of order; and he aided General Frank Ross McCoy and the American Electoral Mission with the greatest efficiency in the supervising of the elections and protecting its functions in all the Republic.

"Not a single Nicaraguan was aggravated by the acts of General Feland; on the contrary, many went to him for protection and for justice, and say what you will and analyze it as you will, it is certain that he helped everyone, establishing conciliation and good-understanding between the governors and the governed.

"Logan Feland is a noble representative of the just and equanimous spirit of the American nation in its relations of cooperation for Nicaragua; he never proceeded in a manner that would depress the institutions of the country nor did he do anything that was not for the well-



Election Board Members at San Lucas, Nicaragua, a town which is usually deserted, but which produced nearly 1000 voters on election day. The board is doing business in a dobe shack

being and the well-understood prestige of our country. He was a sincere friend of Nicaragua and of all the Nicaraguans, without distinction of class.

"If the American government were always represented by men who have the same spirit and the same clear comprehension of General Feland, surely it would have many more friends in the Spanish-speaking countries on the American Continent."

—Diario Moderno, Managua, Nicaragua, April 2, 1929.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Bacardi

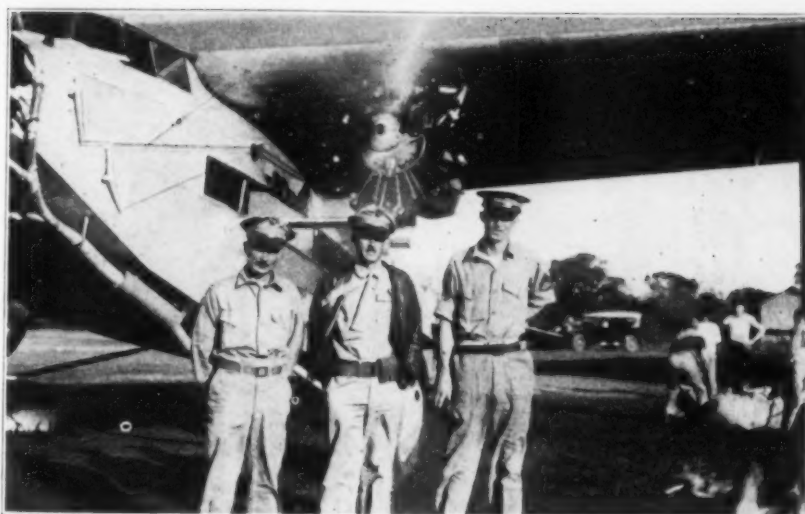
Dear Folks at Home and Elsewhere: The identity of Cerveso being definitely established, he doesn't feel as if he cares to continue further newspaper work, hence I have been resurrected and have life, now and henceforth Selah. Cerveso is dead!—long live Cerveso! a certain big Marine who always wears a number on his back. There are some things dead which apparently must have life.

Went out to the Marine tennis tournament last week and saw several good matches. Easton certainly has the dead-eye on our sergeant major, for he beat him again in the tournament. Then he eliminated Lieutenant Stuart, going up to the finals with Chisholm. Although Chisholm played a much better game to watch, he grew careless towards the last. The first set was 6-4, the second 7-5, and the third—folks, I'm here to say that only sudden darkness prevented it from still going on, was 17-15. Easton, with his southpaw serves and returns, just played safely, and allowed Chisholm to defeat him. Anyhow, it was a good match. The brand of tennis in this tournament was not equal to the last one, but several of our brethren have promised action against this perpetual winner when the next one comes off.

We have three new music boxes (orthophonic) which we are enjoying. The canteen dug down and contributed and we are now privileged to listen to first-rate music. Everybody wonders when the boat-house sleeps, or whether their machine is perpetual motion.

By the way, folks, our new commanding officer has arrived. He is Major S. Smith Lee, formerly of Virginia. Welcome to our home, Major. Although we were sorry to see Colonel Green leave us, we always welcome new faces, especially when we have been looking at each other for two years or more. Many changes are predicted, and we are all hoping—in fact, we know they will be for the best.

That congenial, smiling face of Quartermaster Sergeant Bob O'Toole graced our midst for ten days. He was with Major P. C. Marmion, who was making an inspection of the camp, post exchange, etc. From all reports, O'Toole is well known. I shouldn't wonder, with that repertoire of jokes, etc. We would like to have kept him with us, in fact, we almost did; it was rumored that his bank account was nil and his shoes bad. It was predicted that he would be forced to walk home, but the Good Samaritan, Chief Pay Clerk Maloney, came to his rescue with the aid of the Supply Department, U. S. Navy, Hog Farm and Corral, and he was able to embark on



The "Big Three" of "Flying Ox-Cart" pilots in Nicaragua. Left to right: M. T. Sgt. Archie Pascal, Gy. Sgt. Robert W. Ewalt, and Gy. Sgt. M. T. Sheppard.

the Holy Flyer at Buqueron for Havana. Good luck, Bob, come back again.

On the "Kittery" with our new commanding officer—and, by the way, friends, we forgot to mention that we have the pleasure of also having Mrs. Lee and her two children with us. And, as I was saying, on the "Kittery" with our commanding officer was Quartermaster Sergeant Ernesto Beavers, Mrs. Beavers and four small Beavers, which brings the complement of this post up from 7 children to 13. If this is noticed by the A&I our complement may get a slash, as they might consider us over-strength.

Beavers was officially welcomed by his companions in crime, Hackenstad, and Cissel, the henchman of our QM., with tears in their—well, anyway, they were glad to see him, as Hack has been working pretty hard—at times. Now all they want is a clerk.

The arrival here of seven non-commissioned officers has given this post a real service atmosphere. Kid Saber has arrived and it is rumored that he will relieve Bullock as mess sergeant. Sergeant Hozworth and Corporal Hespeneheide also came in, and they fit in like an old shoe on a beggar's foot. Welcome, newcomers, and may you have a glorious and full two years.

Our wood butcher, Baker, certainly has a knack of killing two birds with one stone. Had fire call last week and when he heard about it he rushed to Van and asked him to have the drill at the carpenter shop as he wanted to wash the building inside and out and they could do it for him by training the water on the shop.

Although nothing has been done on the tennis court at this writing, we are all hoping it will be finished by the time this goes to print. The movie screen and handball court will no doubt be finished at the same time.

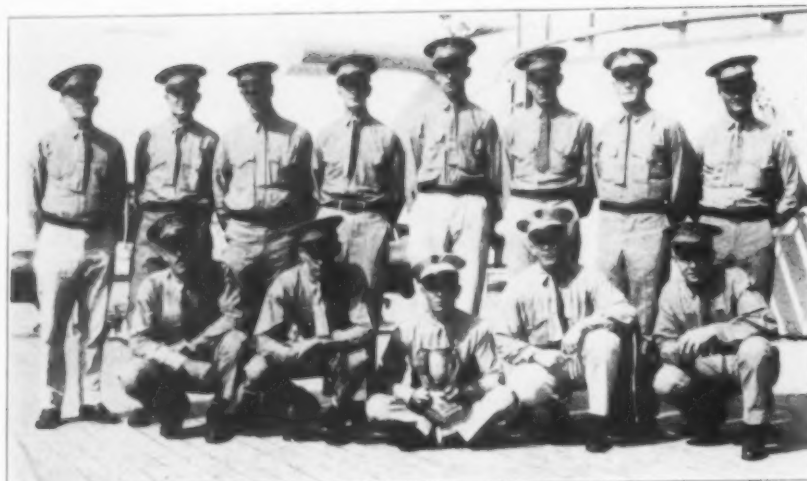
The semi-finals and the finals of the Fleet Basketball Championship were held at Fish Point, between the "Utah," "Arkansas," "Cincinnati," and "Concord." We saw some pretty basketball games on a concrete deck, which meant many cuts,

bruises, etc. Who won? Nobody but the referee could tell you, for the count was so long that it seemed as if the man dribbling the ball was running a hundred yard dash. Anyway, regardless of who won, they deserve praise for playing on a concrete deck in the hot sun.

Our only windjammer, Covert, certainly has a run of hard luck. Smith, his assistant, was transferred to the States by order of the Medicos, and since then Covert has been on duty day and night, time allowed for bathing and eating, but nothing else. He, however, has done his work well, regardless, and we are all behind him. I believe we had another music in the same hole last year, and reports show that he is now a corporal in Washington. So, remember, a little more work, done well and cheerfully, always pays in the end.

The station baseball team has finally got under way and beginning to win games. They have won ten out of eleven starts. After dropping the first game to the USS "Antares," 1 to 0, with Hackenstad, who deserved better fate, having allowed only four hits, twirling, we finally came back with Navy Dusty Rhodes pitching, and beat them 4 to 1. That boy Marine Harris on the "Antares" in the box would be welcome here. His change of pace was the best I've seen in amateur circuits for some time. Our boy friend, Hack, also had a good change and clever delivery but his team mates failed to give him any support in hitting. The Marines composing the station team are Disco, who does the catching and sometimes breaks up the games with home runs; Hackenstad, heretofore mentioned; Kaptur, a utility outfielder; and our well-known "Old Man of the Seas," Martin Aloysius McGrory, sergeant major acting and paymaster sergeant. Incidentally, folks, as he knows who I am, there will be one or two of his gentle (?) bawlings out for that last remark, "old." McGrory broke up the "Antares" ball game in the eighth inning with the score 1 and 1. The bases were full and two down when he drove out a single that scored two runs. Not so old.

As we lost the station cup to the Navy



U. S. S. "Tennessee's" Marine Whaleboat Crew, which placed in the annual race. Standing, left to right: Pfc. Painter, Pvt. Autrey, Pvt. Baker, Pvt. Richardson, Pvt. Kilgore, Pvt. Mayher, Pfc. Sorensen, Cpl. Fremling. Front row: Pfc. Burchfield, Pvt. Moran, Cpl. Forwood, Pfc. Connelly, Pvt. Sheppard.

last year, the Marines are determined to wrest it back from the sailors after baseball with the fleet is finished. There is no reason why this cup should ever leave the Marine Corps, so we are determined to retrieve the same.

Bullock, past commander of the mess hall, has been relieved by Corporal Saber, who is now looking after the aches and pains of our inner-selves.

As this is my first attempt at writing under this alias please forgive any mistakes I have made. Cerveso bids you farewell and Bacardi comes back to life.

MARINE WHALE BOAT CREW, U. S. S. "TENNESSEE," SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

Here is a ship's detachment you hear very little about, but after reading last month's whale boat news by the crew of the "Saratoga," we feel moved to reply. In the Battle Fleet elimination on February 15, we had the only boat in the water as far as first place was concerned. We took the lead at the start and it was never disputed. Near the finish we took time out to wonder which boat would take second place, the "West Virginia" or the "Saratoga."

In the All-Navy race, February 18, there was considerable more competition with the "Texas." We don't begrudge first place to her, for she worked for it and was over the finish line only a half a boat's length ahead of us. The men of the "Saratoga" proved to be good losers, for we met them in a certain cantina that afternoon. We wonder if they remember it.

We wish to take this occasion to thank the Marines and Sailors of the "West Virginia" for helping us make a good liberty after the race. Our only regrets are that the "Saratoga" didn't join us to make it a better one.

CAPE HAITIEN, HAITI

If all the swimmers and splashers of Cape Haitien could be put in the boat that Pvts. Jas. McKearney and H. F. Marting are now constructing in Pfc. Ruppel's carpenter office, it would no doubt sink with the load, for the num-

bers of the swimming fraternity have surely increased in the past several weeks for some unaccountable reason. Prof. "Lard" Wassam, who is official representative of the American Red Cross in these parts, has the keys to the swimming pool, so "The Leatherneck" is informed here. The post exchange recently received some beach attire, and up stepped the camp swimmers for the natty selections of our canteen staff. The swimming activities are significant of the stir and bustle of station Cape Haitien.

Lieuts. R. S. A. Gladden and Ward E. Dickey have promoted a basketball league of inter-camp teams which will start its official schedule around 1 April. This is no April Fool Day stunt, it is going to be a successful tourney, with cash prizes going to the winning teams. The basketball players are out each day practicing on the outdoor court. The great American game of baseball has been receiving much attention during the "winter" months of Cape. The crew attached to the "Kittery" went ashore on its March voyage and crossed bats with our nine and according to scorekeeper Pfc. O. G. Miller the score was decidedly a majority for the locals. Our battery, Gladden and Bugbee, snowed the sea ball players. Men who have traveled on the famous transport "Kittery" no doubt will be glad to hear of a defeat for that vessel.

We had some qualification firing on the Cape rifle range on March 22, following two weeks of preliminary practice. Cpl. John Cochrane was expert and Pvt. Harold F. Marting was sharpshooter. Qualifying as marksmen were: Cpl. Ashby Farrell, Tpr. James Kennedy, Pvts. Walter Boettke, Harvey S. Giles, H. J. Kelly, Clyde McMillen, C. J. Musinski and Jas. Williams. The figure 13 proved unlucky for Pfc. Verner Hansen as it popped up twice in his scores at the various ranges. Sympathy extended, Verner.

The U. S. S. "Woodcock" is bringing shooters from Port au Prince who will be candidates for the divisional rifle and pistol competition at Guantanamo Bay,

Cuba, next month. The Haiti selections for rifle and pistol matches will leave about April 15 for Guantanamo Bay, according to bulletin posted.

When the March "Kittery" departed it carried some happy Marines homeward once more. Cpl. J. N. Crocker, Pvts. Henry Myers, Bill Burgess, Vesper L. Nichols, John I. Weckstrom, "Swede" Olsen, Warden and McDaniels were departures. Bon voyage was wished by all those who remained. New comers were introduced to Police Sergeant Leonard H. Brand and immediately located in quarters.

Cpl. William Caskie is now a bona fide mail clerk here and can sell stamps and register mail. Cpl. Caskie, one of the Cape's battlers and representative Marines, received his second stripe during March and congratulations were universally given by the members of the camp who all know their mail clerk.

Pvts. George L. Martin, H. J. Kelly, E. D. Lambert, Nick Celenze and Floyd Berryman are messmen this month, in case anyone wants to know who's putting on extra poundage in the camp. Pvt. H. R. Carmichael has entered the galley. Pvt. Carmichael was formerly a messman.

The library has been moved farther away from the center of population but in more roomy quarters. Pfc. John R. Oslizly is moving the volumes of our post collection. Pfc. Oslizly recently returned to duty from sick bay where he had been ill for some time with fever.

Cpl. "Hutch" Hutchinson and Pvt. D. A. McConnell, shooters extraordinary, recently hiked out and got an overdose of little sunbeams on West Beach while frolicking in the sand and surf. Both these lads are from Iowa, which explains their love for the sea. Pvts. Junie Broadus and Richard Tufts have also been doing hikes lately. Sgt. Leonard Black is contemplating his return home. Cpl. Johnny Lemmons is the post armorer at present and received the shipment of new 1918 rifles which arrived on the March "Kittery." Sgt. A. J. (Ajax) Roberts is putting the pistol range in shape and soon the automatics will be barking. Pvt. H. F. C. Rasmussen was host recently to several members of the crew of an old-time sailing vessel that had made the waters of Cape from Europe. Pvts. Cahill and Williamson have stretched a telephone line from the 600 to 1000-yd. firing point on the rifle range. Our 1000-yd. range is a new one for Cape. Cpl. Lemmons and his natives cut a wide swath in tropical foliage for several hundred yards in knee-deep mud to provide for the new firing range. Cpl. S. A. Spader, a March arrival, joins the camp well in his forties but with a lively step befitting a Marine of years' service. Pfc. "Pop" Hall, another of our older Marines, is supervising galley activities. Sgt. J. M. Wilson is the new aviation man here, replacing Sgt. A. J. Straba, who has been transferred. Q. M. Sgt. C. D. Feustal is confined to his home on account of illness. Q. M. Sgt. J. K. McGraw arrived here for duty on the last "Kittery." Cpl. Ashby Farrell, acting mess sergeant, reports that the egg market has been rather strong for the past several weeks, which accounts for the frequency of fried eggs, two to a ration—say, do you want your eggs?

Pvt. R. S. Sorrells passed away during

the night of March 24 after fighting a game but losing battle with disease contracted while in active field service in Nicaragua. Following the strenuous duty in Central America, Private Sorrells was transferred to Haiti, but never fully recovered from the effects of illness suffered in the Nicaraguan campaign. After arriving at Cape Haitien, Private Sorrells filled the capacity of post barber until he began to feel his old trouble coming on again, which forced him to relinquish his business to another. The entire command is grieved to experience the passing of a loyal comrade, whose association has been appreciated and loved by all who knew him. The body will be sent to the States via the U. S. S. "Woodcock" after fitting services at Station Cape Haitien.

MOTOR TRANSPORT 11TH REGT. SERVICE CO., OCOTAL, NIC.

By Pfc. Thos. S. Pietrzak

We missed out on some of the newcomers in our last write-up, so we will begin with the brilliant career of Pvt. Frank Lukasik, at one time a member of the Gallop'n' 14th Company. On the great outside he was practicing medicine and concocted what was nationally advertised as "Dr. Lukasik's Cough Medicine." It sold well and testimonials were coming in by the truck load. His popularity was so great that one would think he was an ambassador from Poland. Then one day he received a letter that was written in this manner:

"Dear Sir: After giving the baby eight bottles of your famous cough medicine, the baby coughs no more. Funeral services will be held Friday.

Mrs. I. M. Whoozit."

Don't hand us that line, you old boot-legger, we've got your number and your picture at the rogue's gallery. We also have Friday, Speer and Corry, the minister (not saying what kind).

"Hoot Ninny" McRobie, the "big target and paste man," is still on the job exercising his vocal cords by yelling out: "Run 'em up, and run 'em down; use the spotter in each and every shot hole." Mickey Finn and Smearer are still on the firing line and making shooters out of the boys. Chief Marine Gunner J. J. Faragher still holds the record of 336, with Gunnery Sergeant Guilmet trying his hardest to beat it. Here's wishing you luck, old boy. You know beer is two-bits a bottle and that five dollars should help a lot. Blair is again laid up. Boy! that man sure has a streak of hard luck.

Just when do the Marines leave Nicaragua? That is the question asked by nine-tenths of the Leathernecks. Well, we can draw our own conclusions. How can the Marines leave in May, June or July when we are now building a road to Quilali. Keep that up and we ought to be able to run from Ocotal to the southern border of the U. S. Wouldn't that be nice, I ask you? The drivers who are breaking the road to Quilali are Cpl. John W. Smith and Pfc. Frank Hasse. Something is wrong with Smith. You can hear him saying: "I wonder when Florence is going to write again." We don't know who she is, but it's not hard to guess. We all hope she writes often so that Smith will be his jolly self again. Hasse, the pistol expert, still claims to know all about them (meaning pistols).

This little bit of correspondence was written in San Albino. I have never seen a write-up in "The Leatherneck" about this place, so I think I'll let you know just what sort of "pueblo" it is. One thing about it, they have good bread and it's not marked "Snowflake" or "American." Yep! this place is like any city in the States, only not so congested and it also misses street cars and elevated trains.

First Lieutenants T. H. Cartwright and Elmer Hall went horse-back riding in the morning. They were looking over the engineering on the road to Quilali; but I hardly think they had any luck, all the deer ran when they saw them coming. Now that the "web foots" (tractors) can crawl almost half-way to Quilali, it won't be long before we hang our hats in that town and call it home.

Since Cpl. J. J. Pietrewicz has been in Nicaragua he has accomplished at least one thing; he has gained a moniker. He is called "Pete the Puro Man." He states that he will not extend for Nicaragua. We don't know how he'll make out on the outside without his puro.

"Mechanical" Olk still insists that bunk fatigue is the best exercise for a man who works hard. We wonder where he does all this hard work. And Span-ish! Say, Olk is it; and full of it. All he seems to know is: "Mucho trabajo y poquito dinero."

At present, little Tony Avery is in the hospital at Managua. He is down with an attack of malaria. Pee Wee Burr is getting real short. Just the other day he had a late Saturday Evening Post, and there he saw a Prince Albert advertisement in which a man was smoking a pipe, and a lady saying: "I adore a man who smokes a pipe." So prepare yourself for a treat, young ladies, of course he took the tip.

Corporal Leake, who has been an officer in the Guardia, is now our company clerk, and a good one at that. He is one of those tall, dark and handsome lads who doesn't smoke, drink or chew.

Last but not least, I am going to pre-

sent to you the "Nueva Segovians," better known as the "Dunlap Entertainers." The members of this blues chasing outfit are Sgt. Al Mussen, Corporals McGiffen, Nichols, and Black, Privates First Class Diefel and George Orser. Boy, they certainly earn their fame in the most pleasing way.

Well, I guess this will be about all, but be prepared to hear more about us and the Nueva Segovians in the near future.

AVIATION FOR ENLISTED MEN

The Leatherneck often receives questions from its readers regarding Aviation. The two below are the ones most often asked, and we are publishing the correct answers for the benefit of those interested.

1. What are the qualifications necessary for an enlisted man to become a Naval Aviator?

Ans. All candidates for flight training at Pensacola, Florida, must be able to pass a rigid flight physical examination, be under twenty-eight (28) years of age, and show great proficiency in their ratings. To satisfactorily pass the ground school work at Pensacola, applicants should be at least high school graduates. All men sent to Pensacola for flight training are required to extend their enlistments before being ordered to that duty, so that they will have more than three (3) years to serve after their flight training is completed.

2. Can a line Non-Commissioned officer be sent to Pensacola for training as a Naval Aviator?

Ans. All enlisted men sent to Pensacola are selected from personnel attached to Aviation units, and as Aviation has its own authorized quota of Non-Commissioned Officers, all line Non-Commissioned Officers who request aviation duty are required to be reduced to the rank of Private First Class prior to transfer to an Aviation unit. This is necessary in order that the promotion of deserving aviation personnel will not be retarded by the transfer of line Non-Commissioned officers into Aviation.



First Platoon of the 52nd Mounted marched through Ocotal, Nicaragua, preparatory to leaving on an extensive tour of patrol duty.

MARINE MESSAGE CENTER, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

It has been a long time since we have broke into print in "The Leatherneck," so here goes for a short but interesting low down on the personnel of said Message Center.

To begin with, we have the same old questions asked over and over each day. The main ones being "Any mail today?" "When is the next ship for the States?" and, of course, there are a million other smaller ones that any Message Center is liable to run on to.

Welsh is here already thinking that I am banging away to get a personal letter off. He wants to put in his daily call but he will have to wait a little while. Now, there is "Rabe," a very nice young chap, who is studying the training regulations in the "big book." We all hope he makes it. Two little stripes on the sleeve would go good in more ways than one. He sure could spring rank then. Then comes Peaches of "Peach Fame" in Cuba. He was the first one caught, so he claims. Last night he told us just what that can of peaches cost him and really he could have nearly a carload for what that one can set him back. Next in line is Campbell, who has taken the responsibility of the Message Center on his shoulders and any time from eleven to twelve at night one will see him busy at his filing cabinet with his radios of the day. Good work, Campbell, and keep it up.

We could not leave Rippy out of the picture. Any one from the barracks at Philly ought to know Rippy, for he sure holds the South upon his shoulders. North Carolina is his State. Rippy says the South is the best and that everything is carried on in a better manner there. Want an argument with him? Just say "I'm glad I came from the North" and the battle is on. He is our snappy radio clerk, and the name Rippy sure fits him. Once in a while he gets a little busy with a code. Mason, acting radio clerk, is Rippy's relief. Mason is a good scout. Those nice blue eyes of his would win anybody's heart. Mine is gone to him already. A good, all 'round lad, is Mason. How about it, gang?

Now comes the runners. Moon Mitchler is Jefe, ably assisted by Liedman, better known to the gang as "Lobo."

Why the "Lobo?" That's a secret, and Moon could give you the low down better than anyone else could. Then there is Katsoff, always accusing Alexander of using his water. But that is all a big mistake; Alexander doesn't use any water. Now comes our big movement, Kavanaugh, a willing worker. He keeps close tab on all the sailing lists that come out. His name may appear on one of them he claims.

Now comes Smitty. He is Jefe in the rear compartment here. There is a scuttle-butt rumor about a detail for the boon docks. Smitty is due for the good old States and he is worried to death for fear they'll make a mistake and ship him off to the boon docks. Tuck hangs around the back room quite a bit; he's afraid one of the clerks might see him and give him a run. Mac, Chesty, and last but not least, Davenport, who just extended for two years, are here with us. Funny what the tropics will do to a fellow, isn't it? Mac ran his motorcycle over a dog the other day and he is still stiff from the after-effects. Chesty had a wonderful walk out to Aviation. It was Holy Thursday and all means of transportation were kept off the streets of Managua, this is in accordance with an old Nicaraguan custom that is carried out every year.

First Sergeant Garrie is in charge of this dope headquarters. He is to be relieved soon by Kelleher, who, by the way, just made corporal, and is now up for the next grade. We all hope that he gets it. Of course, Garrie hates to leave this place for the good old U. S. A. One thing about Garrie, if you want a maid, see him and get the low down on some of the fairer sex of Nicaragua. You ought to hear him throw this gook lingo. One would swear that he was a gook.

Captain Dubel is our communication officer and a real good one, too. The captain has a lot to do nowadays, as he is Jefe of Hdqs. Company, Mess Treasurer, Jefe of the Battery Shop, and any other detail that comes up and needs a reliable officer for its commander.

This will wind our topic up for now and we would like to hear from some of our other Message Centers through "The Leatherneck." As I said at the first, we will let Welsh put his call in and he is none the wiser as yet. Adios.

MARINE BARRACKS, N. A. D., ST. JULIEN'S CREEK, VA.

By Clarence C. Kelly

The roster of these barracks has been altered somewhat since our last writing appeared in "The Leatherneck." Our commanding officer, 1st Lieutenant H. A. Riekers, was relieved of his duties here on April 1 by 1st Lieutenant C. W. McLeod, who has just returned from China. Lieutenant Riekers, after three months leave of absence, will retire with thirty years service behind him. The entire command is sorry to lose him and wishes him the best of luck.

Sergeants Arthur English, Robert B. McLane, Privates First Class Forrest H. Howell, Floyd C. Maner, Privates Wayne L. Brauchie, Floyd S. Britton, James D. Burt, Richard N. Farmer, Alfred E. Gillingham, Alfred W. Hubbard, Morton E. Lane, Harold J. McAllister, Alphonse J. Morin, John T. Purtle, Adolph J. Semeneck, Arthur J. Tew, Willie E. Helms, Vernis E. Bishop, Charles D. Brown, Vern Dodson, and William J. Gourley are now members of this detachment.

Corporals Ted M. Sheffield, Roy J. Clegg, Hubert D. "Duke" LaFever, Privates First Class Wiley J. Thrower, Chester L. Grigg, Michael J. Johnson, and Privates Robert G. Burrage, George A. Moffett, Adam F. Gladzinski, Leroy C. Powers, and James M. Williamson have been discharged.

Sgt. Julian M. Ashley was transferred back to Baltimore for recruiting duty. Pvt. Jack L. Bevil was transferred to the Norfolk Navy Yard. Burt, Hubbard and Ulmer have a 20-foot motorboat which is affording much amusement to the members of this command. Swimming parties and surf-board riding are much in vogue now.

Rogers has a brand new green Ford roadster. English and McLane own a Chrysler Coupe. McLane, who was recently graduated from the Quartermaster School in Philadelphia, is doing the quartermaster work here. Farmer and Castle are messing up the galley. Castle is also movie operator. Gillingham has deafened our ears with narratives of his hair-raising escapes from Sandino's bandits in Nicaragua. Britton has extended two years and is in the hospital at present.

Two Frenchmen here, Morin and Noel, go off and hide whenever we bring up the latest news of the Frenchman in Portsmouth marrying a white woman. Brauchie, the fighter, is operating the station barber shop. The writer now knows for a fact that Brauchie is through with the ring. A female has appeared on the scene.

Bourassa, heavyweight, slugged 4 rounds to a draw with Young Clarey, soldier, in his ring debut at Grimes Battery, Portsmouth, on March 1st. With a little more experience Bro should be able to hold his own with most of the heavyweight fighters around these parts.

"Red" Huettner and Ulmer are now corporals. "Tubby" Brown is still dodging comb salesmen and falling asleep with a Wild West magazine in each hand. Canjar and Noel are magazine attendants when they aren't in the canteen trying to hornswoggle the steward into extending them a little credit.

Private Serodino received a special order discharge and is now on his way



Mr. A. C. Ellis, Secretary of the Legation Guard Y. M. C. A., with a party of Marines on a sightseeing trip out of Peking, China.

to California. Tew is driving the GMC truck. Braud is now first cook and Howell is second cook. Larsen and McAllister have been bad boys again and have drawn a little restriction, much to their delight. Semeneck relieved Grigg as magazine attendant.

Durrett says he doesn't have to look at the world now with rose-colored glasses, because his eyes are naturally blood-shot after a night of whoopee.

Our baseball team is under way now. There hasn't been much practice but each member of the team is trying his best to make it a success. The first game was lost, 9 to 4, to the Cradock Firemen, but it'll be a win next time.

MARINE FLYERS KILLED IN CRASH

Three Perish in Nicaragua

Lieutenant James B. McHugh, Sergeant Byron O. Piner, and Corporal Otto Miller were killed April 13 in an airplane accident near San Carlos, Nic.

They were flying an amphibian plane of the OL-8 type and were engaged in making aerial photographs on Lake Nicaragua when the crash occurred. No details of the crash are known.

Lieutenant McHugh entered the Marine Corps in 1923 from South Carolina and was an experienced and able pilot. Sergeant Piner, photographer, enlisted in the Marine Corps from Roanoke, Va., and Corporal Miller, mechanic, was a native of Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

By Albert A. Brown

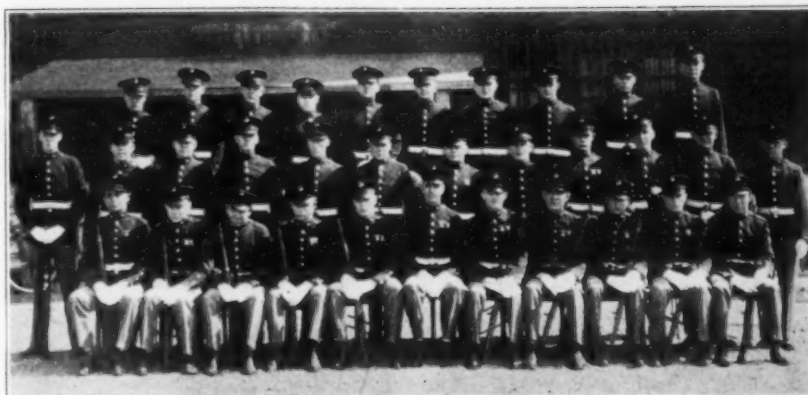
There isn't a great deal of news from the big city this month, things being fairly quiet around here.

This post is getting to be a regular transients' hotel. On one day half a dozen old friends will come in on a transport and the next they'll shove off in six different directions to other posts. Quite recently Quartermaster Sergeants McDonald and Peterman passed through here on their way from Mare Island to Quantico. First Sergeants Novack and Tivey stayed awhile before shoving off for the Second Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua.

Athletics are starting to boom here for the first time in over a year. A baseball committee has been organized to get material together for the coming season. We expect to have quite an aggregation of stars on the diamond this year.

The bowling season is still on, and the alley in the Post Exchange is doing a rushing business. "Dutch" Schornstein, the galloping mail orderly, is high man of the month with a high string of 256. That gets him five iron men for the monthly prize.

First Sergeant Harry G. Meisner, who has held down the Barracks Detachment office since last September, has been ordered to the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Tulsa," "Somewhere in Nicaragua." He leaves on the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry" on April 18. The poor Nicaraguan donkeys are to be pitied when the "Top" hits the hills. Everyone here is sorry to see him go, and wishes him the best of luck and one of Sandino's ears. First Sergeant John R. Thek, who has just returned from



Marine Detachment attached to the Receiving Ship, Brooklyn, N. Y. Photo by M. V. Young.

duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, Managua, Nicaragua, is replacing Meisner.

Our popular payroll clerk, Corporal William Oberhoff, has been detailed for the next paymaster's school, and, as he has been reported to be a thirty-year man, we expect to see him sporting a Sam Browne belt and puttees before many years pass by.

I notice in the April "Leatherneck" that one of our old shipmates from the U. S. S. "Texas" has been commissioned a second lieutenant. Congratulations, "S. T." Adios.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By The Office Pest

Hello, Everybody! Headquarters First Brigade, Haiti, on the air again. This month brought to a close the winter baseball season, with the Brigade and Regiment playing the final game for the championship on March 16. We lost the cup in a real hard-fought battle, the score being five to one. The Regiment scored four runs in the first inning, most of them were on our errors. From then on, however, it was tough going for both sides. All in all, it was real baseball, folks; you should have seen it. We're not crying over spilt milk, but have grabbed a pail and are looking for another cow, namely, basketball. We are out for blood, too. We won the trophy last year, you see, and we are determined to keep it. The season started April 15th.

Within the last month many changes have taken place in regards to the personnel of this office. Sergeant Major A. J. Fleiy went back to the States on the last "Kittery," special order M. G. C. He was accompanied by Corporal Homer B. Dyess, who, by the way, is a real short timer. Dyess says that when he gets out all he wants to do is to roam the wilds of Mississippi. Lots of luck, old man, but remember that the old outfit still has a bunk and three squares a day for you.

We are mourning the death of Sergeant Major Bernie Burdick who was killed in a motor truck accident. It is very sad to lose with such suddenness a man as well liked as Bernie, and we extend our sincere sympathies to his relatives.

"Pop" Wilmer is our new "Top," hav-

ing relieved First Sergeant Pyne; and Sergeant Townsley is our new chief clerk. Our latest arrival is Corporal E. H. Cook, who formerly held forth at the rifle range at Quantico, Va. Cook and Peterson are struggling with the arduous duties of the personnel section. Privates Harbison and Hayman do their stuff in the radio office. Rosenthal is now strutting two stripes and 'tis rumored that he is working for a commission too. That's the old spirit, Rosey. We're back of you to the last man; but can't just know how far back we are. Now here is a good one: Corporal Jacklin, writer of Courts Martial, not marital, is planning a trip to the South Sea Islands when this enlistment is over. Now can you tie that? George, old horse, whatever you do, for the love o' mud, don't let those dark-eyed maidens get you down. They're bad medicine when they get started.

Harbison has been in a funk the past week or more, and here is the reason. It seems that each mail boat has been bringing fifteen or more letters for him, but the last two brought only twelve and a half (the half being a postal card). Gosh! It's tough to have the girls treat you like that, Harbie. But cheer up, it can't be this way always; it may get worse.

Martens, our red-headed mail clerk, is our worst case. He gets himself put on the binnacle list for no good reason at all. Guess he bribed the medico. Then there is another case that requires the services of an expert. Sergeants Townsley and Smith are inflicted with Chessomania, or what have you. It is hard to tell which one has it the worst, but from appearances there's not much difference.

Harbison and Morris had it out on the handball court the other day. We don't know who won, but Harbison had to buy the chow. That ends another rivalry.

Something should be done about Peterson. Really, folks, he's the most dissipating papa in the brigade. He has been out every night for the past three months. Who is she, Pete?

Now, here is another one. We are wondering where Martens goes every night. He is seen heading for the well-known place the boys call the Magic City. Which one is it, Martens? Or is it all of them?

Guess someone else might want to talk a bit, so here's till next month.

MARINE BARRACKS, SUB. BASE,
COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE

By Carl G. Rander

It has been some time since I have seen our wonderful Post mentioned in "The Leatherneck," so I hope the Editor will be able to find space for what little I have to say.

Our barracks is located on the Naval Air Station adjoining the U. S. Naval Submarine Base, at Coco Solo, C. Z., and Marines stationed here perform guard duty both on the Air Station and Submarine Base. The Naval Submarine Base at Coco Solo, C. Z., is considered by many notables to be the most beautiful spot on the Isthmus of Panama and I believe that the readers of "The Leatherneck" would agree, should they visit us.

Our commanding officer (Captain Frederick Israel, U. S. M. C.), until recently in command of the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, New Orleans, La., is everything that could be expected in a commanding officer and is well liked both by his superiors and subordinates, which makes service at this post a pleasure.

Seventeen staff non-commissioned officers were transferred to this post during the month of March for further transfer to Nicaragua. These non-coms have an average of seventeen years and five months service to their credit, so I guess Sandino is as good as captured and the war in that country is as good as over. Their favorite saying while here was, "The Marine Corps hain't what it used to be," so I guess when these old timers get on the job in Nicaragua, it means good-bye Sandino and white mule. Hope one of them doesn't lose his false teeth again and have to return to the States for another set, as he might forget which plate he lost, upper or lower.

Our three sergeants, Grant, Tully and Mason, also Corporal Ducard, who says that he is no Jew, but a Scotchman, will return to the good old U. S. in the near future. Stock in the Atlas Brewing Company is bound to take an awful slump upon the departure of these excellent consumers of Atlas, their full capacity never having been ascertained, due to the fact that at no time were sufficient funds available.

Sergeant Major Clarence B. Proctor recently at this Post, awaiting transfer to the U. S., promised that upon his arrival in the National Capital, he would recommend to Congress an additional allowance of ten dollars per day, spending money, for the Marines at Coco Solo, C. Z. Never mind, Clarence, several members of Congress recently visited Panama (also the Tropic in Colon) and have found out by experience the needs of the Marines in that respect.

Admiral Upham, Commander Control Force, recently inspected the Submarine Base, including the Marine Barracks, and was high in his praises of both activities, especially of our new double-steel lockers, which we recently received (thanks to our C. O.).

What the Marines need down here in Coco Solo is men who are athletically inclined. They have both baseball and basketball leagues here, but we seem to lack enough men with a knowledge of either game to enter the leagues. We have all kinds of hopes of finding some

material in the new relief that is expected to arrive here within the month. Should we be fortunate enough to find some, you will hear from us quite regularly.

QUANTICO MAILS

By "One of the grateful ones"

Heartaches, heartbreaks, and heart-throbs by thousands have been the result of sorting and delivering the millions of letters which have passed through the small wooden building in Barnett Avenue over which the sign "Post Office"

stands out so boldly. At the same time, there have also been distributed other millions which brought joy, rest, and perfect satisfaction to the recipients; while the tons of parcels containing cake and candy and presents without limit, have often been a problem for the officials because of insufficient address, insecure packing and other causes.

It's alright for a letter to come addressed:

Demetrius Ivan Stephanokofski,
Quantico, Va.

because there is only likely to be one of that kind, but when John Jones, Alfred Smith, or William Murphy receive a letter, it is most necessary that the company, regiment, and other information should be given, otherwise the poor clerks are likely to have headaches before locating the right, John, Alfred, or William, while the expectant Jones, Smith or Murphy inwardly growls at the delay.

During the last ten years, Quantico has been exceptionally fortunate in possessing a trio of men in the P. O. Department whose characters have been of the best; whose ability has reached a high mark; and whose courtesy and devotion have throughout been characteristic of the finest ethics of real service. Their valuable and efficient service has received the highest commendation from the General in command during the wonderful maneuvers of the Expeditionary Forces which marched out from Quantico on several successive years. On some of these "hikes," weather conditions tried everyone's patience and grit; almost at



Mr. J. M. Hines



Mr. S. E. Lovell

times threatening complete upset of plans, but the indomitable spirit of the Marines under General S. D. Butler, carried things through and Messrs. S. E. Lovell, J. M. Hines, and G. M. Cline loyally fought through each period with the same spirit, untiring in their efforts to maintain an uninterrupted mail service, the results of which were eminently satisfactory to the entire command.

It is our pleasure to present the photos of Lovell and Hines to our readers (Cline was too shy to face the camera) and to congratulate these three worthy gentlemen on their splendid thirty years of combined service to the Marines of Quantico.

58TH COMPANY, YALI, NICARAGUA
By Ex-Army Wetzel

Another month gone by and still no relief from the rain and mud. The 58th Company has been in the hills over a year, spending the past three months at Yali, from where they have made eleven hundred miles of patrols. So far there have been no casualties, but it seems as if the bandits are closing in all the time. We should worry—but we don't. According to dope, the little burg of Yali was surrounded by bandits Easter Sunday; but no attack was made. The big Coco River drive is now on and Gunnery Sergeant Lee and General Plata, of the Guardia, are making the climate warmer for the bandits.

Privates Dempsey and Brodrick are now majors in the Guardia Nacional. We have changed the galley force, and Moon Burton is now the biscuit king. He bakes them in the sun. If a man wants to commit suicide all he has to do is to eat one of Moon's biscuits and then go swimming. Timmons and Vogus went looking for the Navy Cross, but all they found in the banana patch was Ramona.

Our C. O. is the best in Nicaragua. Why? Because he is one of the gang. Lieutenant Hohn will leave us in a couple of months and set out to break all shooting records. We sure will be sorry to see him go.

Vogus took a bath today, so we are deciding on a half holiday. The by-word is, "What! Corn bill again?" Solomon says Gunnery Sergeant Hughes should live—but not long. We still believe the Mississippi Mud Rat, better known as "Wall Street," never wore shoes until he enlisted in the Marine Corps. Our Doctor McCarty doesn't shave any more; he rides a bicycle. He said if he had his way he'd set Old Ireland Free.

We are still debating as to who is the ugliest man in the company. I still think "Maw" Pluket will win. As soon as it's decided we will write again.

PRUNE BARGE MARINES FORM
ORCHESTRA

By way of proving the old saying, "The Marines have the situation well in hand," members of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "California" not only have gotten back into the routine aboard ship but have organized their own glee club, led by our stellar banjo player, Pvt. Willie Flynn. This organization is fast shaping into a real musical organization, and while their instruments are not accredited by Paul Whiteman, the gang goes along fairly well on the makeshift instruments which include a broken-

down banjo, the bugler's mouthpiece rigged into a loud speaker, a harmonica and a coffee pot. Not much on looks, but from the crowds gathered nightly in the Marine Compartment, their offerings are well received by the ship's company.

With only a few more weeks left in which to train for long range battle practice, the gun's crew are nearing the peak in efficiency with the loading crews breaking ship's loading records daily on the Port Foc'sl loading gun. The detachment mans six five-inch, fifty-one caliber guns, forming the two groups on port battery secondary broadside.

Captain Alfred H. Noble, our skipper, controls the battery, with 2nd Lt. Charles E. Chapel as battery officer. Gy. Sgt. Cruikshank, his able assistant, looks after the crews and produces prize winners on the loading machine. The gun captains, all experienced in this type gun, include Sergeants Hensen, Weidner, Homel; Corporals Montgomery, Mazurek and Clayton.

The detachment baseball team, under tutelage of 1st Sgt. Haggarty, report for skull practice daily and indications at present savor of same corking baseball games when the ship goes North for annual overhaul in the Bremerton, Washington, Navy Yard, after the present gunnery schedule is carried out.

With long-range over, the detachment will lose many of its Non-Coms, there being over half of the sergeants and corporals who have completed their tour of sea duty; while more than twenty Privates are slated for shore duty at that time.

The detachment pugs have started a campaign among themselves, and boxing in the compartment after gun drill is the order of the day. Our skipper, always in favor of athletics, has signified his willingness to participate as referee, which is a brave act when one considers the wild swings that miss more times than they hit. It is indeed a very uninteresting afternoon for the gang when none of the innocent bystanders forgets to duck.

EAST COAST CASUAL DETACHMENT, MARE ISLAND, CALIF.

By Sgt. Edward F. Sauer

This organization is composed of homeless Marines from the several Asiatic stations. This is the first time we have been in print, and will very likely be the last as we expect to soon reach the East coast, via the U. S. A. T. "Somme."

The company has until recently been commanded by First Sergeant Jack Salesky, our ex-Russian Count. We also boast of a few sheiks, such as Sergeants Clary, Gassanway, Boyle, Marcus, Private Prushinski and others.

California may be sunny at certain seasons of the year, but we evidently arrived at the wrong time. However, in the very near future we expect to arise some morning about 2 a. m., chow at 3, and about 4, more or less, silently sling our heavies and steal aboard the coal barge which is even now waiting to convey us down the chilly bay to the Good Ship "Somme." When we arrive in New York I will write more about our adventures in the Far East.

We are all sorry that handsome Sergeant Boyle is at Denver, Colorado, on duty, and will not be here to bid us good-bye.

COMMANDER MAURICE M. WITHERSPOON, CH. C. U. S. NAVY

By "Ski"

Two years of whirlwind planning and work typical of Chaplain Witherspoon has just come to an end at Quantico, and the Commander is now on his way to the West Coast and the U. S. S. "Mississippi."

Maurice M. Witherspoon, who boasts of a long line of forbears who are said to have even made Scotland famous, is a direct descendant of that stern-faced Presbyterian Minister who was one of the splendid group of men who placed their names to the Declaration of Independence, and was also the first president of Princeton University.

Born in Pennsylvania with a splendid constitution and possessing a restless untiring energy, Maurice rapidly pushed his way through school days with an



Chaplain Maurice M. Witherspoon.
(Dawson Photo.)

enviable record for all kinds of sports, until in the class of 1915, he is rated at Washington and Jefferson College as an all-American football star.

Studying for the ministry in 1917, he wanted to see and give service during the war and selecting the Navy for his choice, he speedily became the favorite preacher to the hundreds of men on the U. S. S. "Arizona" upon whom he "tried out his stuff," and with whom he practiced athletics for one and a half years. Two years in the Asiatics on the "Dakota" followed after which the San Francisco Naval Training Station gave him further scope for perfecting those preaching powers which he now possesses. A course of nine months' study at the University of Chicago preceded three and a quarter years on the U. S. S. "Colorado" and then the "Navy man of Navy men" in the Chaplain's Corps was suddenly transformed into one of the most fervid and emphatic speakers and supporters of the Marine that Quantico and vicinity had ever listened to.

And now, from June 7th, the "Mississippi" and every place visited by that ship on which another first-class fighter, chaplain and excellent preacher, Commander Charles V. Ellis, had done such fine work, will also awaken to the fact

that a hurricane worker has come amongst them; a man of rapid speech, a leader of men, a man whom the Navy has afforded the opportunity of 300,000 miles of traveling in twelve years and an influence for good to many thousands of service men with whom this position has provided a contact.

HEADQUARTERS DOPE

By TaBob

SPRING IS HERE!!!

The first Spring Golf Tournament for the personnel of Marine Corps Headquarters will be held during the first two weeks in May at one of the local golf clubs, to be named later.

It will be a handicap event at 36 holes medal play. The handicaps will be allotted according to the Calkins Table of Handicaps as used by the United States Golf Association. Play will be under the U. S. G. A. rules for medal playing. The Athletic Association of the Marine Corps has donated two orders on A. G. Spaulding for new golf clubs, and eight dozen Spaulding golf balls to be used as prizes and for the players. All entrants are required to turn in score cards covering at least 36 holes over one of the links in or around Washington, D. C., before the end of April. These scores and the 36 holes medal play in May will be the basis for the handicap.

The following entries have been received to date: Lieut. Col. E. R. Beadle; Majors C. B. Matthews, E. A. Ostermann, T. S. Clarke, W. H. Rupertus, A. H. Turnage, M. H. Kingman; Captain B. W. Galley; Chief Pay Clerk W. J. Sherry; Q. M. Clerks R. M. O'Toole, Elmer Barde, L. Ledoux; Q. M. Sergeants N. J. Wilson, Ray Lawrenson, Charles Sutphir, F. J. Moore, C. A. Wilson; Staff Sergeant E. J. McCabe; Pvts. 1st Cl. Ezra Snyder, L. L. Leer, Leonard Browning; Mr. W. E. Brigham, Shanahan, Haberkorn, Blankenship, and Garrett.

Mr. Barde broke all records Easter Sunday. He attended Divine Services three times.

We welcome back to headquarters, at least temporarily, Colonel Beadle, who was executive officer about two years ago, since which time, and after a short tour of duty at Parris Island, he has successfully handled the mighty tough assignment of organizing and training the Nicaraguan Constabulary. Everybody is glad to see you back.

Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy is soon to be detached from Headquarters for assignment on the West coast. Colonel Creecy has had two assignments at Headquarters during the past two years and all will miss him. He has supported our activities enthusiastically and with Mrs. Creecy joined our Christmas party "as part of the gang."

Maj. T. S. Clarke and Mr. Ledoux left on the 8th for an inspection of the New York Naval District. "Watch those city slickers, Ledoux."

Jane Blakeney's tobacco farm is undergoing its spring sprouts, and we all can look forward to smokes in the future that will be worth while "walking a mile for, etc., etc., etc." and will stand the black-band test.

Charley Herd is back on the job; if you haven't heard what we have heard, Herd is now the daddy of a young Herd; no, she can't be a Marine. Congratulations.



Marine gun captains of the U. S. S. "California," who recently shattered a record by loading 10 shots in 27 seconds.

Ruth Smith is at the present writing on her way South with her family on a glorious automobile trip, planning to go as far as Atlanta, Ga.

Chris Bartley is taking her mother on a trip to Boston by boat. We think Chris is making up for the three years she spent as a temporary clerk without any leave and upon her return to work, hope she will have gained enough weight to stand a strenuous summer on the tennis courts.

Our roving ex-Marines, Bell and Atkinson, will be back on the job before this goes to print, but are not yet in. However, if we believe the postal card they sent us, this pair of hombres have more nerve than sense; they knocked out over 4100 miles in Bell's Whippet in 8½ days, which is in itself quite a record; in fact, Bell writes that the Whippet company in Portland, Oreg., also thought so and gave the car a once over gratis in appreciation of the remarkable performance of the machine.

We doubt that either of the boys did much sight-seeing and imagine they are coming back to Washington "to rest up a bit." We wonder if Atkinson took time off long enough to say Hello to the home folks in old Arkansasaw.

Winnie Brannon springs into limelight again as an aspiring traveler; she does not believe in seeing America first and plans a nice long trip to Paris this summer, also points North, South, East and West thereof. Do we envy her? At any rate she has promised to bring us some nice snappy programs from the theaters of gay Parée.

"Radio" Giles and "Wes" Thomas sure do like their chickens young. We think they are getting them to raise, at least the other day they received 300 young chicks about 6 days old. Looks like we will have some good fryers in a couple of months.

Bob O'Toole has been receiving hush money from Mrs. (Sweetie) Mix since his return from Port au Prince. While in Port au Prince he stayed with Gy. Sgt. and Mrs. Joe Hackman, who are very good friends of Sweetie Mix. They did not think of the fact that all news to O'Toole is Leatherneck dirt.

Speaking of Haiti reminds us forcefully of the most regrettable death re-

cently there of our old friend Bernie Burdick. Burdick, who was recently made a sergeant major, lost his life as a result of an automobile accident. Bernie was at Headquarters several years ago with the strength and distribution work, and later was in charge of the Navy Building Guards, and had many friends in Washington. His widow, Jeannet, lives at 719 D St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Sharpnack attended a wedding the other day and kissed the bride. The next day he went home sick. We really felt sorry for the bride.

"Cincy" Ahlers, formerly of the Muster Roll Gang, has an addition to the family. Yes, it is a new Marine sergeant, or maybe a "Cincy Red" ball player.

Lieut. Col. Ellis B. Miller joined Headquarters April 6 and is assigned to the War Plans Section.

Capt. Walter E. Bilisoly has been assigned A. P. M. at Headquarters, effective June 1.

Major William H. Rupertus is being detached from the Division of Operations and Training May 18, to Asiatic Station.

Capt. Glen C. Cole has joined Headquarters and is assigned to Operations and Training.

The Identification Section recently received a letter from Robert G. Hendricks, who used to be at Headquarters and is now a finger-printer expert with the Nicaraguan Constabulary. We all saw his letter and are glad he likes his assignment. As for Howard going down to Nicaragua, we might say, confidentially, that we think he "has some other fish to fry" and we may have more important news later; not quite sure whether she has said "yes" yet.

At a recent dinner given by the Marine Corps League in honor of our retiring Major General Commandant Lejeune, we were reminded very impressively that Headquarters has some good musical talent. Godfrey of the Q. M. Department put on some black-face numbers that could not be beat and Frank Miller of Operations and Training brought his mighty sweet baritone into play with a couple of solo numbers. These boys are both good.

Tom Carley has invested in a Virginia skunk farm, or is it a muskrat farm? We have been promised a fur coat for the better half as soon as the fur flies.

The Headquarters tennis bugs have been holding back a little, but we understand that Valentino Ford is showing class already, Ledoux and Ezra Snyder have played some doubles, and, of course, Larimore is always among the first. We have not looked over his spring partners yet, but he has excellent judgment.

Pauley and Sharpnack are telling fish stories that would make Archie Moore ashamed of himself. In the near future they are going to Haines Point to fish and have promised Shaughnessy a nice can of salmon.

Edith Brown has been just slightly pleased with herself since her King Pin team, of which she is a member, won the first prize for lady teams in the big Duckpin Tournament at Richmond. Yes, she had her picture in the paper.

"Ricky" Niner says positively that black moustaches means black moustaches au naturel; no dyed ones go.

McCabe has the golf bug now that the bowling season is about over. With his name he should be good at the "wearing of the green."

It may be news to some former Headquarters folks that Mary Lynch, who has been sick for years, finally passed away recently and was buried at Arlington. Both she and her hubby, our friend Jimmy Lynch, put up long and strong fights against the dreaded tuberculosis, but in vain.

Giles recently announced an addition to his family, but stated it was a young lamb. We should have some fresh lamb chops one of these days. Giles also has a one-way billy goat; in other words, the aforesaid billy goat will only come at you when you are walking away from him and Giles can testify that his way of greeting is very effective.

Freddie Moore is quite pleased with the showing of the Marine's team in the Federal League; as we write this the team is in 4th place and has a fighting chance for the pennant; and Freddie says they are going to fight for it.

The Marine Corps Bowling League has only one more set to roll and the Q. M. team has the General's Cup and the first team prize clinched. Second, third and fourth places are anybody's, and it will be a scramble on the last night. A resume of the final standing will be given in the next issue.

And further deponent sayeth not.

PRUNE BARGE MARINES

With our arrival on board from the Republic of Nicaragua, on January 28, after having spent several months in that republic on duty in connection with the elections, the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "California," has once more entered into the duties on board ship with a "Bang!" Welcome are those bells and buzzers, welcome are those general quarters after the dust and rain and mud of Nicaragua.

Our detachment is commanded by Captain Alfred H. Noble, with 2nd Lieutenant Charles E. Chapel as junior Marine Officer. First Sergeant Ira C. Haggarty holds forth over the company office, while Gunnery Sergeant D. E. Cruikshank imparts the secrets of the 5-inch port Marine Battery.

At the present time enthusiasm runs

high over our experimental anti-aircraft practice, which calls for the main and fore top manned with Lewis machine guns, and with snipers on the gun decks, armed with light Browning rifles.

In firing this problem, the target was towed by a plane launched from the U. S. S. "Saratoga," and there was considerable popping from the main and fore tops of the "California." As this practice was an experiment, with no weight for gunnery ratings, the results will probably remain unpublished. It is known, however, that the sleeve, representing a hostile aircraft, towed by the plane from the "Saratoga," was hit many times by the gunners in the fighting tops. The following was clipped from a recent issue of "The Cub":

"Well, we have fired our Experimental Anti-Aircraft Fire. Of course we got a reasonable number of hits in the sleeve target, gave the aviator who towed the sleeve a few thrills, and put respect for our shrapnel in the hearts of a few people who are prone to hang around the three-inch battery and offer to bet us dollars to doughnuts that we couldn't hit the Los Angeles if it were moored to a dock.

"First the plane gave us a practice run and then four firing runs for the three-inches, followed by four runs for the Lewis guns in the tops. To top it off the plane made four runs for the combined fire of the Lewis guns and Browning Automatic Rifles fired from the decks. As First Sergeant Haggarty would say 'The wind blew, the shrapnel flew, and we couldn't see the target for a minute or two.'

"Naturally the turret gun crews were jealous and bet that the anti-aircrafters couldn't hit anything. One of the trainers offered to carry the coppersmith's anvil up to the maintop if we hit the target once. Now we are sorry we did not take him up on it. We are not allowed to say how many holes were made but we can say that the sleeve would make a good sieve. What does it all prove? Nothing, except that an enemy plane wouldn't try more than one 'strafing attack' against the 'CALIFORNIA'."

At a recent competition held during the ship's happy hour on the quarter-deck, Private Anthony Mitroka walked off with the first prize for assembling a light Browning. He was blindfolded and his time was slightly over two minutes.

We have not had time to enter any of the ship's athletic activities, but with long range practice over, and leave and liberty at San Pedro accomplished, we will be represented in the boxing and wrestling squads. Private Charles "Jo Jo" Callaghan, our 136 pounder, hopes to make trouble for the fleet's light-weights in the squared ring.

Since returning on board, we have taken over the port 5-inch guns and from all indications we will roll up another good score this year. Since we missed most of the year's gunnery while in Nicaragua, the guns' crews have gone at their task with a will, and our skipper is bound to have to break out a carton or two of Chesterfields for those pointers after the targets are hauled on board in long range battle practice.

With San Pedro almost in sight and the seventh division part of the ship busy with their blues and buttons, our sojourn in Nicaragua becomes a thing

of the past, and it is with much joy that all hands anticipate that 5-day leave period.

This, our first effort along these lines, will be followed with others in a few weeks. We are all 100 per cent "Leatherneck" boosters on the "California," and it is always the signal to knock off work when "The Leatherneck" is received on board.

"Lay aft that leave and liberty party!"

MARINES WIN TROPHY

A cup presented by the Sons of the American Revolution has been awarded to the "Maryland" Marine Detachment. This cup is presented to the most efficient Marine guard. They must excel in personal appearance, drills, guard duty, gunnery and discipline.

Congratulations, Marines of the "Maryland." We are proud of you and hope you win many more cups.

—Catapult.

SEVERAL CHANGES AT RECRUIT DEPOT

Several changes in the official personnel at the Recruit Depot at the base in San Diego were made early this month. Capt. John K. Martenstein was transferred from sea school to assistant officer at the post exchange, his place being taken by 1st Lieut. P. A. Lesser, former personnel officer of the recruit depot. Second Lieut. F. J. Cunningham now is personnel officer. In the property office, Capt. Ross L. Iams was relieved by 1st Lieut. O. A. Inman, the former going to Nicaragua as of April 4. Lieut. Inman went to the recruit depot from the headquarters company.

VOLLEY BALL TEAM ORGANIZED

Lieut. Frank Dailey is directing the first volley ball team to be organized at the Marine Corps Base at San Diego. And it's going good, too. Several well-known athletes are participating and are working out daily, showing improvement as the season works along. Here's the line-up:

Walker, left back; Sgt. Bottemer, right back; Cooper, center back; Stevens, center forward; Roberts, Trees and Bursi, right forwards. Stevens is a former basketball player of repute, and Sgt. Bottemer was a well-known volley ball star in China.



Left: The big team at Leon, Nic. Standing: Olk, Robison, Collins, Bowers, Smith, Neal. Kneeling: Burr, Pietrzak, Hasse. In the photo at the right are men of the Ocotal Rifle Range: Ch. Marine Gunner Faragher, Gy. Sgt. Finn, Sgt. McCafferty, Sgt. Smearer, Pfc. McRobie, and their native helper "Friday."

MEDAL OF HONOR AWARDED MARINE

Mrs. Hannah Burginger, Strome, Alberta, Canada, has been presented with a gold Life Saving Medal of Honor, posthumously awarded by the Treasury Department to her son, the late Private Robert L. Burginger, U. S. Marine Corps, in recognition of the heroic daring displayed by him in rescuing a comrade from drowning on May 6, 1928, at La Jolla, California. Private Burginger lost his own life in effecting the rescue.

In presenting the medal, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Department Seymour Lowman said: "It affords the Department great pleasure to have this opportunity of commending the service rendered by your son on the occasion mentioned, and the Department also wishes to express the deepest regret that he should have lost his life in this heroic effort."

This is the first gold medal to be awarded under Acts of Congress to a Marine for several years.

LT. COL. CLAYTON B. VOGEL ASSIGNED TO GUARDIA

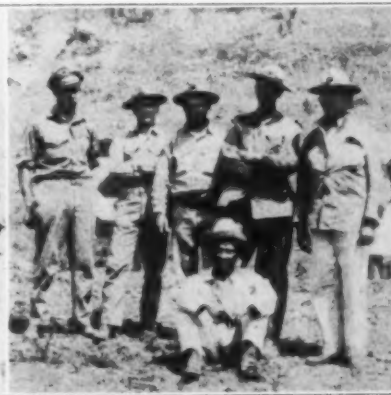
Lieutenant Colonel Clayton B. Vogel has been assigned to duty as Assistant Chief of the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, with headquarters at Managua. He left New York City on the 18th of April, on the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry."

Lieutenant Colonel Vogel's new assignment carries with it an increase in rank to colonel while on this particular duty.

It might be remembered that this officer is the one who was recommended for his work in rescuing bodies from the Knickerbocker fire, Knickerbocker Theatre, Washington, D. C., on January 30 and 31, 1922.

RIFLE TEAM TRYOUTS AT LA JOLLA

The rifle range at La Jolla is a busy place these days. About 50 riflemen are trying out for the Marine team for the national tournament which is to be shot at Camp Perry, Ohio. Marines from Mare Island, Pearl Harbor, Bremerton, and the San Diego base are shooting for practice and qualification.





By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Personnel Section U. S. Marine Corps

Reserve Training, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

MAJOR D. M. RANDALL, U. S. M. C., has been assigned as Director of Reserve Training and will be in direct charge of Reserve Activities during annual training this summer.

The training schedules for the advanced and company officers' course have been prepared by the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., and officers now assigned as instructors at these schools will be detailed as instructors for the reserve student officers' classes.

Schedule of training for the Basic Company Officers Course has been prepared under direction of the Basic School at Philadelphia, and officers now assigned as instructors at this school will be at Quantico during the reserve camps as instructors.

The Signal Course has been prepared by the Signal School at Quantico and officers assigned signal instruction will be trained under supervision of the Signal School.

Quarters and Messing

Present plans for quartering members of the Reserve, officers and enlisted men contemplate a camp under canvas located in the Shipyard Area. This camp will be laid out in accordance with regulations, each company being assigned its street with company officers' tents facing each area. Engineers are now planning the camp, location of company streets, mess tents, etc. The entire camp will be laid out before the arrival of the Reserve units leaving only the pitching of camp to the units as they arrive. Companies will be messed if found practicable, in a battalion mess, food being prepared by the company cooks under supervision of a Mess Sergeant detailed from the regular service.

Officers' mess will also be under canvas thus grouping all reserve activities.

Instruction and Attendance

At the first camp of instruction, July 7th to July 20th, classes will be held as follows:

- Advanced Course, 2nd year.
- Company Officers' Course, 2nd year.
- Basic Course, 2nd year.
- Signal Course, 2nd year.

To this camp all officers, Fleet or Volunteer, who completed the first part of the course appropriate to their grade last year will be eligible.

Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies Provisional Battalion

Major James J. Rorke, FMCR, Comdg.
1st Lt. Clarence L. Jordan, FMCR, Adj.

302nd Company, Rochester, N. Y.—1st Lt. Edward F. Doyle, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Malcolm D. Galbreath, FMCR; 2nd Lt. George F. Doyle, FMCR.

305th Company, Philadelphia, Pa.—1st Lt. Howard S. Evans, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. George W. Eakin, FMCR; 2nd Lt. C. Edgerton Warburton, VMCR.

306th Company, Detroit, Mich.—1st Lt. William V. Calhoun, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Stephen E. Gillis, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Harold D. Golds, FMCR.

308th Company, Worcester, Mass.—1st Lt. Ivan E. Bigler, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Wm. K. Lattons, FMCR; 2nd Lt. John G. Kapowich, FMCR.

310th Company, New Orleans, La.—1st Lt. Alfred A. Watters, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Walter J. Barnes, FMCR; 2nd Lt. Newton B. Barkley, FMCR.

312th Company, Portland, Maine.—Capt. C. Eugene Fogg, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. William J. Dow, FMCR.

Orders will be issued to all unattached officers and to the organizations listed above to proceed from their home stations in time to arrive at Quantico not later than 2:00 P. M., Sunday, July 7th, and they will be granted sufficient traveling time to permit active duty status on their return home, leaving Quantico not earlier than 12:00 noon, Saturday, July 20th.

The Second Camp of Instruction will be held July 28th to August 10th, with following course of instruction:

- Advanced Course, 1st year.
- Company Officers' Course, 1st year.
- Basic Course, 1st year.
- Signal Officers' Course, 1st year.

To this camp all Fleet Officers, Second Lieutenants Volunteer Reserve and officers above the grade of Second Lieutenants Volunteer who have been designated as alternates who did not complete the first part of the course appropriate to their grade, summer 1928, will be eligible.

Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies Provisional Battalion

Major Ralph L. Schiesswohl, FMCR, Comdg.

1st Lt. Lee Fox, FMCR, Adj.

303rd Company, New York, N. Y.—2nd Lt. Melvin L. Krulewitch, FMCR, Comdg.; Marine Gunner William J. Monaghan, FMCR.

309th Company, Philadelphia, Pa.—1st Lt. Howard N. Feist, FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Ernest S. Kaylor, FMCR.

311th Company, Toledo, Ohio.—1st Lt. Iven C. Stickney, FMCR, Comdg.; Marine Gunner Carl E. Stahley, FMCR.

313th Company, Milwaukee, Wis.—2nd Lt. Leroy Hauser, FMCR, Comdg.

314th Company, St. Paul, Minn.—1st Lt. George R. Lewis, FMCR, Comdg.

315th Company, Chicago, Ill.—Capt. Donald T. Winder, VMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Harold M. Keller, VMCR.

Orders will be issued to all unattached officers and to the organizations listed above to proceed from their home stations in time to arrive at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., before 2:00 P. M., Sunday, July 28, 1929, and sufficient travel time to permit active duty status on their return home, leaving Quantico not earlier than 12:00 o'clock noon, Saturday, August 10th.

Artillery Training

A special course of instruction has been arranged for the two Fleet Companies that have been designated to specialize in artillery. These units, the 301st Company, Boston, Mass., 2nd Lt. Donald K. Mackay, FMCR, Comdg., and the 304th Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1st Lt. Frank V. McKinless, FMCR, Comdg., will report at Quantico, Sunday, August 11th, and be assigned to the 10th Regiment Marine Artillery. Officers and men of the reserve organizations being used to fill vacancies in the regular batteries. Monday and Tuesday after reporting will be spent in "shaking down" at Quantico proceeding on an overland hike beginning Wednesday, August 14th to Fort George C. Meade, Md., for active training.

The schedule of artillery instruction is as follows:

Two reserve batteries, a total of 150 enlisted and 6 officers, arrive Quantico, Sunday, August 11, for Artillery training.

The object of the training this year is: (a) To familiarize the batteries with the mechanism of the piece, with its functioning, with ammunition, with the duties of the gun crews, and with commands for the conduct of fire.

(b) To instruct the officers in the rudiments of the preparation of fire, terrestrial observation, and the conduct of fire.

The instruction and practice that these batteries will get will not be sufficient to enable them to conduct fire independently but will be a guide as to the nature of further drill, instruction, and study to be carried on in their own armories. In the summer training next following they should be able to act independently as firing batteries.

Reserve batteries will be kept intact for quarters and administration under their own officers, but individuals will be assigned to 10th Regiment batteries for all marches and firing.

Schedule up to arrival at Fort George C. Meade.

SUNDAY, 11 AUG.

A. M. Arrive Quantico, assignment to quarters, issue blankets.

1:15 P. M. Lecture, ammunition, safety precautions, march discipline. (Major Underhill.)

2:30 P. M. Assignment to rifle range firing relays, pit details, etc. Preparation for rifle practice.

4:00 P. M. Liberty call.

MONDAY, 12 AUG.

A. M. & P. M. Instruction practice, Course D, rifle range.

TUESDAY, 13 AUG.

A. M. Qualification practice, Course D, rifle range.

P. M. Assignments to organizations for the march, pack up, load vehicles.

WEDNESDAY, 14 AUG.

4:00 A. M. Commence march to Washington.

5:00 P. M. Arrive Washington, camp for the night.

THURSDAY, 15 AUG.

5:00 A. M. Commence march to Fort George C. Meade.

3:30 P. M. Arrive Fort George C. Meade, make camp.

Schedule at Fort George C. Meade:

A. General, excepting Sunday.

5:15 A. M. Reveille.

5:30 A. M. Assembly, roll call. Physical drill.

5:45 A. M. Breakfast.

6:20 A. M. Police call.

7:00 A. M. Drill call.

11:30 A. M. Recall.

12:00 M. Dinner.

1:15 P. M. Drill call.

3:30 P. M. Recall.

5:00 P. M. Supper.

9:00 P. M. Tattoo.

9:30 P. M. Call to quarters.

10:00 P. M. Taps.

B. Detailed drill, instruction and firing.

(a) In all cases where one battery remains in the gun park, the reserve personnel assigned to it will proceed to the firing point as observers of the fire of the other batteries.

(b) When a battery is firing its reserve personnel will be used as follows:

Cannoneers—higher numbers of gun crews until able to perform duties of lower numbers.

Gunners—Observers at the guns until able to perform the duties.

Section Chiefs—Same.

Battery detail—Observers at the O. P.

Captains—Observers at the O. P. will make all calculations and decisions independently, and check with results and decisions of regular battery commanders.

Lieutenants—Observers at firing point. Will check instrument work and laying of the pieces.

(c) Battery mechanics and men detailed for instruction in tractor driving will report daily to C. O. Service Battery for instruction.

(d) Instrument details will remain at O. P. at conclusion of each firing for practice in the use of instruments under Lieut. Steenberg.

(e) During lulls in firing and at the Conclusion thereof, the officer conducting the firing will explain to all observers his decisions and orders.

(f) Reserve officers during the last two days firing may be allowed to act as battery commanders and executive officers if considered proficient, their decisions being checked before orders to fire are announced.

These organizations will be detached from Fort Meade Saturday, August 24, 1929, proceeding to their home stations the same date.

Reserve Training, Marine Corps Base,

San Diego

Camps of instruction for officers of the Reserve located in the Western Reserve Area will be held at Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California, on the same dates and giving the same courses of instruction as at Quantico, Va. At the first camp of instruction, July 7th to July 20th, there will be approximately a total of forty-six officers and at the second camp July 28th to August 10th, twenty-six officers.

The 307th Company, Los Angeles, Calif.—1st Lt. James M. Burns, Jr., FMCR, Comdg.; 2nd Lt. Horace W. Card, FMCR; Marine Gunner James J. Whitney, VMCR, and the 316th Company, FMCR, Seattle, Washington, 1st Lt. Clarence H. Baldwin, FMCR, Comdg., will attend the first camp.

Attendance at Camps of Instruction, Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California, will be regulated in the same manner as at Quantico. This plan makes the training of the reserve uniform and officers of each grade have the same instruction.

The above plan of reserve training is subject to such minor changes as may be found advisable to permit smoother work of the training plans as a whole, but it is expected that it will be carried out approximately as given.

Other Reserve News will be found on page 36

Date	Hour	Enlisted	Officers.
16	7:00	12 groups in gun park. Mechanism of guns, gears, sights.	Same as enlisted.
	8:00 AM	Formation of gun squads, standing gun drill. Practice in operation.	
	9:00	Laying of guns on regular missions, checked by prepared data cards.	
	11:00 AM	Clean material. Daily gun inspection.	
	11:30 AM		School. Sequence of commands. (Capt. Kendall.)
	11:50 AM		Same as enlisted.
	1:15	Standing gun drill.	
	2:15 PM		
	2:15	Mounted drill and action practice.	Same as enlisted.
	3:00 PM		
	3:00	Clean up material.	
	3:30 PM		
	3:00		School 1st half hour—Problems in sequence of commands. Last hour—Use of range tables. (Capt. Kendall.)
	4:30 PM		
17	7:00	Gun park. Review of mechanism.	Same as enlisted.
	8:00 AM		
	8:00	Individuals' duties of cannoneers.	School. Figuring data, parallel method. (Capt. Nettekoven.)
	9:00 AM		
	9:00	Standing gun drill and laying, checked by prepared data cards.	School. Gunnery—Axial percussion precision. (Maj. Underhill.)
	10:00 AM		
	10:00	Mounted drill and action practice.	School. Gunnery. Axial time and percussion bracket (Maj. Underhill.)
	11:00 AM		
	11:00	Clean up material.	
	11:30 AM		
	11:00		Field exercises in figuring firing data, parallel method. (Capt. Nettekoven.)
	11:45 AM		
	1:15		School. Gunnery. Terrain board exercises, axial percussion precision, and time and percussion bracket. (Maj. Underhill.)
	2:15 PM		
19	7:00	C Battery remain in gun park. A	With batteries.

(The remainder of detailed schedule will be found on page 50)



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant M. B. Twining; Associate Editors, Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost and Private First Class Frank H. Rentfrow; Staff Artist, Cpl. Russell O. Ayers; West Coast Representative, Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Calif.; Advertising Manager, Private Walter E. Whitcomb; Circulation Manager, Corporal Harry E. Hesse; Staff Assistant, Pvt. Anthony Pazzynski.

General Lejeune to V. M. I.

THE election of General Lejeune to the office of Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute comes as a most pleasant surprise to his thousands of friends in the Corps.

General Lejeune is ideally qualified for the distinguished post at "The West Point of the South." He is a southerner by birth and the son of a Confederate officer. His distinguished military record will lend color to his new office. He is a strong believer in education, as is evidenced by his interest and untiring efforts in building up the Marine Corps Institute to its present position of excellence.

V. M. I. has always been of special interest to the Marine Corps. Its graduating classes each year contribute several officers to our service. During the war, a special Marine Corps training section was maintained there from which we received many officers who distinguished themselves in France.

V. M. I. is one of the nation's oldest military schools. It was founded in 1839 and has had almost a century in which to build up its fine tradition and record. Its graduates formed the nucleus of the officer personnel of the Confederate States Army, and a study of the Civil War demonstrates the military ability, patriotism and fighting qualities of the southern officer. Stonewall Jackson, second only to Lee as a fighting leader of the Confederacy, came from V. M. I.

General Lejeune is a man of no hobbies and few outside interests. His entire life has been dedicated to the Marine Corps and the service of his country. The Marine Corps is happy in the realization that in this post he will continue to serve his country in the profession of arms for the remainder of his life.

New Expeditionary Medal

THE MARINE CORPS has long felt the need of a suitable expeditionary medal to be given to those who have taken part in the expeditions listed in the Marine Corps Manual.

Many years ago, there was no need of such a medal, as Marines habitually formed part of a combined Naval force and received a Naval campaign badge commemorating the expedition. For the last twenty years, however, the Marine Corps has been performing much expeditionary duty unassisted by Naval forces, and the only reward for such service has been the expeditionary ribbon.

Believing this to be inadequate, Marine Corps Headquarters has designed an expeditionary medal which will be issued soon to those who merit it. The medal is of bronze and is suspended from a scarlet and gold ribbon. Only one medal is to be issued to any one Marine, as successive expeditions are to be indicated by a bronze numeral placed upon the ribbon.

The design on the medal is a typical landing force scene,

showing Marines landing on a tropical beach. This design has not been approved by the Fine Arts Commission to which it was submitted, as it was believed that it would not reproduce well in metal. It will undoubtedly be modified and a more satisfactory one agreed upon.

While nothing definite has been announced as yet, it is thought that the article in the manual pertaining to expeditions will be extended to include the present services in China and Nicaragua.

U. S. S. "Mayflower" Decommissioned

AFTER thirty years of Naval service, the Presidential Yacht "Mayflower" has been put out of commission at the request of President Hoover. The President feels that he would have little use for the historic old craft and that her cost to the Navy is a useless expense.

The "Mayflower" was purchased at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and saw much hard service during that conflict. The high point of her career occurred in July, 1898, when she engaged the Spanish destroyer squadron at Santiago and emerged victorious.

After the Spanish War, she became the Presidential Yacht. Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Harding all used her extensively in cruising on the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay. President Coolidge made use of her very seldom.

Early in April she put to sea for the last time and proceeded to Philadelphia, where her crew, including a small detachment of Marines, left her.

China

THE thousands of Marines who served with the Third Brigade in 1927 and 1928 will be interested to hear of recent events in China.

When we left China, it was believed that permanent peace was at hand and that the Nanking government was in full control of the entire country. Unfortunately, recent events tend to disprove our former beliefs.

President Chiang Kai Shiek is now busy subduing a serious revolution at Hankow that threatens to throw China headlong into Bolshevism. In his rear, Chang Tsung Chang has seized Chefoo, and with a portion of his old Shantung army, is pillaging the country.

Feng, the Christian general and arch traitor, is meanwhile in possession of a vast and well trained army that virtually gives him control of North China. His loyalty is doubtful and his intentions in the present crisis are unknown.

Fighting and banditry rage unchecked in the more remote sections of the country. Peking is troubled with mutinies among the troops and threats against the legation quarter. There seems to be chaos from one end of the land to the other and our best wishes go out in support of the little general, Chiang, who is attempting to keep China on an even keel and steer her into an era of peace and progress.

"A Marine Tells It to You"

THIS is the name of the adventurous tale which Colonel

Frederic M. Wise, U. S. M. C., retired, tells to Meigs O. Frost. It will be reviewed at length in our next issue, but an advance word or two in its favor may not be out of place here.

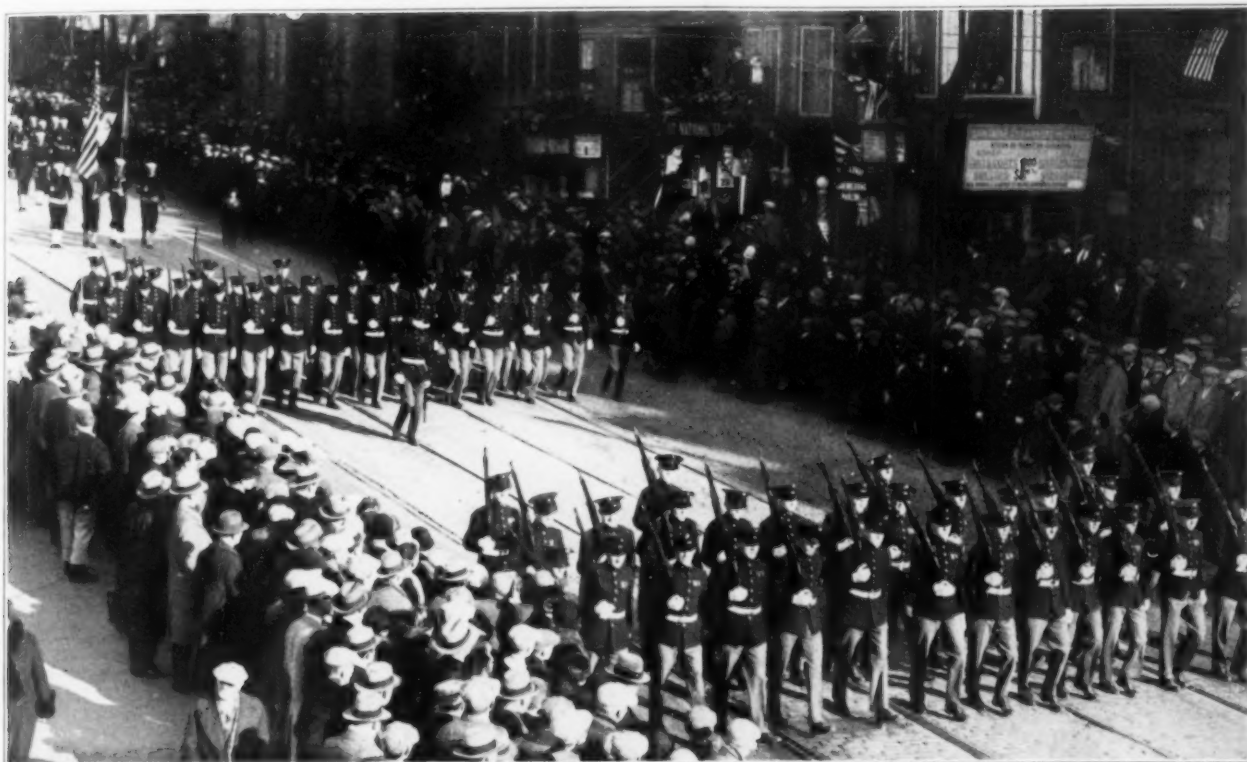
The book is most interesting and the style is direct and easy. Once started, the book is hard to lay aside.

It deals with the author's wide military experiences in the Marine Corps from 1899 to 1926. It is in many ways a history of the Marine Corps of that period, for Colonel Wise always seemed to be on hand whenever any fighting was done, and records vivid impressions of many historic events. The World War serves nicely as the climax of the book and the author has given us a splendid description of the war as seen by a combat field officer.

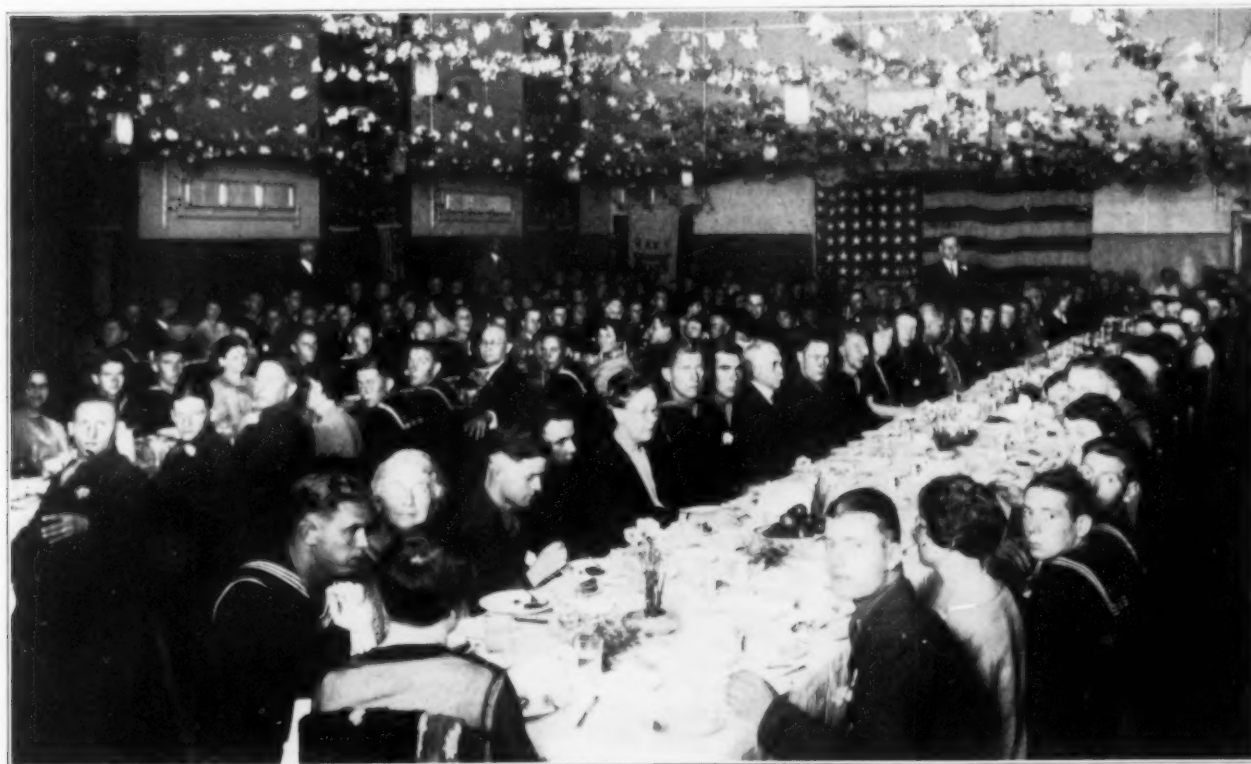
In Haiti, after the war, he gives us a most unusual insight into the affairs of that country under American control.

Throughout the book, there is much humor and it contains a number of anecdotes that seem to include in their scope every well-known officer in the Marine Corps.

Every Marine officer will find this book highly entertaining and very well worth reading.



CHARLESTOWN'S DEVILDOGS ON PARADE. U. S. Marines from the Charlestown Navy Yard and the 301st Artillery Company of Marine Corps Reserves, spick and span in their shining uniforms, pictured as they marched down Broadway in the Evacuation Day Parade at South Boston.



A MOTHER'S DAY DINNER AT SHANGHAI. 160 Service men and 55 hostesses, with members of the Navy Y. M. C. A. Committee of Management, sat down to a dinner on May 13, 1928, at the Navy Y. M. C. A. as part of the Mother's Day observance. An extensive program, including special Church services, entertainments, appropriate vocal numbers, addresses, etc., was provided throughout the entire day.



Chesterfield
MILD enough for anybody...

What a cigarette meant there

The actors play their part—
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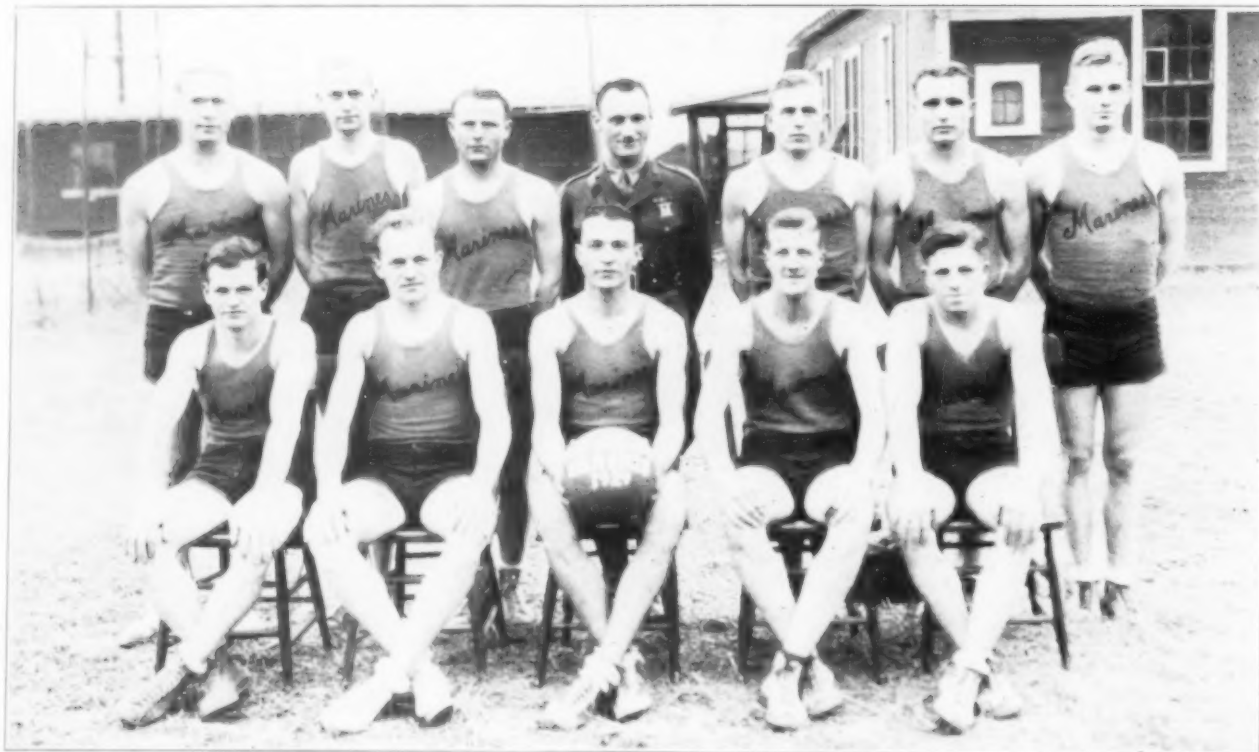
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Typical scene in tobacco auction warehouse, where the farmer's work ends and the manufacturer's begins.

erfield

dy... and yet **THEY SATISFY**



These are the Hoopsters who carried Quantico's colors during the past season. Front row, left to right: Ostrander, guard; Huck, forward; Williams, center; Schultz, guard; Cover, forward. Standing, left to right: Lamborne, guard; Carmichael, center; Soper, forward; Captain Pfeiffer, coach and manager; Barngrover, guard; Castile, forward; Maxey, guard. (Story in Sports Section.)



First Sergeant Jeome C. Brownell and his American Legation Guard Band at Peking, China. These musicians perform at social functions, ball games, concerts, etc., and have always played a prominent part in Marine Corps activities in the Far East. (Story in Broadcast Section.)



"The Job is Yours— On One Condition!"

"For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed—made each job a stepping stone to something better.

"Now, what was the difference? Well, I investigated and found out. The men who were getting ahead had been devoting part of their spare time to study along the line of their work. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The factory superintendent was working at a bench in the shop a few years ago. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room.

"All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

"So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to

do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

"And I'll give you this job on one condition—that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than 3½ million men and women in the last 36 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 180,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The East Wing at Parris Island is the place where the Recruit really begins to feel that he has commenced his training. It is in this Area that he becomes a part of the platoon of sixty men who move and live under the direct daily direction and instruction of a sergeant or senior corporal selected specially for their ability to take the newly arrived men through the intensive work necessary to bring the raw material through the various stages to the finished article, a Marine private. Lieutenant John B. Weaver was the officer in charge on my last visit, ably assisted by Gy. Sgt. John P. Hickey, Gy. Sgt. M. Carroll, and Corporal Timothy Lynch.

Gy. Sgt. Hickey was first sergeant of the 95th Co., 6th Regt., when I first met him in France, and has seen twenty-three years service. On the occasion of President Coolidge's visit to Florida early in the year, Hickey, who was in charge of the Guard, was described by one newspaper correspondent very vividly in the following terms:

"They (the crowd) had their best glimpses of the President as he and Mrs. Coolidge left the sanctuary by a side gate to drive to Mr. Bok's home a mile away for dinner.

"They were denied a view of him at the station by Marines, national guardsmen, secret service men, county policemen, legion guards and private guards of the neighborhood who kept the highway to the station closed for a distance of five miles.

Hard-boiled Guard

"Those who did miraculously slip through the outer lines had a hard-boiled Marine sergeant of the story book type to contend with before they got very far. This guy had a thick neck and a shaved head and spoke with the voice of authority. He was backed by a detachment of Marines, posting guard along the highway with efficient-looking bayonets. Secret service men apparently were in bushes and trees all along the road."

Gy. Sgt. Carroll, who has put in 20 years, is also a fine soldier who reminds one of the arduous life in a front line post, or a border patrol where a permanent wave or sheikish bob would never be noticed and thus not necessary. Timothy Lynch is the same "broth of a boy" as when he landed in France amongst those first replacements early in 1918. His service records place him in his sixteenth year. Pat Gibbons, who used to

be chief cook, is now patiently beating the sidewalks of Chicago as a member of the police force, a very different task to beating the eggs for those tasty omelets he frequently served out.

Staff Sergeant J. J. Pocorny, who looked so splendidly after General Feland's Staff mess during the war, is the mess sergeant for the Wing and is ably assisted by that excellent chief cook who for two years and nine months made Iona Island's fame for eats known far and wide. No wonder the Music School, who live at the East Wing, look so prosperous and well fed.

Mother's Day will be celebrated everywhere on May 12th and by no class of men more religiously than the Marines and other service men. At the request of one of our older men in the Corps, I am including the following as the poem of the month:

MOTHER

Pale, withered hands, that nearly four-score years

Had wrought for others, soothed the hurt of tears

Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart,

Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart;

Now, stirless, folded like wan rose leaves pressed

Above the snow and silence of her breast, In mute appeal they told of labors done, And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept

As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept, Had soothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away,

And given the peace of childhood's day. "None knows life's secret but the happy dead."

So, gazing where she lay, we knew that pain

And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that they who saw her last

In that dim vista which we call the past; Who never knew her old and laid aside, Remembering best the maiden and the bride—

Had sprung to meet her with the olden speech,

The dear, sweet names no later lore can teach.

And "Welcome home" they cried, and grasped her hands;

So dwells our mother in the best of lands.

At last Quantico Marines have a real photographer in the post in the person of our old Marine friend, Mr. Dawson from "way down Tennessee." Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have long been known to the Corps through their notices in "The Leatherneck," and it will be a boon to the post to at last have a reliable firm to look after the photo needs of the men and to produce good pictures. The photos of Chaplain Witherspoon, S. E. Lovell, and J. M. Hines in this issue are all from the studio.

Pensacola Marines were recently given the "once-over" in that thorough A&I fashion by Major Edward A. Osterman. The Station News in speaking of the inspection says, "Our Marines live up to

the best traditions of the Corps—they do their stuff aboard and ashore and have the situation always well in hand." Gy. Sgt. Tommy Woods evidently also believes the same thing for he has recently been reported as "embarked on the sea of matrimony." Best wishes.

After twenty-three months at Yorktown, Corporal Robt. P. Belford reported in at Charleston, S. C., while I was there. On being asked his opinion of the place, he made the typical remark, "Every place is just what you make it." Bob's father is the Dean of Western Reserve University, and his home town is Cleveland. Charleston's police sergeant is Joseph A. Newland, who came out of Atkins, Va. In 1918 he was at St. Mihiel with the Coast Artillery. In 1924, as a Marine, he was serving on board the S. S. "Tacoma," under Lieut. G. Shearer, when the vessel was wrecked outside Vera Cruz. They were taken off by the Mexican Rebel Navy and spent three days in the bull pen before being taken off by the S. S. "Richmond." Newland is full of stories of adventure during his twenty years of service.

Willard W. Siebert finished his thirty years active service on April 1st. Twelve years of this period he spent in the Army, while the last seventeen months he was on duty in Samoa. His Marine service was one of real thrills with duties of many kinds. He was included in the Guard when the U. S. S. "Delaware" was placed in commission; Captain Landers, Lieut. (now Major) Geiger and Marine Gunner Slingluff being the officers. Siebert was also one of those thirty important men in plain clothes during the war whose duties carried them to various centers as couriers, his journeys being the trip between Paris and Madrid.

A question frequently asked as I travel from place to place is "Where are the Marines of such and such ship?" Or, "Where could I get into touch with the whereabouts of the men of the — Company?" These questions are difficult to answer except to reply as I do frequently, "Why, they still CARRY ON!" for whether somewhere on active duty or in civilian life they are still "in the service." "Jerry" Hilborn, now of the firm of Hilborn & Hamburger of New York City, was the winner of the John Wallace Gillies Memorial Match at Peekskill when as a member of the Roosevelt Rifle Club he scored 391x400 under the handicap of intermittent rains, changing light, and a fishtailing wind. Jerry still speaks with a sigh of Parris Island days. A. E. Gunderson met me in New York subway last week and wanted to know all about Captain Robert Yowell and the old 16th Company, finishing up with "I'm doing well and give my best to any of the gang." Harold D. Johnson, now in the traffic bureau in Washington, D. C., couldn't resist the lovely weather of Easter to bring his mother, sister and fiancée to Quantico to view the place where he had whiled away so many pleasant days. Sergeant Clifford Carl of New York Recruiters has been discharged and is now disciplinarian at the Blackfeet Indian School, Genoa, Nebr. Wherever they are, they are on the job and always making good.

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Just back from seeing the Biggest Show on Earth, and somewhat tempted to run away with it, though it is hard to decide whether to sell pink lemonade or carry water for the elephants. And, there are something like twenty ex-Leathernecks who feel the spell of the tan bark ring (one should say rings when speaking of the Ringling-Barnum outfit), and are serving with the Big Show in various capacities. One of them is Eddie Sears, star press agent and publicity man for the outfit, and one swell guy. Eddie saw service overseas with the Corps during the World War and admits that he gets a thrill every time he sees a suit of full dress blues parading down the street, and it is a hard pull between the Corps and the Big Show as to which one will win out. Times are, he says, when he walks several blocks to keep from passing a recruiting office just for fear of what might happen if one of the old timers got hold of him. Through Eddie we had the pleasure of meeting Hugo Zacchini, otherwise known as "the Human Projectile." Hugo is a World War veteran, having served in the Italian Army with the "Hussars of Death," and it was while in the service that he conceived the idea of a cannon which would fire a human projectile. Despite the fact that he cannot speak English, he is a likeable chap and desires to be friendly, as well as do a great many other artists. Madame Bradna was also quite lovely to us as we prowled about behind the scenes, and permitted us to pet her big white Esquimaux dog, Zero, as well as her flock of trained pigeons.

Altogether, it is a great outfit, and the pleasure of watching the performers is intensified when one is acquainted with the life behind the glitter and the glamour of the ring. From John Ringling, who told us all about winter quarters at Sarasota, Florida, where the big show ties up five months of the year, right on down the line each artist and performer we met seemed anxious to be friends and to help us dig up any possible material for you fellows that might contain a laugh. There was the story about the time the living statues, clad in their white costumes, waded through a cloud burst into the ring wearing hip boots and carrying umbrellas. Then there was another one, maybe in the same rainstorm, when the performers all came in wearing boots. The ring master heard an exclamation of dismay from the audience, and upon looking up at the aerialists saw, in place of the show's most daring trapeze performer, who was accustomed to swing by his toes, just a pair of black rubber boots hanging bottomsides up from the trapeze, after hav-

ing emptied the performer into the net below. Maybe some of their yarns are exaggerations, but any of you fellows who have had anything to do with canvas on a wet day will be willing to bet that back of the cracking whips, the glittering spangles and the clown's motley, there is a deal of hard work to do, and discomfort to be born. Which is maybe one reason why so many Leathernecks take to the tan bark after they leave the Corps.

Two or three years ago the Brig carried a poem which we wrote, and which went something like this:

Build for yourself a strong box;
Fashion each part with care,
Fit it with hasp and padlock
And put all your troubles there.

Put therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Put all your heartaches within it,
And sit on the lid, and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents,
Never its secrets share,
Drop in your cares and your worries,
Keep them forever there.

Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never know half,
Fasten the lid down securely
And sit on the lid and laugh.

Some few months back the Legation Guard News resurrected this poem and published it, without giving the Brig credit. Since then it has appeared in the Asiatic Four Stacker and the U. S. S. "Colorado" Lookout, and right here and now, before anybody else publishes it we want to claim credit for it, and tell the world that we are sure getting a kick out of discovering this little brain child is proving so popular in the Service.

Maybe we are just late in finding it out, but in case anyone doesn't know it yet, Lt. Carl Gardner, formerly editor of The Leatherneck, sneaked around to the Little Church Around-the-Corner, here in New York and got married—last November. It is understood that the last batch of home brew is just about "ripe" in case any of you are planning to look him up.

To Pvt. Wm. R. Neblett we are indebted for a delightful booklet of rhymes, which he has called "Asiaticisms." We have read it from cover to cover and it is now traveling with the Ringling-Barnum shows. It will be restored to our bookshelf as soon as it is mailed back to us. Along with the book "Bill" sent a note full of bouquets for the Brig Column, so we herewith make our bow, a bit unsteadily perhaps, for the hour is late and we have not dined, but we've done our best.

While we are acknowledging bouquets, we also got a hand from the Gold Star Mothers' organization at Washington, D. C. It seems that they were especially pleased with the poem recently printed in the Brig about the Marine uniform. We take this opportunity to thank them for their thoughtful and sweet letter.

We know of no organization that inspires us more to service and to patriotism than this little band of mothers who have given so much for our country.

And, to Sergeant Leonard of N. Y. Recruiting we are indebted for a delightful afternoon. He escorted us to the library, where, after wading through a few hundred books, we authentically established the origin of the word "gob" as having been derived from "gobbi." It seems that antedating our present Coast Guard there was a Preventive Service whose ships were called Gobbi-ships, and eventually the sailors on them were called gobbis. Later this was shortened to gob and applied to the Coast Guardsmen. When the World War came along and newspaper men wanted a shorter word than bluejacket to describe our sailors, they pounced with delight upon "gob," which name is at present in bad standing with the Navy. However, we failed to find out what a gobbi-ship was, or even the Preventive Service despite the fact that we were at the Carnegie Library. It is doubtful just when the search for the Preventive Service would have ended had not Sergeant Leonard remembered that if the research work was to be carried on, life must be sustained, and rushed us over to a restaurant and regaled us on angel cake and tea.

The latest joke on Broadway right now is about the radio announcer the other evening who concluded his kiddie hour program, and thinking his microphone was cut off, turned to a friend in the booth with him and said "that ought to hold the little idiots until tomorrow night." Chagrined and shocked mammas and papas are still writing the broadcasting company about the horrid announcer and the name he called junior.

ONE ON TEACHER

A certain instructor, irritated at the cautious progress and boasting of his flying pupil, decided to test the old swimming hole belief. They took off on an instructor's flight in a machine with dual controls, one for the instructor and the other for the student.

After they had been up awhile, the instructor unhooked his control stick, showed it to the student, and threw it overboard with a great flourish and a malicious grin.

The student, apparently hastening to assent to what seemed to be an implied order, unhooked his control stick, hurled it over, and grinned back.

The instructor's imprecations were lost in the roar of motor, but he lost no time in adjusting his belt and parachute. He climbed out and dropped.

No sooner had he disappeared than the student pulled out from under his suit a duplicate control stick, which his fellow students had advised him to take on his trip. He adjusted it carefully and came slowly down to earth, circling about the descending instructor with his right thumb pressed against his nose and his four fingers extended upward and outward, and with the smile still shining on his face.—Bulletin.

301st and 302nd Companies, M. C. Reserve

301ST ARTILLERY COMPANY, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

By Corporal L. G. Meredith

(Special Dispatch to The Leatherneck.)

Boston, Mass., March 19.—Once more the 301st Artillery Company, FMCR, has been forced to take the honors in the matter of being the snappiest unit in the parade held yesterday as part of the observance of Evacuation Day. This is the verdict rendered by no less an authority than Colonel Harry O. Smith, C. O. Barracks Detachment, USMC, Boston Navy Yard. He has plenty of proof that his verdict was unbiased, for high officers of the Army, Navy and National Guard, who reviewed the parade from a point of vantage, complimented him on having such a well trained organization. The honors were shared, of course, with the regulars from the barracks, the first platoon being entirely of regulars, the second of regulars and some reserves and the third platoon entirely of reserves.

The photograph on page twenty-nine shows the 301st Company, just ahead of the Naval Color Guard, as they were coming along Broadway, South Boston, and after they had completed about two-thirds of the route. It was estimated that more than 10,000 people marched in the parade and at least 100,000 viewed it. It was an ideal parade day and the various units in line were colorful in the various uniforms and costumes they wore. The organizations were of all sorts, from "Dough Boys" in overcoats, "tin hats" and packs to the youngsters of the various cadet units. The 301st Marine Reserve Company drew especial praise for its appearance in general and for the excellence with which it made the various turns along the line of march. The only other "palm" handed out by the papers was to the 110th Cavalry (Troop A), of the Massachusetts National Guard. The saddle cloths and picket ropes had been whitened and made a pleasing contrast with the darker colors of the uniforms and horses. Compliments, however, have been a part of the game for the reserve company, since we try to out-do each earlier turn-out.

Getting on to another subject, we wish to call attention to the fact that we are after the prize again this year at the second annual Military Ball of the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion. This ball will be held on April 18, the eve of Patriot's Day (19) and will be greater than the one held a year ago. By special request from the committee in charge, the reserve Marines are in the contest and are expecting to win a suitable mate to the cup we displayed in our company office and on the porch of the Headquarters Building at Quantico last July, during our camp duty. By the time this is in print we will probably be owning the cup. The prize drill platoon will go on the floor this year under the command of 2nd Lt. Samuel D. Irwin, who led the platoon to victory last year. This will be a wonderful opportunity for the Lieutenant to "go out in a blaze of glory," for two

days after the ball, the 20th of April, he will relinquish command of the company. We sure do hate to see him go (and that remark does not call for the refrain of hoping he never comes back!). He has been with us since the company was first started and the boys sure do hate to have that day come when he shoves off for the new opportunity that has called him to the West, necessitating his giving up the reserves for a time anyway. We all wish him the best of luck and all the success in the world in his new ventures, and before long, I hope



Jack Jones and his dog, "Duke," mascots of the 302nd Company, were a big attraction at the muster and inspection.

to be able to tell how we Bostonians show our appreciation, in a more tangible form, for the way Lt. Irwin has striven unselfishly to make this company what it is. One of his final acts as commanding officer is the promoting of a dozen or so of the enlisted men to the vacancies created by the enlargement of the company and the elimination of delinquents (if I may use that term for what would be a deserter in the regular service). In spite of all the recruiting we could do, it seemed as though we lost the men right and left through their either dropping out without permission, or through transfer on account of "business reasons." However, with the deadwood eliminated the company is much better off and with the stimulus of the recent promotions there is bound to be greater progress.

Among the promotions is one that will no doubt be of more than passing interest to most reservists. It is the promotion of Gunnery Sergeant Arthur L. Andrews to the rank of Marine Gunner, as of March 15. This promotion makes it possible for the 301st Artillery Company, of Fleet Reserves, to boast of a warrant officer being regularly assigned to it for duty! And we can also claim that we are the first reserve company to be able to do so. We all wish "Andy" the best of

luck in his new position and we know he will make good for he has proved that already in the efficient way he has handled the job, in the past, of being our gunnery sergeant.

Well, as time is short, we will wind this yarn up for a future date. We've got lots to do in the new problem we're tackling, that of becoming ARTILLERYMEN!

All I've got to say is to keep an eye on the dust and watch us.

"KEEP THOSE CAISSONS A ROLLING ALONG!" (Photo on page 29.)

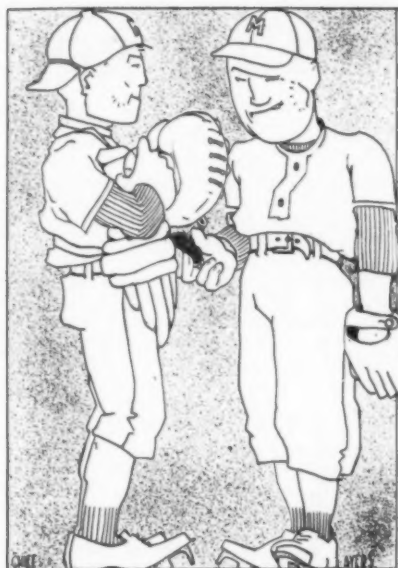
MUSTER AND INSPECTION OF THE 302ND COMPANY AT ROCHESTER

On March 12th an official muster and inspection of the 302nd Marine Company was conducted by Captain William J. Graham, acting commanding officer of the New York Naval Militia. The muster was held in connection with the reorganization of the New York Naval Militia to conform with the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve organizations. This company, formerly designated as the Second Marine Company, 3rd Battalion, NYNM, is now the 302nd Marine Company, NYNM. The importance of the occasion was impressed upon the personnel with the result that a record was established for recent drill attendance, only two members of the entire company being absent.

The 302nd Company recently acquired new quarters in the State armory at Rochester and now possess what is believed to be quarters and facilities that are second to no other Marine Corps Reserve organization in the country. The quarters consist of a private office, locker room, with steel lockers, company room with radio, reading matter, etc., and an excellent storeroom. In addition to the foregoing the company has the use of a summer armory located on Lake Ontario. Training facilities consist of a large drill floor, indoor rifle gallery, pulling boats, and sub-chaser week end cruises.

A review in honor of Captain William J. Graham, our battalion commander, was held at the State armory, Tuesday, April 9th, all National Guard and Naval Militia units of the city of Rochester participating. Following the review a spectacular landing force demonstration, in which blank ammunition was used, was carried out by the 302nd Marine Company assisted by a ship's gun crew and a three-inch field piece crew from the local Naval Reserve units. The 302nd Company was commanded during the review by 2nd Lieutenant Galbreath and the landing force demonstration was conducted by 2nd Lieutenant Doyle.

A large amount of favorable publicity as well as a letter of commendation from Captain Graham resulted from the work of the Marines. A crowd of about 6,000, including city and county officials and local and out-of-town Naval officers, witnessed the affair.



BASEBALL SITUATION

By Cpl. Russell O. Ayers

Now, about our ball team. What the dickens can a poor humble Leatherneck sports correspondent, esq., U. S. M. C., say about them just after seeing them get their ears trimmed off by that worthy gang of "micks," the Holy Cross ball club.

I have it pretty straight from the Marine catcher, pitcher, infield, outfield, and water boy that Holy Cross has a pretty good ball team. They admitted this to be so. Even over and above the fact that Holy Cross won simply because the Marines made more errors than I do on my typewriter.

All of which is kind of out of order to keep harping on. I mean the sterling qualities of opposing ball clubs. Oh, it's fine business when the Marines win. You know the old line; whosis College had a fine team and their play was of the finest type, and we Marines won just because we got the breaks, and so on.

But we didn't win. This small shift makes reporting about the team infinitely harder. We Marine Corps writers do not get a whole hull of a lot of defeats to report. Maybe not enough to keep us limbered up. We are not growling on this score though.

There are some who would have us take the impression that before the season is over our talents along this line would be as limber as an old leggin. Yet in the face of all this we remain optimistic. We have seen the Marines play ball before. We have seen them get off to bad starts and end up in a blaze of glory. Furthermore we have seen most of the players in action long before the N. Y. U. or Holy Cross games, and we know they can make a score board look like the price tags on new spring suits.

Our prediction is that as the season goes along the boys will settle down to the same old dull round of coming out ahead of all opposition. And Marines in general will assume that old look of indifference that as good as says: "We ain't rough and we ain't tough, but we expect to win and refuse to get excited

SPORTS

over it, but what we don't understand is how can we lose. It ain't regulation."

As yet the line-up is not completely settled. There are still a few players to join the squad. Maybe some of these will prove valuable additions to the team where addition is needed. Then, too, one or two of the players are now playing out of place. Not through the fault of anyone. There just is not the right man at hand for certain positions. Players who are more efficient in the positions they have always played have had to be shifted to fill in the needs of the team.

Fans at Parris Island will be surprised at the information that Eddie Gorman is garnishing first base. Eddie will be remembered there as an extremely diligent and useful outfielder, and as a hitter who lined them out with high frequency.

back of the plate. All they do is catch the thing when the pitcher takes a notion to throw it. Then they throw it back to him and wait till he takes the notion to throw again. That is, that's all you and I know about it.

In reality he is doing about twenty things which we, in our blissful ignorance fail to see. He is studying the whole situation before him; watching the runner on first, or the runners on first, second and third, and getting set to peg the one who tries to steal out. There is also the matter of studying the batter and the large number of things he could do to bring disaster. There are many more little items that I haven't caught enough yet to learn.

And the time to do all these is very limited. Also no diagrams are furnished. So you begin to see the difficulty of the position. Well, Eddie does all these in a fashion that makes it look, Oh, so simple.

Another neat performer is Jimmy Levey, who is practically unknown in certain parts of Asia. He makes short stopping an art. Out goes a bingle and at the same time Jimmy heads for it. Jimmy and bingle meet in midfield, bingle finds it is only a ball resting in Jimmy's glove safe from a long trip to the outfield. But this rest is only for a brief second. Levey does not even straighten up to send the ball speeding on its way to the first baseman. This trait of Levey's is extremely disgusting to runners who reach a toe for the first sack just in time to see the ball arrive ahead of them.

Practically the same, . . . hold on here; I have gone this far without even mentioning the team captain, who is Peggy O'Neil and none other. Peggy is not really the name; It's Lieutenant David F., I believe. However I am not sure. Oh, I'm sure it's lieutenant all right, but I won't swear to the David. Now, as I was saying when I so rudely interrupted myself, practically the same job as Levey does is performed by Peg—er—Lieutenant O'Neil. Only he does his stuff on this side of second base. It's just zip, zip, zip, and the umps says thumbs up.

Now, maybe you would like to hear about the pitchers. Most ball fans do. Not that I intended to slight them. There is no call to do so when all one has to say is that the mound was occupied by Joseph Green, who pitched a fine game, but was given no support. It seems the fielders were too slow to climb the fences and make a put-out catch and then peg home to prevent a sacrifice run.

The Marine pitching staff, all that I

(Continued on page 51)

11 April, 1929.

Dear Tom:

This morning I found orders detaching me from my present duties in connection with athletics and assigning me to a foreign station. My relief being Major D. L. S. Brewster, one of our outstanding officers of considerable athletic experience.

These orders cause our official separation, and brings to a close a very delightful association which severance will be entered in my personal log with deep regret.

During our nearly five years of co-working I have learned to admire your splendid type of sportsmanship, abundance of skill and genuine fidelity. All these fine qualities have been reflected in the great records made by the Marine teams you have developed.

In this statement I am expressing the ideas of the many Marines whom you have handled as members of our athletic squads.

I shall always follow with the keenest interest the performances of your teams, and hope that you will always have the loyal support of your personnel which you so justly deserve.

With my kindest regards and wish that only the good things in life will cross the path of you and yours, I am

Your sincere friend,

J. C. FEGAN,
Major, U. S. M. C.,
Marine Corps Athletic Officer.

Mr. J. T. Keady, Head Coach,
Marine Corps Baseball Team,
Marine Barracks,
Quantico, Virginia.

He is still as efficient at both. But the season starts and there is no first baseman unearthed. So Eddie is elected to the job. Which job he performs satisfactorily. But now wouldn't that outfield look better with Eddie Gorman out there in center? If I were a mile or so closer to Quantico I could hear Tom Keady's loud and emphatic tones making inquiry as to who the hell is saying who shall play where, and why.

The other Eddie, that's Eddie Derr, is still the big catcher. Catchers are hard to get sensational over. There they are

Athletic Activities At San Diego

By Don Haislet

THE Marine Corps Base at San Diego has a new athletic officer. Lieut. M. ("Barney") Watchman was appointed to this post on the day of his arrival home from China, March 8, succeeding Capt. E. C. Nicholas, who has taken command of the La Jolla rifle range. Working in co-ordination with Coach Johnny Blewett, Marine athletics are progressing splendidly under his efficient supervision.

Lieutenant Watchman is well known as an athletic officer in the Corps, having been engaged actively in football, baseball, swimming and other forms of service athletics until 1924, when he confined his efforts entirely to supervisory work in the athletic field. Many baseball men now working under his direction at the San Diego base have been with him for several seasons, and the spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm which they give him is contagious, and is caught quickly by the newer men, with the result that athletics at the base are progressing in a highly satisfactory manner.

First taking charge of Marine athletics in Germany at the close of the war, Lieutenant Watchman has held athletic posts in many places. Immediately following his return from Europe, he took charge of the athletic camp at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, later going to the Fourth Regiment in San Diego as athletic officer. Other posts where he has acted in this capacity include the Tenth Regiment Artillery at Quantico, in New Orleans, force athletic officer at the Antietam maneuvers, assistant athletic officer at Quantico, and athletic officer at Tientsin, from which post he returned last month.

In view of his previous success as director of athletics, coupled with the regard in which he is held by the men of his command, it is no wonder that athletic fans of the Marine Corps are glad to see him take charge at San Diego.

FIELD EVENTS IN PROGRESS

Preparing for an inter-service field meet which is to be held at the U. S. Naval Training Station May 4th, Coach Johnny Blewett and Lieut. Frank Dailey are working out a squad of approximately 50 men in various field events at the Marine Corps Base at San Diego. A large number of former college athletes with enviable records are numbered among the candidates.

Outstanding among the performers is C. O. Glick, national Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Hexathlon champion, who is working out in the sprints, hurdles and relay. Glick, a big six footer weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds, has been credited with doing the sprint in 10 flat, and is a prominent figure among the athletes now at the San Diego Marine Base.

Three brothers, Clyde, Ray, and Lyle Poppelman also are figures to be recognized. All three are well known athletes and are working out in various track events for the coming meet. Clyde is out for the sprints, high jump and low hurdles, Ray is being featured in the pole vault and Lyle is working out with the shot daily. Ray also is a member

of the swimming team which will compete in the Silver Gate Swim in June, and played fullback on the Quantico football team last year. The other brothers were members of the base football team at San Diego last year.

Hanks, long distance runner, has been credited with doing the mile in 4:36, and will represent the Marines in the distance event at the Naval Training Station next month. Trees, working on the low hurdles and Nothing, sprinter, complete the list of outstanding performers



Sergeant Dean R. Penley, attached to the La Jolla Rifle Range. He set a world's record at Quantico in 1928 by scoring 348 out of a possible 350 over the Army Qualification Course. (Tierney Photo.)

now working out for the track team. About 25 others, however, who have very favorable possibilities, are in training under a rigid schedule and have very good chances of placing in the big event.

It would not do to overlook the good work being done by Lieut. Frank Dailey, a member of the University of Nebraska relay team which broke the world's record in the 880-yard relay. In addition to being one of the fastest men on feet, Asst. Coach Dailey is doing some real work in developing the potential record breakers of the Marine Corps, and is directing the rigid workouts now being carried on at San Diego, under the supervision of Coach Blewett.

TEAM PLACES IN A. A. U. MEET

With very little preliminary training and with chances all against them, a relay swimming team from the Marine Corps Base at San Diego entered the A. A. U. championships at the San Diego Athletic Club April 2nd and took second

place in their event. The team was composed of Ray Poppelman, Utzman, Kimball and Sgt. Brougher. Poppelman and Brougher both have football records, and Utzman is a swimmer of considerable service fame, having been in charge of the pool at Pearl Harbor.

These men and about 20 others now are working out daily in preparation for entry in the Silver Gate swim, one of San Diego's leading aquatic events of the season, and also will enter any other swims which may develop during the year.

HIGH HOPES FOR BASEBALL TEAM

Under the capable direction of Coach Johnny Blewett the Marines at the San Diego base are lining up a strong baseball team for the 1929 season. A large squad is working out daily and the team is playing on an average of five practice games a week. Thus far, no first string line-up has been selected by the coach, the entire squad being used in most of the practice games, all of which are with San Diego and neighboring high schools, with the exception of two inter-service contests.

In a game with the U. S. S. "Texas," played at the Marine base on Friday, March 22, the Leathernecks were defeated by a score of 7 to 4. On April 1st, Lieut. Martin J. Connelly of the Naval Training Station brought his Boots to the Marine Corps base and took them home sadder but wiser, the score resulting 7 to 5 in favor of the Devil Dogs.

In the opinion of Coach Blewett and Lieut. Barney Watchman, athletic officer at the base, prospects for a winning team this season surpass those of previous years. While there have been no cuts made as yet and there are still rough spots to be smoothed out, there is considerable available material from which to choose a winning nine, the athletic directors believe.

Following are the men working out for the team:

Infield: Dashiell, Auby, Hammond, Surrett, Zent, Payne, Werner and Rifkin.

Outfield: Zimmerman, Rogers, Galaziewski, Gravisky, Rose, Bauer, Fogelman, Johnson, Dailey.

Pitchers: Dedmond, Lytton, Seaton, Podries, Preston, Callahan, White.

Catchers: Simpson, Norton, Wassinger.

All of these men are old hands at the baseball game, many of them having excellent records on the diamond since their entry into the Marine Corps. Additional personnel is arriving at the base all the time, and gives the directors an opportunity to choose from a larger field than usual. The athletic quarters are filled to capacity with men working out for various athletic events and in commenting on athletics, Lieut. Watchman said: "The personnel at the Marine Corps Base at San Diego is now so large that we will let no athletic event go by without representation by the Leathernecks. Whether we think we have a chance to win or not, we will enter a team in any and all events that are open to us during this season."

Sweeping Victories for Boxers in China

Marines Feature in 5 K. O.'s and 5 Decisions on Three Cards in Shanghai

FIRST SERGEANT WILLIAMS' mitt slingers from the Fourth Regiment continue to show their superiority over all contenders in fistie circles around Shanghai. The first card reported, since the last issue of The Leatherneck, was held under the auspices of the International Sporting Club on February 14. This evening's entertainment had Marines in the first five out of six "goes." The curtain raiser brought together Corporal Perine (142) of the Twenty-eighth Company and Louie Lee (142), Shanghai's Chinese entry. Perine lowered the boom on Lee in the third round. The fight should have been stopped in the second, when Perine knocked Lee through the ropes. The latter was outclassed from the start.

In the second stanza Charlie White (130) of the Service Company was introduced as a playmate to Private Stowell (130) of the British Defence Force. The first round went to Stowell on points, but White came out in the second determined to go home early, and reminded Stowell of the fact by punching him at will. The bell rang with Stowell still in an upright position, but a badly hurt man. Charlie came out in the third more determined than ever and after one minute and ten seconds he turned on the sleep producer and Stowell proved he was on the level by stretching out on the canvas, while the referee counted him out of the game for the night.

The next number brought forth a new face for the cash customers in the person of Young Gover (138), who recently joined this Regiment from Tientsin. Gover's opponent was a blond-haired, blue-eyed sailor by the name of Lippell (138), from H. M. S. "Berwick." We don't know whether Gover has anything against blue eyes, but he started to close the sailor's left optic immediately and did a good job. The fight lasted five rounds. Before the bell rang for the sixth, Lippell's seconds threw in the towel, Gover winning by a technical K. O.

The fourth event of the evening was between Pvt. Drake (143%), of the Twenty-fifth Company and A. B. Clayton (149%), of H. M. S. "Berwick." It was a six-round affair full of action from the opening gun until the wind-up. Drake's left hand seemed to have Clayton puzzled for the first round, but as the fight progressed he got in a few stiff punches to Drake's body. At the end of the hostilities the judges awarded the decision to Drake. The decision was well received.

The final event of the evening, as far as the Marines were concerned, was a four-round mixer between Pvt. Miranda (132½) of the Twenty-eighth Company

and Joe Lynch (139½) of the British forces. Lynch had the better of the first round and the second was pretty even. Miranda finally got going in the third and knocked Lynch down twice for counts of seven and eight. Shortly after the fourth round began Miranda landed and Lynch started to listen to the birdies while the referee counted the fatal ten. The finish of the bout gave the Marines a large evening, four knockouts and one decision—a hundred per cent showing.



Dan C. Searcy

K. O. that his speed and superiority made for him. In the last canto Benton had Gonzalo almost out and had he followed up his advantage was almost sure to have scored. Gonzalo made many rallies in the latter rounds of the fight, but they were short-lived and he took the worst of the exchanges. At the end of the tenth Gonzalo was bleeding from the nose and mouth, weary, and glad that it was all over. It was by far Benton's greatest showing since his arrival in Shanghai.

In the eight-round special event Private H. M. Gover (147) of the Twenty-fourth Company took the decision from Jimmy Clayton (145) from H. M. S. "Berwick." This bout started slow, but in the second round Gover landed a couple of rights to the jaw which seemed to restore his confidence, and from then on he made Clayton fight all the way. Although Clayton was easily defeated, he possessed a wicked right uppercut that was always dangerous and might have spelled curtain for Gover had it landed. Gover is a shifty boy, however, who jabs and gets out of reach without injury; he has the makings of an exceptionally good fighter and with a little more experience will give the best at his weight a run for their money.

In the semi-final ten-rounder, Private Dan Searcy (157) of the Nineteenth Company met and defeated Ben Taylor (164%), a highly touted Londoner who clearly demonstrated that he had at one time been a master of the art of fistie-cuffs, and it was only this experience that saved him from a knockout. In the open fighting, the entire fracas was a repetition of a right to the jaw and a right to the stomach, a left to the chin and a left to the solar plexus, with Taylor doing all the catching. Searcy had Taylor on the canvas in the second round and staggered him continually throughout the remainder. The ring-wise Taylor was a stubborn old duck, though, and forced Searcy into many clinches, holding him helpless during most of the fight.

BEFORE a crowded house on March 14, the Fourth Regiment Mittmen had another gala night when their three men on the menu chalked up one knockout, one decision, and one draw.

"Andy" Anderson scored the knockout in the first round of his match against Young Lippell of H. M. S. "Berwick." The Britisher unwisely tried to mix it with Andy, and ran into a right-handed pile driver that took his measure on the canvas. Soon after the referee began to count, Lippell staggered to his feet. Andy was on the job, slugging him right and left, and Lippell dropped again. After the referee should have counted ten, Lippell wobbled to his feet, only to end up helplessly draped over the ropes.

A rally in the closing rounds of the main event brought Riddle (Marine) from far behind to get a draw from Wills. This bout started tamely, but in the last ten seconds of the opening canto Riddle stepped into a wallop and reeled around to catch a nice right which sent him to the mat. He was not badly hurt but remained on his knees for nine, rising as the bell sounded. Wills added to his lead by annexing several rounds before Riddle awakened to the fact that he was losing the fight. Then the Marine tore in, swinging wildly and landing just a little oftener than he missed. Once in a while Wills swung home a right but usually was content to let chances go by. A lively 9th went to Riddle and a wild 10th found both boys worn out, barely able to stand up. A return match would go over big.

The third Marine entry was Private Gover. He hit Gonzalo (Filipino) at will throughout their ten rounds to win an easily decided nod from the judges. As mentioned above, Gover is a mighty promising boy. Gonzalo tried his best to put in the sleep punch and almost collected the count over himself; he was knocked around the ring quite extensively but was never off his feet.



"Rudy" Benton

First Brigade Holds Inter-Organization Track and Field Meet at Port au Prince

OBSERVATION SQUADRON 9M GARNERS TROPHY

HISTORIC old Champ de Mars, on the morning of Washington's Birthday, was the scene of a very close and interesting track meet. VO Squadron 9M nosed out the Second Regiment by a score of thirty-four points to twenty-eight and one-half points, winning the closing event, the 880-yard relay by the narrowest of margins.

The first event of the day, the baseball throw, was won by Beale of the National Guard with a heave of 305 feet. Zlamal and Schmidt of the Second Regiment placed second and third with throws of 294 feet and 282 feet 11 inches, respectively.

Three trial heats of the one hundred-yard dash were next run, with the following qualifications: First heat—Stewart, National Guard; Naids, VO Squadron 9M. Second heat—Ross, VO Squadron 9M; Lacey, National Guard. Third heat—Rosenthal, Brigade Headquarters; O'Connors, Second Regiment.

In the tug-of-war trials, the Second Regiment team out-pulled the huskies from Brigade Headquarters after a hard battle. VO Squadron 9M, at the start of their trial with the National Guard, lost ground to the heavier Gendarmes, but outlasted that aggregation with an exhibition of perfect team work.

Next in order came the trials of the two hundred and twenty-yard dash, the following men qualifying: First heat—Marvin, Signal Company; Harris, VO Squadron 9M. Second heat—O'Connors, Second Regiment; McKearney, Cape Haitien. Third heat—Sherwin, VO Squadron 9M; Rosenthal, Brigade Headquarters.

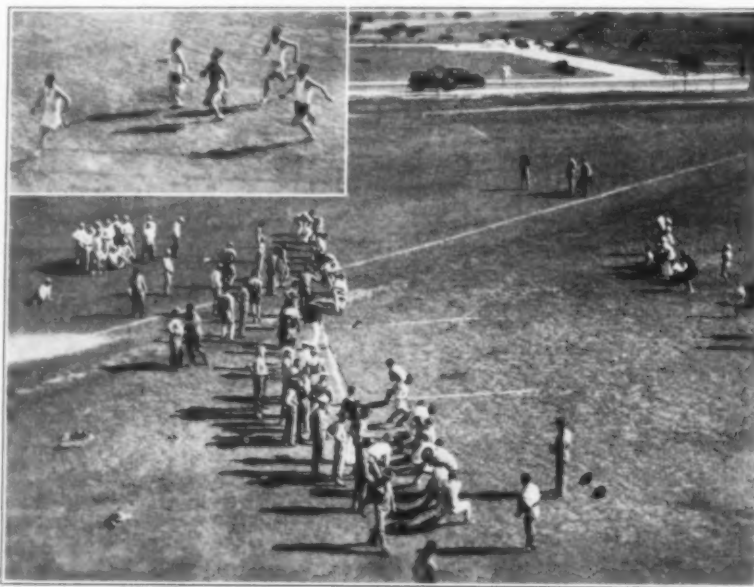
The high jump brought out many entries and much excellent form was displayed. Charles of VO Squadron 9M took first honors with a jump of 5 feet 8 inches. King of the Second Regiment was second with 5 feet 6 inches. Guy of the Signal Company and Shepherd of the Second Regiment tied for third place with 5 feet 5 inches.

A rather bad accident marred the running of the one hundred-yard finals. Lacey of the National Guard was severely spiked and had to be carried

from the field. This misfortune caused the withdrawal of Lacey from the relay race, and the Guard thereby lost its opportunity to win the meet.

Results of the one hundred-yard finals were as follows: Stewart of the National Guard, first; Ross of VO Squadron 9M, second; Rosenthal of Brigade Headquarters, third. Time: 10-1/5 seconds.

Stewart of the National Guard won the sixteen-pound shot put with a heave of 40 feet 11 1/2 inches. Shepherd of the



2nd Regiment tug-of-war team about to pull Brigade Hdqtrs. team over line. Insert: Stewart winning 100-yd. dash; Naids, second; Cillo, third.

Second Regiment came second with 40 feet 2 inches. Mahoney of VO Squadron 9M ran third with 38 feet 9 inches.

Sherwin of VO Squadron took first money in the finals of the two hundred twenty-yard dash. Rosenthal of Brigade Headquarters was second. O'Connors of the Second Regiment came in third.

The broad jump was won by Bucko-way of the Second Regiment over a distance of 21 feet 8 inches; 21 feet 2 1/2 inches was next best and was covered by Stewart of the National Guard. Guy of the Signal Company skimmed over the ground for a distance of 20 feet 8 inches, and thus placed third.

The finals in the tug-of-war was won by VO Squadron 9M. They quickly disposed of their opponents, the Second Regiment.

VO Squadron 9M, represented by Ross, Skotz, Naids, and Couch, also won the eight hundred eighty-yard relay. The

(Continued on page 44)

QUANTICO BASKETEERS END VERY SUCCESSFUL SEASON

WIN 31 OUT OF 40 STARTS

CAPTAIN O. T. PFEIFFER and his string of basket-shooters made an effort this year at Quantico to prove that a successful team would build up more interest in this leading winter sport. At the beginning of the season, a series of games was played and from the participants a post team squad of seventeen men was chosen. After three days of practice Quantico inaugurated the season by beating a team from Fredericksburg, Va. The next two games were

played with the New London Coast Guard; their team was an All-Coast-Guard team and they defeated Quantico 41-26 and 37-30. This shows that an "All-Marine" basketball team could easily uphold the great name of the Marine Corps in service athletics.

Games were arranged on a home and home basis with all teams, no guarantee for expenses asked and none given. Early in the season our opposition was mainly civilian teams from Washington and vicinity. We broke even with these teams but won all games with service teams. Our success gave us the idea of trying to win the championship among service teams of the District of Columbia and vicinity. From that time on as many service teams as would play us were

scheduled for two games, one on their floor and one at Quantico. Such games were played with Washington Marines, Fort Meyer, Fort Humphrey, Army Medicos (Walter Reed Hospital), Fort Washington, Naval Air Station, Bolling Field (Army Air Station), and the Washington Naval Receiving Station. Army War College was scheduled but could not play on account of injuries. Quantico won every service game, both away and at home, with the exception of the game at Fort Washington, which was lost 46-37. Quantico was to play Fort Washington the first round of the South Atlantic A. A. U. tournament, but the Army team did not appear and the game was officially awarded to Quantico. It is on the above record that Quantico claims the regular service championship for the District of Columbia and vicinity.

During the season 22 men competed in one or more games, but the following

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MARINE BASEBALLERS AND BOXERS SCORE AT CAVITE

16TH NAVAL DIST. CHAMPS

ADMIRAL BRISTOL presented the Athletic trophy and medals to the Fleet boxing champions of the 16th Naval District on March 4—Lewman and Lombard, of the Marine Barracks, being the medal recipients. The Admiral congratulated them on their recent victories.

An innovation in the smoker held here on February 22 was a special act featuring six contestants boxing on roller skates. Scherer, Curry and Graham, privates of the Marine Barracks, and Kent, Heath, and Jensen, of the various ships, participated in this event. Graham won first prize and Heath won second prize with the least number of falls. On this same card, Lombard of the Marines knocked Smoky Joe of the U. S. S. "Canopus" through the ropes in the fourth round, and the bell saved him. Smoky came back in the fifth and stayed with Lombard the rest of the fight. Although Lombard won the decision, by a large margin, Smoky Joe deserves much credit for seeing it through. The main event was between Slieter of the U. S. S. "Canopus" and Lewman of the Barracks, and was won by Slieter over the decision route. It seemed as though Lewman, although fighting a magnificent bout, received the surprise of his life here.

The tables were turned on Slieter at the next smoker held on March 1, when Morgan of the Marine Barracks served him the sleep producer in the fourth canto of their scheduled six-round bout. During the third round, Morgan let go with a short right to the chin and dropped Slieter for the count of eight, repeating the dose twice more in this round, the bell saving Slieter on the fourth time to the canvas. At the beginning of the fourth, Morgan met Slieter as he came out of his corner and applied the right and left to the head three or four times, knocking Slieter down for the usual count. The main preliminary was fought between Thomason of the "Canopus" and Jeffers of the Barracks. Jeffers is a beginner and knows very little about the fight game; he was not in training but exhibited exceptional fighting spirit. He gave Thomason a good run for his money until the fourth round when Jeffers was twice stretched out on the canvas for the count of eight. He

Cape Haitien Boxers Lose by Five Bouts to Two in Return Matches Held at the Port

COOPER REGISTERS ONLY K. O. OF EVENING

OUR Port au Prince boxing team reversed the decision dealt to them in their recent visit to the Cape by taking their guests into camp with well-earned decisions in the Regimental Theater on Washington's Birthday. The audience was the largest ever assembled at this place to witness a smoker. Judging from the cheers of the spectators, it was evident that the Cape men had many friends and supporters among those present;

with Sisadek's aggressiveness in the third round winning the decision for him.

In the second "go," Ford (142 pounds) of the Port ducked under the long lefts of White (142 pounder) to hammer home punishing rights and lefts to the mid-section. White, however, won the third round when his left began to find the mark. The judges disagreed and Mr. Henry awarded the rightful decision to Ford.

In the next mixer, Carlson, Cape fighter, weighing 174 pounds, gained a three-round decision over Nitson of the Second Regiment, 160 pounds.

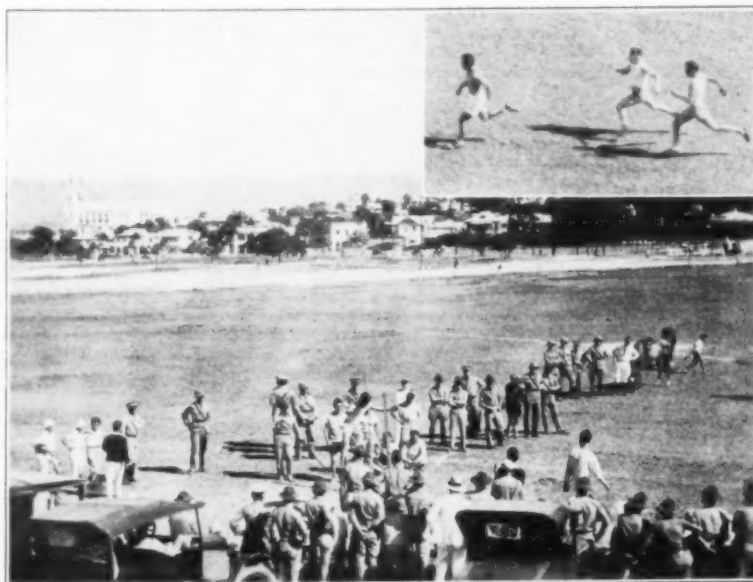
Ward, 150 pounder from Motor Transport Company at Port au Prince, outlasted Snyder, Cape Haitien, 146 pounds. Ward continually beat Snyder to the punch and carried off the decision of the judges.

In the Cooper-Freiburger fracas, both men battled on even terms for two rounds. At the beginning of the third and last round, Cooper floored the Cape man for the count of nine with a hard right to the stomach. Freiburger was groggy when he arose from the canvas and Cooper put him to rest with a well-timed right to the bottom. He lay prostrate during the entire count.

In the semi-final and sixth stanza, Sergeant Joe Inglish of Brigade Headquarters, the Port's outstanding lightweight, reversed the tables on Nick Calenze, the Cape's scrappy little fighter who held a decision over Inglish. Their previous bout at Cape Haitien had been a rough and tumble affair with a close decision going to Calenze. Their return engagement was a cleanly fought battle, and the fastest one of the evening. With proper handling these two men would go a long way on the outside.

Caskie, the Cape's most experienced fighter, won the second decision over Mayer, one of the Port's best 158 pounders. Caskie's superior ring knowledge and fast footwork won the decision for him, as it did in the previous Caskie-Mayer engagement at Cape Haitien.

As a whole this was the most interesting smoker ever held here. Much friendly rivalry exists between the two posts, and no hard feelings were manifested over decisions rendered by the judges or referees.



Charles of VO Squadron 9M winning the high jump. Insert: Marvin of the Signal Company winning in the 220-yd. dash from Harris and Vanderhoof.

and, although they lost the smoker, their ability in handling their mitts and the good sportsmanship they displayed won them many friends.

Mr. Henry, an ex-Marine and former Devil-Dog football player, refereed the bouts, while Mr. Williams and Mr. Parks, two disinterested civilians, acted as judges.

In the opening bout of the evening, Sisadek of Brigade Headquarters gained the decision over Roberts of the Cape in three rounds. The match was close,

received a technical K. O. in the fifth.

At a smoker on March 12, Hanley of the Barracks lost on decision to McMullens of Camp Nichols. Hanley led the entire fight from beginning to end and hit some of the cleanest blows of the fight. He had McMullens groggy and on the ropes most of the time during the third, fourth, fifth and sixth rounds and knocked him down once during the fifth.

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DIVISIONAL RIFLE AND PISTOL MATCHES HELD AT PEKIN, CHINA

The U. S. Marine Corps' Asiatic Division Rifle Match was fired on the International Rifle Range on April 8 with the following results:

Sgt. C. A. James, 1 gold.
Pvt. W. L. Kiser, 2 gold.
Tp. N. W. Bishop, silver.
Sgt. J. A. Burch, silver.
Sgt. C. E. Angus, silver.
Cpl. C. A. Criswell, bronze.
Pvt. E. W. Orr, bronze.
Cpl. T. E. Richards, bronze.
2nd Lt. I. M. Bethel, bronze.
2nd Lt. A. J. Mathiesen, bronze.
Sgt. R. F. McCoy, bronze.

Results of the Divisional Pistol Matches fired on the same date were as follows:

2nd Lt. A. J. Mathiesen, 1 gold.
Cpl. Burr A. Evans, 1 gold.
2nd Lt. I. M. Bethel, silver.
Sgt. C. A. James, silver.
Cy. Sgt. O. Meitzell, bronze.
Pvt. M. H. Turrell, bronze.

Details of scores are not available at the present writing, but it is understood that the best shots will be transferred to Quantico this summer to fire in the Marine Corps Match there.

QUANTICO BASKETBALL LEAGUE

Beginning in January a post basketball league was formed here with seven teams competing. Two rounds were played, making a total of forty-two games. Members of the Post Team were not eligible to play in these contests. The championship was won by Headquarters and Headquarters Company; the First Regiment and the Signal Battalion were runners-up.

ANOTHER MARINE JOINS THE HOLE-IN-ONE FRATERNITY

While playing on the golf course at the Presidio of San Francisco on Saturday, March 16, 1929, Major Anderson C. Dearing, U. S. M. C., on duty at Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, made a hole-in-one from the fourth tee and sank his ball with a drive of 125 yards. Major Dearing was playing with Captain George B. Landenberger, U. S. N., Commanding Officer of the Receiving Ship at San Francisco, as a partner; they had for their opponents Mr. Gerald Campbell, British Consul-General, and Mr. Charles Stewart of San Francisco.

The hole-in-one shot won the game, as Captain Landenberger and Major Dearing were two down and going bad when it was made.

MARE ISLAND BASEBALL NEWS

The Mare Island Marine nine started off the season here with a bang on Saturday, March 23, when they defeated the strong Navy team from the U. S. S. "Sloan" to the tune of 9-6. The Marine aggregation expects to get well under way by April 1st, and will play, as usual, many interesting games with teams of the San Francisco Bay District, including the Army and Navy teams of stations, and ships' detachments that come to the navy yard. For the benefit of those readers that were once interested in the Mare Island nine of late years, the team this year will try to keep up the winning streak—will try to win all games.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

The Tommy Loughran-Mickey Walker battle on March 28 opened the world's largest and most luxurious sports amphitheater—Paddy Harmon's \$7,000,000 Chicago Stadium.

Although Tommy won the bout, he took an awful financial wallop. After paying off the semi-finalists, he salvaged about one-fourth of what Mickey got.

The semi-windup, by the way, was a slugging match between Tuffy Griffith and Leo Lomski, ex-Marine from Aberdeen, Wash. Lomski tore the right thumb covering off his glove when he hit Tuffy on the head; this is a compliment either to Leo's wallop or to Griffith's dome—take your pick.

We remember that sometime in the dark and distant past Lomski and Loughran tangled in the roped arena; and that Leo had Tommy on the canvas, but Loughran wouldn't stay put.

Claude Bracey, of Rice Institute, raced down a fast track on March 30 to equal the world's record and to set a new intercollegiate record in the 100-yard dash. 9.4 was his time.

In a national collegiate swimming meet on March 30, George Kojac of Rutgers University set a new mark of 1:41 for the 150-yard backstroke heat. Kojas, Marquette, and Dryfuss of Rutgers nosed out Princeton to lower the 300-yard medley relay mark to 3:16 flat.

Walter Spence of Philadelphia broke the world's record on April 2 when he won the 300-yard individual medley swim in 3 minutes and 40 seconds. Walter Laufer, entered from the Lake Shore A. C., set a new N. A. A. U. championship mark on the same date when he captured the 100-yard free-style event in 51 4/5 seconds.

Wisecracks along Broadway quote the following American League prices at the opening of the season: Yankees, 9-10; Athletics, 11-10; St. Louis, 8-1; Washington, 20-1; Cleveland, 50-1; Detroit, 50-1; Chicago, 100-1; Boston, 1000-1. In the National circuit, the following odds are quoted: Cubs, 7-5; Giants, 7-5; St. Louis, 4-1; Pittsburgh, 6-1; Cincinnati, 50-1; Brooklyn, 100-1; Boston, 500-1; Philadelphia, 1000-1. These figures will vary, of course, as the season progresses.

In a national indoor championship meet for women on March 30, Jean Shiley of Meadowbrook A. C., Philadelphia, set a new world mark for women in the running high jump when she cleared the bar at 5 feet 3 1/4 inches. Another world's record fell when Rena McDonald tossed the shot for 39 feet 3 3/4 inches.

On March 16 Summers of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Pennsylvania," fought a draw with Vincent of "E" Division. On the same card, Harsh of the Marines took a beating from Short of the Band.

KEYPORT BOWLERS CONTINUE UNBEATEN IN SERVICE LEAGUE

The "Torpedo Gunners" of Keyport, Washington, continued their winning streak in the District Service Bowling League by bumping both the Receiving Barracks and the Bremerton Marine Guard in quick succession early in April. On the night of the Receiving Barracks game the regular station team's pin-setter took on the U. S. S. "Mississippi," defeating them by a margin of 172 pins.

Keyport Regulars

Pate	221	157	176
Hodge	170	151	173
Shanks	129	216	142
Haas	175	158	191
Lt. Lareau	144	153	160
	839	835	842

Grand total 2516

Receiving Barracks

Bosel	181	136	144
Lehman	174	164	164
Ray	115	144	143
Kutchey	151	153	138
Lt. Miller	155	159	159
	776	756	748

Grand total 2280

Keyport Pin Setters

Ervine, E.	185	165	153
Stauder	122	114	184
Ervine, S.	156	127	154
Husby	128	152	123
Serrynski	141	149	154
	732	707	768

Grand total 2207

U. S. S. "Mississippi"

Hanna	160	181	166
Carr	123	109	129
Reynolds	112	135	130
Fredericksen	139	140	119
Sgt. Clayton	152	116	124
	686	681	668

Grand total 2035

The Keyport-Bremerton game was a thriller all the way through. In the first string, Keyport made a score of 916 against their opponents' 857, who came back in the second to mark 899 against Keyport's 834. In the final string, Bremerton took the lead and threatened to snow Keyport under, until Haas smashed through with a "turkey" and Lareau redeemed his previous bad form with four successive bull's-eye crashes. This changed the aspect of the tournament in which two cups and six other prizes are involved.

Keyport

Pate	151	146	184
Hodge	210	170	147
Schoettl	161	172	161
Haas	199	201	198
Lareau	185	145	180
	906	834	870

Grand total 2610

Bremerton Marine Guard

Buell	160	172	113
Lange	216	202	151
Ross	178	155	155
Malcolm	146	189	155
Fritz	157	181	140
	857	899	714

Grand total 2470

U. S. MARINE CORPS TEAM IS SMOTHERED BY N. Y. U. NINE

Violets Score in Every Inning and Win on Quantico Diamond, 16-7.

QUANTICO, Va., March 28.—The New York University baseball team opened its season here today against the U. S. Marines and staged a batting bee which ended in a 16 to 7 win for the visitors. On a wind-swept field that was more suitable for football than baseball, the game was a slugfest for both teams, the Violets knocking out 19 safeties while the Marines were gathering themselves eleven. The Marines collected six runs in the third frame to take the lead for a few minutes but were not in the running thereafter. N. Y. U. scored in every inning.

Kelson, Violet first sacker, led the barrage with four safeties in as many trips, while Strong, Norton and Mayell each got three out of five. One of Kelson's safeties went for the only four-sacker of the tussle and Strong contributed a three-bagger.

Deer and O'Neil each got three safe hits for the home team and Gorman's lone hit was the three-bagger that cleared the bases in the third inning to tie up the score at 5 to 5.

The Violet took an early lead, which was cut down by the Marines' rally in the third frame, but four runs in the fifth put the Violet team where it was never approached again while Clyde held the Devildog team scoreless in the last five innings.

Ken Strong, who played centerfield for the visitors, was almost a unanimous selection for all-American fullback last fall. Metropolitan sports writers have not as yet gone into Strong's baseball feats, but it has been reported that the Yankees think enough of him to see his signature on a contract when he completes his college course in June.

N. Y. U.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Roberts.3b	5	0	0	0	Levy.ss	5	0	3	7
Mayell.2b	5	3	3	2	Young.rf	4	0	1	0
Kastner.lf	5	2	1	0	Cather.c	3	2	2	0
Strong.cf	5	3	2	0	Derr.lb.c	5	3	9	1
Sochett.rf	2	1	0	0	Gatewood.lf	1	0	0	0
Christ'en.rf	1	0	0	0	Liefer.lf	3	1	1	0
Bohl.rf	2	1	2	1	Gorman.cf	5	1	3	0
Kelson.lb	4	4	5	0	O'Neil.2b	4	3	3	2
Bergen.ss	3	1	5	3	Tolan.3b	3	1	2	4
Norton.c	5	3	9	2	Smith.p	1	0	0	0
Schmotzer.p	1	0	0	0	Scarlet.p	0	0	0	2
Clyde.p	4	1	0	1	Altman.lb	2	0	3	0
Totals	42	19	27	9	Totals	38	11	27	16

New York U. 1 1 3 1 4 1 3 1 1-16
Marines 0 0 6 1 0 0 0 0 0-7

Runs—Kelson (4), Kastner (3), Norton (2), Clyde, Bergen, Bohl, Sochett, Strong, Mayell, Roberts, Cather (2), Young, Gatewood, Gorman, Tolan, Smith, Errors—Bergen, Levy, O'Neil. Two-base hits—Cather, Mayell. Three-base hits—Strong, Gorman. Home run—Kelson. Sacrifices—Norton, Clyde, Bergen. Double plays—Levy to O'Neil to Derr. Struck out—by Scarlet, 3; by Johnson, 1; by Schmotzer, 2; by Clyde, 4. First base on balls—Off Scarlet, 1; off Smith, 1; off Johnson, 1; off Schmotzer, 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Schmotzer (Smith). Balk—Johnson. Hits—Off Scarlet, 6 in 2 1-3 innings; off Smith, 5 in 2 1-3 innings; off Schmotzer, 4 in 2 2-3 innings; off Clyde, 7 in 6 1-3 innings; off Johnson, 8 in 4 1-3 innings. Umpires—E. Purdy, C. Scheley. Time of game—One hour 35 minutes.

SOON TO INVADE NEW ENGLAND

On the 20th of May the Marine Corps baseball team will start to New England for a baseball trip of about three weeks, basing at Portsmouth, N. H.

LEATHERNECKS WIN EASILY OVER CORNELL AT QUANTICO

Ithaca Team Couldn't Hit Kidd in 6-1 Victory; Accident After Game.

QUANTICO, Va., April 4.—In a game here today the Marine Corps baseball team held Cornell University down to a single run scored by Kohn in the fourth inning. Marines chalked up runs in four out of eight frames; it was not necessary for them to play the last half of the ninth.

Jesse Kidd's pitching featured the entire game; the Ithacans simply couldn't see 'em. He fanned fifteen and walked two.

Joyous exultations over this victory were marred when a fatal accident befell the Cornell team enroute to Washington from Quantico after the game. A bus carrying the Cornell aggregation plunged off the Quantico-Alexandria road and caused injuries to more than a dozen of the occupants. Tom Crooke, prominent Washington umpire, died as a result of the crash.

Cornell.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Herbert.3b	4	1	0	1	Levy.ss	4	1	1	3
Kohn.lb	4	2	9	1	Freeman.cf	4	1	1	0
Cushman.cf	4	0	0	0	Gorman.lb	1	0	0	0
Steff.ss	4	2	3	3	Kidd.p	5	2	0	1
Crosby.lf	4	0	3	0	O'Neil.2b	4	1	0	1
Donnelly.2b	3	2	2	2	Young.rf	4	0	0	0
Pyle.c	3	0	7	1	Gatewood.lf	4	1	0	0
Hanste'n.rf	3	0	0	0	Deer.c	4	2	16	1
Schultz.p	1	0	0	1	Tolan.3b	3	1	0	0
Rowlor.p	2	0	0	0					
Totals	32	7	24	9	Totals	33	9	27	6

Cornell 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-1
Marines 1 0 2 2 0 0 0 1 x-6
Runs—Kohn, Levy, Gorman, Kidd, Gatewood, Deer, Tolan, Errors—Herbert, Schultz, Freeman. Home runs—Kidd, Gatewood, Kohn. Three-base hit—Kidd. Two-base hit—Deer. Struck out—By Kidd, 15; by Schultz, 2; by Rowlor, 3. Stolen bases—Levy (2), Gorman, O'Neil, Gatewood, Tolan, Steff. First base on balls—Off Kidd, 2; off Schultz, 2; off Rowlor, 2.

DEVILDOGS WIN ANOTHER; HOLD VERMONT SCORELESS

Kidd Turns Back Green Mountain Boys With Three Scattered Hits.

QUANTICO, Va., April 1.—The University of Vermont team was defeated here today in the opener of a 2-game series with the Marines. Kidd, Marine pitcher, was in his true form and fanned twelve men, allowing but three scattered hits.

The Marine Corps team accumulated nine safeties, and chalked up three runs; one in the second, one in the fourth, and one in the seventh frame. O'Neil, Levy, and Gatewood were the ones to cross home plate. The box score follows:

Vermont.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Jay.ss	4	1	0	4	Levy.ss	4	2	1	2
Traynor.2b	4	1	5	3	Leifer.rf	2	0	0	0
Howard.rf	4	0	1	0	Freeman.rf	2	0	0	0
Macomber.c	3	0	7	0	Gorman.cf	4	1	1	0
Morie.cf	3	0	1	0	Derr.c	4	0	13	0
McKay.3b	3	0	0	1	Kidd.p	3	1	0	4
Winant.lf	3	0	2	0	O'Neil.2b	4	0	0	2
Sargent.lb	3	1	8	0	Gatewood.lf	4	1	3	0
Kendrick.p	2	0	4	0	Almond.lb	4	2	0	0
Strop	1	0	0	0	Tolan.3b	4	2	0	0
Totals	30	3	24	12	Totals	35	9	27	7

Vermont 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
Marines 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 x-3
Two-base hits—Gatewood, Almond (2). Stolen bases—Levy (2), O'Neil, Jay. First base on balls—Off Kendrick, 1. Struck out—By Kidd, 12; by Kendal, 7. Passed ball—Macomber.

BIG TEAM FAILS TO SCORE IN GAME WITH HOLY CROSS

Pitcher For Crusaders Holds Marines to 3 Hits and Wins 5-0.

QUANTICO, Va., April 8.—Holy Cross, loser of less than half a dozen baseball games in the last three years, turned back the U. S. Marine Corps baseball team today by a score of 5-0 in a game that was featureless except for the pitching of Hebert and the fielding of Shevlin at first, both of the Worcester, Mass., institution.

As this goes to press, the Crusaders haven't lost a game so far this season; and it looks like they have something hard to beat. According to reports, four members of their team are slated for major league trials after graduation—Dick Harrell, 2nd sacker, is sought by the Chicago Cubs and by the Pittsburgh Pirates; Ray Dobbens, southpaw, will join the Detroit Tigers; Con Hurley, left fielder, and Dick Phelan, catcher, will receive trials from teams which as yet have not been named. Frank Nekola, another southpaw, is likewise no slouch; he mixes a yard-wide curve with considerable smoke and shrewd judgment.

Holy Cross.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Harrell.2b	4	0	0	2	Levy.ss	4	0	1	5
Cahill.2b	1	1	1	1	Freeman.cf	4	0	1	0
Fisher.cf	4	0	1	0	Gorman.lb	4	2	12	1
Shevlin.lb	5	3	12	1	Kidd.p	4	0	0	2
Hurley.lf	5	0	0	0	Derr.c	4	1	9	1
Shanahan.3b	3	0	0	3	O'Neil.2b	3	0	2	3
Lawrence.rf	4	0	1	0	Gatewood.lf	3	0	0	0
Ryan.ss	4	2	2	3	Young.rf	3	0	1	0
Phelan.c	3	0	10	1	Tolan.3b	1	0	1	2
Hebert.p	4	2	0	0	Munari.3b	0	0	0	0
*Sims	0	0	0	0	Leifer	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	8	27	11	Totals	31	3	27	14

*Ran for Shevlin in fourth, fifth, seventh and ninth.

†Batted for Tolan in eighth.
Holy Cross 0 0 0 4 0 1 0 0-5
Marines 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
Runs—Fisher, Ryan, Phelan, Hebert (2), Errors—Shanahan, Levy, Freeman, Gorman, Gatewood (2), Tolan. Two-base hit—Shevlin. Three-base hits—Ryan, Hebert. Stolen bases—Hurley, Hebert, Gorman. Sacrifice—Fisher. Double plays—Levy to O'Neil to Gorman; Derr to Gorman. First base on balls—Off Hebert, 1; off Kidd, 2. Struck out—By Hebert, 11; by Kidd, 9.

MARINES DEFEAT HARVARD IN SEVEN INNING GAME 6-3

Quantico, Va., April 10.—Harvard went down to defeat at the hands of the Marine team this afternoon on the parade grounds by the score of 6 to 3.

Harvard.	AB	H	O	A	Marines.	AB	H	O	A
Bassett.cf	3	2	0	0	Munari.3b	4	3	1	2
Nugent.2b	4	0	2	0	Freeman.lf	4	1	2	0
McGrath.ss	4	0	1	2	Gorman.cf	4	3	8	0
Dan'shy.3b	4	0	1	1	Derr.c	4	1	6	1
Prior.lb	2	1	3	1	Almond.lb	3	1	4	1
Bassler.lb	2	1	1	0	Levy.ss	3	0	1	2
Tickner.lf	4	2	2	0	O'Neil.2b	3	1	1	1
Durkel.rf	2	0	0	0	Young.rf	3	2	1	0
Dillisin.rf	3	1	0	0	Smith.p	2	0	0	1
Dudley.c	1	0	10	1	Kidd.p	1	1	0	0
McHall.p	2	0	0	1					
Molloy.p	0	0	0	1	Totals	31	13	21	8
*Whitney	1	1	0	0					
Totals	31	9	18	9					

*Batted for McHall in sixth.
Game called last half seventh.

Harvard 0 0 0 0 0 1 2-3
Marines 1 0 0 1 1 3 x-6
Runs—Bassler (2), Tickner, Munari (2), Freeman, O'Neil, Young, Kidd, Errors—Munari, Almond, O'Neil. Two-base hits—Dillisin, Young. Three-base hit—Munari. Home runs—Tickner, O'Neil. Double play—McGrath to Prior. First base on balls—Off Smith, 1; off McHall, 1. Struck out—By Smith, 4; by McHall, 8; by Molloy, 2. Winning pitcher—Smith. Losing pitcher—McHall.

FIGHT CARD PRESENTED AT SMOKER HELD IN QUANTICO

By A. J. Beaulieu

The Quantico Marines held their first smoker of the year on the 16th of April. Exceptionally good boxing was mixed with some fine fighting.

"Chick" Brown (153), 10th Regiment, showed excellent boxing ability in his win over Melson (163), 10th Regiment. This was a six-round affair. We certainly hope to see more of Brown's brand of fighting in the future, as he is without doubt a comer. Brown has a fine left jab which kept Melson his distance and allowed Brown to pile up the needed points.

Moreno (154), 10th Regiment, lost a decision to Butler (154), Barracks Detachment, after four rounds. This was Moreno's first fight, and with more training he will probably be a hard man to beat.

The semi-final bout of the evening did not last long, as Diaz (139), 10th Regiment, knocked out Sater (147), Barracks Detachment, in the second round of a scheduled six-round "go." Diaz had his man out in the first round but the bell luckily saved him. The second round, however, did not last long; for, after a few exchanges during which Diaz scored cleanly time after time, Sater sank to the canvas—completely out. Diaz is another comer with lots of punch which he knows how to use. He is also an exceedingly clever boxer.

In the final bout on the menu, Walt Trail (190), 10th Regiment, scored a technical K. O. over Kitosky (184), Barracks Detachment, in the last canto of their six-rounder. Trail, with clean, hard punches, soon wore his man down. Kitosky was a beaten man from the start, but always came back for more. What he lacked in fighting ability, he made up for in gameness. We would like to see Trail fight against some men with whom he could show what he really has.

ATHLETICS AT CAVITE

(Continued from page 41)

Two of the judges called it a draw, and two gave the nod to McMullens.

Baseball Team Wins 2, Loses 1

On the baseball diamond, the Marines were defeated by the 45th Division team on February 22 to the tune of 7-3.

On March 7 the Marines downed the N. A. D. team 2-1. Casanova was pitching for the home team and seemed to be in perfect form, with Tangney catching. In the last part of the sixth frame, Morris of the Marines was allowed to get on base through an error, Flagg knocked a three-base hit, and the next man to bat knocked a one-base hit scoring Flagg; this gave the Marines the one-run lead.

On March 11 the Marines let the U. S. S. "Tulsa" team down on the short end of a 14-3 count. This game proved "duck soup" for the home team, and each player would try a new position each inning. Even Flagg, shortstop, tried his luck as catcher; Tangney played at first; and Casanova, pitcher, was in the box for only one inning, later playing short.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Pinning Russ Fairall of Ohio State to the mat in 1 minute 25 seconds, Earl McCready of Oklahoma A. & M., won the national collegiate heavyweight wrestling championship for the second time on March 30.

On March 30, Whitey Michelson won the third annual 26-mile marathon from Pawtucket, R. I., to Woonsocket, R. I., and return. In a thrilling finish, he crossed the line barely 5 yards ahead of Max Lamp of the Millrose A. C. of New York. Michelson's time was 2 hours 53 minutes 10 seconds.

On April 5 Johnny Risko upset the pre-fight dope by defeating Otto von Porat, Norwegian contender for the heavyweight title, by a wide margin. Both weighed 193.

The Naval Academy won the sectional inter-collegiate rifle matches on April 13 from Maryland, V. M. I., George Washington, Cincinnati, Cornell, and John Hopkins. Navy's score was 1347 x 1500.

Five blind bowlers play regularly at the Rice Academy in Albany, N. Y. An adjustable rod, set on a pedestal to indicate the position of the pins, is their guide.

Using a regulation ball and court, Francis Delaney, a twelve-year old lad of New York, caged 47 baskets out of 49 tries.

Gar Wood, driving his Miss America VII over the waters of Indian Creek, Fla., on March 25 shattered the salt water speed records by covering the mile course at the rate of 93.123 miles an hour.

Ralph Greenleaf set a new world record in a match at Montreal on April 4 when he made a continuous run of 245 balls.

Yale won the three-weapon championship of the Inter-collegiate Fencing Association on March 29 for the second successive season, scoring a total of 14½ points. Navy was second with 13, and Army third with 12. On the same date, Navy defeated Yale by 5 to 3, and Army by 5 to 3, to clinch the foil title.

The Grand National Steeplechase, held near Liverpool, is a heart-beaking course of 4 miles and 385 yards. Rubio was shipped from the U. S. and entered in this classic in 1907. He made a miserable showing and his owner sold him for \$75. After a year in the shafts of a hotel omnibus, his entry in the Grand National in 1908 was considered a huge joke; but he won! The only American-bred horse ever to win.

Josie Caruso, "Wonder Girl of Baseball," receives \$6,000 a season for playing with a semi-pro men's team.

"PRUNE BARGE" MARINES PLAY FAST GAME OF BASEBALL

Under the guiding hand of First Sergeant Haggarty, the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "California" have a baseball team that is fast rounding into a real threat in Battle Fleet activities.

While in Nicaragua this team took many of the East Coast Marine detachment teams into camp, the most notable being the team representing the U. S. S. "Wyoming" Marine Detachment.

Captain A. H. Noble, an interested spectator at all athletic activities and a booster for athletics in the detachment, never misses an opportunity to attend the games and give the boys a few pointers on the national game.

With our arrival in Southern California waters, the team is bound to develop a real punch on the Battle Fleet baseball diamond at San Pedro where First Sergeant Haggarty, himself an old Quantico baseballer, promises lots of action for other detachments.

QUANTICO BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 40)

quintet constituted the regular team: Huck, Cover, Williams, Schultz, and Ostrander, with Captain O. T. Pfeiffer as coach and manager. Ostrander was high point man with 241 in 31 games for an average of 7.77; Huck had a total of 193 points in 27 games for an average of 7.15; Cover scored 224 points in 35 games for an average of 6.11; Williams scored 173 points in 35 games for a 4.95 average; Schultz, the standing guard, scored 71 points in 35 games for an average of 2.0 per game. During the season Quantico won 14 out of 15 service games. The record for the season was 31 victories and 9 losses.

Because of interesting games and a successful team, the enthusiasm of players and spectators increased greatly with the progress of the season. It is hoped that the fine record of Quantico will stimulate greater interest in the game throughout the Corps. (Group photo on page 32.)

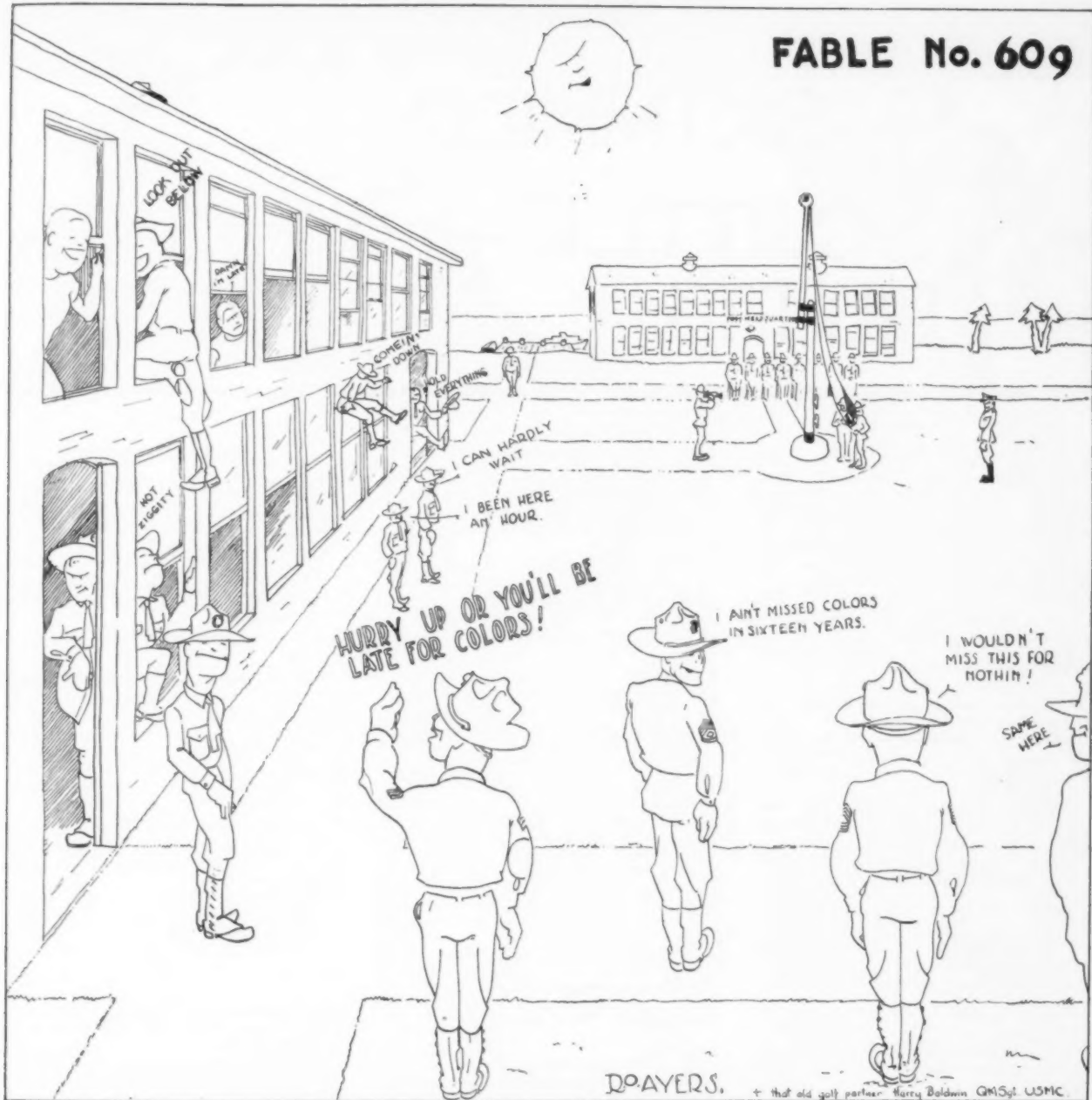
1ST BRIGADE FIELD MEET

(Continued from page 40)

Second Regiment entered a team composed of Buckoway, Lodge, Scales, and O'Connors and gathered their share of the laurels by coping second place. Rosenthal, Cillo, Morris, and Alexander carried the colors of Brigade Headquarters, and ran third. The other entry was a team from Cape Haitien composed of Kelly, Black, Vanderhoof, and McKearney; they also ran.

Summary: Observation Squadron 9M earned their right to the cup with a total of thirty-four points. The Second Regiment came a close second by piling up twenty-eight and one-half points. The Guardia Nacional de Haiti was third with eighteen points. This left four points for Brigade Headquarters, one and one-half for Brigade Signal Company, and when Cape Haitien contenders lined up for points there weren't any left.

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FELLOW SUFFERER

A landlord wrote to his tenant: "Dear Sir:—I regret to inform you that my rent is much overdue. Will you please forward me a check?"

Back came the reply: "Dear Sir:—I see no reason why I should pay your rent. I can't pay my own."

Social Worker: "Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

Fisherman: "No, sir. I likes 'em fried in the ordinary way."

"Do you think the candidate put enough fire into his speech?"

"Oh, yes. The trouble was, he didn't put enough of his speech into the fire."

—Tit-Bits.

Algernon (reading joke): "Fancy this, Percy: 'A chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels.'"

Percy: "Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

"Where can I get some quinine?"

"What do you want quinine for?"

"The doctor said I must take whisky and quinine, and I don't know where to get the quinine."—Hurty-Peck.

"What business is he in?"

"Pots and pans."

"Oh—hardware, eh?"

"No—girth reducing and facial treatments."

"How about the jury in that prohibition case?"

"They've been out six hours and just sent word to the court to send in some more evidence."—Judge.

Judge: Ten dollars fine.

Sailor: Can you change a twenty?

Judge: Nope. Twenty dollars fine.

Kind Old Gentleman—What do you call those kittens, Johnny?

Small Boy—I call 'em Tom and Harry.

K. O. G.—Why don't you name them Cook and Peary after the great explorers?

S. B.—Aw, gwan, mister; these ain't polecats.—Rambler.

Some girls think they're attractive when they are merely attracting attention.

A DIPLOMAT

The politician was making a friendly call. "Here, Johnny, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister."

"How shall I divide it politely, mister?"

"Why, always give the larger part to the other person."

Johnny thought a moment, then handed the apple to his little sister. "Here, sis, you divide it politely."

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Brown's chops, put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket and wrap Mrs. Jones's liver in a package."

John: "All right, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

Sweet Young Thing: "And how did you win your D. S. O.?"

Tough Old Soldier: "Saved the lives of my whole regiment."

S. Y. T.: "Wonderful! And how did you do it?"

T. O. S.: "I shot the cook."

"Bumper," shouted the fender to the bumper on the front of the auto as a fair pedestrian stepped into the street.

"I'm afraid I might 'fender," replied the bumper.—5th Corps News.

A judge attended a dinner party at which two very prettily complexioned girls attracted a good deal of attention. Someone asked the Judge which he considered the prettier. "Sir," came the grave reply, "I'm no judge of paintings."

R. A. T. A. lecturer: "Now I want you fellows to pledge me your word that you'll give up drinking—otherwise you may get like the man who was so full of whisky that when he blew out a candle his breath caught fire and he died."

Sgt. Macpherson: "I swear I'll never blow out a candle again."

"I want to pay this bill," he said to the hotel clerk. "But I think you have made a slight error here in my favour. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged me anything for telling me you thought it might rain!"—R. A. O. C. Gazette.

NO TRESPASSERS

One of the wings of the plane had broken and its pilot, after crashing through a mass of planking and plaster, found himself resting on a concrete surface in utter darkness.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly.

"You're in my cellar," came an ominous voice out of the blackness, "but I'm watching you."

—American Legion Weekly.

"The prof said he was going to lecture on wading birds, and began with the stork, and I just laffed and laffed."

"Because—"

"I knew there wasn't really any stork."

—(1*?)—

—T. S. News.

A man lurched up to a deep subway excavation and peered down at the workers. "Hey," he hiccupped, "Whatcha doing down there?"

"Building a subway," was the reply.

"How long will it take?"

"Three years."

"I'll take the elevated," he mumbled, stumbling away.—Echoes.

She came home with her hat on one side of her head and her clothes all crushed-looking.

"Looks as though she's been knocked down by a motorist," said one neighbor sympathetically.

"Or picked up," said another, thoughtfully.

Artist: "How do you like this picture?"

Visitor: "H'm—it might be worse."

Artist: "Sir, I hope you will withdraw that statement."

Visitor: "Very well; it couldn't be worse."—Answers.

Mabel: "Aren't you crazy for summer?"

Gert: "Yes, I can hardly wait for the time to come when I can be as warm from my knees down as I am from my knees up."—Enquirer.

Education will broaden a narrow mind, but there is no cure for a swelled head.

ONE HAM AN' EGG!

A farmer's wife shipped a crate of eggs to a wholesale house in a city, but before doing so she wrote on one of them:

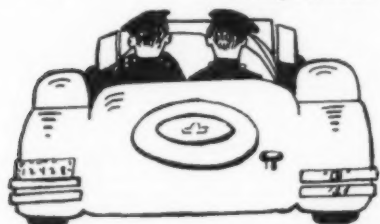
"I got a penny for this egg. What did you pay for it?"

She added her name and address.

A year later she received an answer. It was written on highly embellished stationery of an actor.

"My dear madam," he wrote, "while playing part of Hamlet, recently, I received your egg for nothing."

—5th Corps News.



Corporal Smith: "Are you getting a new car this year?"

Private Jones: "Yes, that is, as soon as I've paid for the one that I had before the one I've got now."

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her number when little Johnny noticed the orchestra leader.

"What does that man keep hitting at her for?" he asked his mother.

"He's not hitting at her," replied mother. "Be quiet."

"Well, then why does she keep hollering?"—Hurty-Peck.

St. Peter: "Where are you going young man?"

Tar: "Going to Heaven, I hope."

St. Peter: "What have you done in this world?"

Tar: "Put four years in the Navy."

St. Peter: "How do I know you did?"

Tar: "Get your hands off the paint work, you old bum."

St. Peter: "Pass in."

—Newport Recruit.

The man in a hurry to catch his holiday train was worried by the station clocks. There was twenty minutes' difference between the one in the ticket office and the one in the waiting room.

Finally he questioned the porter who made a careful survey of both clocks and shook his head doubtfully. Then he said suddenly, "It doesn't make a bit o' difference about those clocks. The train goes at four-ten, no matter what!"

—Sentinel.

"Let me tell your fortune, mister."

"How much?"

"Half a dollar."

"Correct, to a cent."

—Transcript.

Before starting to Sunday School one Sunday morning Rex asked his mother for a stick of chewing gum. She did not have any, so she gave him some paraffin to chew.

During the exercises at Sunday School they sang, "Rescue the Perishing." When Rex returned home he told his mother that he was never going again because they all sang "Rex Chewing Paraffin."

TO THE NTH DEGREE

Patrick Shea, an uncompromising Democrat, stopped his car for the sixth blowout. "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" he exclaimed with much feeling.

"Why do yez call th' name o' the Republican patron saint, be-jabbers?" asked his good Irish friend.

"Begorra," replied Pat, "that's th' biggest dam Oi know."

A girl shows her raisin when she makes a date with a prune for whom she doesn't care a fig. She may be a peach, but they make a funny pear. She may be the apple of his eye, but she hands him a lemon, although she may have a cherry disposition. It is plum wrong and if her name be Anna he ought to ban Anna. By this time he would realize that his efforts had been fruitless.



Old Timer: "We need brains in this company, young feller."

Recruit (Awkward Squad): "Yes, sir; it sure looks like it."

An old Texan with heavy eyebrows stepped into a department store to get a pair of glasses. Among the optical displays he saw a very fine looking pair, the frame being precisely the color of his eyebrows. The wiley clerk sought to sell the man this particular pair.

Awkwardly the man drew the spectacles over his ears, brushing a wisp of hay from behind his right ear in the process. "Gosh all hemlock, doctor," he exclaimed, "I see everything double!"

"Well, sir, what's wrong with that?" said the wise-cracker, assuming the title given him. "Think of the advantages you will enjoy when you arrive home. Instead of one farm you will see two farms before you. Instead of five cows, you will have ten. And how many men would consider themselves lucky if they could have two wives!"

The farmer looked at the man through the corner of one eye, then quick as a flash asked, "What's the bill, doctor?"

"Ten dollars," was the reply. The farmer drew out a leather pouch, peeled off a "five," looked at it awhile and handed it to the man behind the counter, saying, "Ten dollars; here you are, sir!"

—5th Corps News.

ALIBIS FOR ALL

It was visiting day at the insane asylum. One of the inmates imagined himself to be an artist, and he was busily engaged in dabbing at an empty canvas with a dry brush. A visitor, wishing to humor him, asked what the picture represented.

"That," said the nut, "is a picture of the Israelites being pursued through the Red Sea."

"Where is the sea?"

"Why, that's rolled back to allow the Israelites to pass."

"Where are the Israelites?"

"They've just gone by."

"Then where are their pursuers?"

"Oh, they'll be along in a minute."

—Pup.

Voice from the bathroom: "Anybody got any Ivory soap?"

Voice from the depths: "What's the matter—wanta wash your head?"

—Kreolite News.

Welfare Worker: "And what are you in here for, my man?"

Prisoner: "Flattery, ma'am. Caught imitating another man's signature on a check."—Maclean's.

A Philadelphia man called up a bird store the other day and said: "Send me 30,000 cockroaches at once."

"What do you want with 30,000 cockroaches?"

"Well," replied the householder, "I am moving today and my lease says I must leave the premises here in exactly the same condition in which I found them."

—Thrift Magazine.



He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

She: "You've never stayed so late before."

Two Irish doughboys were in a moping up party, which was following the assault lines. In a large shell hole they found ten Germans sound asleep, from the exhaustion of battle, who had apparently been passed over by the front line troops.

"Shall we shoot them, or bayonet them?" asked Mike.

"Aw no," said Jerry, "let's wake them up and have a fight."—5th Corps News.

1st W. O.: I'm soliciting donations for our rummage sale. What do you do with your old clothes?

2nd W. O.: Why I brush and fold them carefully at night and put them on again next morning.—Mountaineer.

THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Edw. A. Greene.
Lt. Col. Samuel W. Bosan.
Maj. DeWitt Peck.Capt. F. B. Geotisse.
1st Lt. Robt. O. Hunt.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. E. A. Greene.
Lt. Col. S. W. Bosan.
Maj. DeWitt Peck.Capt. B. F. Johnson.
1st Lt. Jas. E. Kerr, Jr.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARCH 14, 1929.

Major Tom D. Barber, APM, on March 16th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Charles B. Hobbs, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 2nd.

1st Lt. Kenneth L. Moses, resignation accepted to take effect on April 1st.

1st Lt. Edward F. O'Day, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MD. USS "Cleveland."

1st Lt. John C. McQueen, detached MD. USS "Cleveland," to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. Robert O. Hunt, upon the reporting of his relief, on or about March 25th, detached MD. USS "New Mexico," to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. James M. Ranck, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD. USS "New Mexico."

MARCH 15, 1929.

Captain William P. Richards, upon the reporting of his relief detached Recruiting District of Detroit, Detroit, Mich., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 2nd.

Captain Leland S. Swindler, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Captain Edgar S. Tuttle, upon the reporting of his relief detached 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Howard R. Huff, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about Apr. 2.

2nd Lt. Richard J. DeLacy, on March 23rd detached MB. Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Thomas C. Green, on March 23rd detached MB. Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. John R. Lanigan, on March 23rd detached MB. Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, on March 23rd detached MB. Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

MARCH 16, 1929.

Lt.-Col. Elias R. Beadle, detailed as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Major Earl C. Long, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Major Calhoun Ancrum, assigned to duty at MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Augustus T. Lewis, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 2nd.

Captain Leland S. Swindler, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Captain Edward B. Moore, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua.

1st Lt. John C. Doneho, assigned to duty at MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Will H. Lee, assigned to duty at MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Roy W. Conkey, assigned to duty at MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Orrell A. Inman, assigned to duty at Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

1st Lt. Shelton C. Zern, relieved from temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, and ordered to duty aboard the USS "Tulsa."

The following named officers detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to duty at the stations indicated:

Major John L. Doxey, MB. Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Terrell J. Crawford, MB. Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Edward Selby, MB. Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James W. Flett, MB. Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Leo Healey, MB. Quantico, Va.

Captain Max Cox, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Ralph D. McAfee, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Thomas Wornham, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Qm. Clerk Roscoe Ellis, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Stuart W. Kins, MB. NYd, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. John D. Muncie, MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

MARCH 18, 1929.

Captain William McN. Marshall, upon the reporting of his relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters, Recruiting District of Seattle, Seattle, Wash.

Captain James H. McGan, detached MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB. NS, Guam, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 2nd.

Captain Howard N. Stent, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Lansley," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 6th.

Captain Roswell Winans, on April 1st detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Seattle, Wash., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

MARCH 19, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Elias R. Beadle, AA&I, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Gilbert D. Hatfield, on March 27th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Recruiting District of Dallas, Dallas, Texas.

1st Lt. Harvey B. Alban, upon the reporting of his relief detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Dallas, Dallas, Texas, to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

1st Lt. Charles F. Cresswell, on or about April 1st detached from duty aboard the USS "Omaha" to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

MARCH 20, 1929.

Captain William McN. Marshall, detail as an Assistant Quartermaster revoked.

1st Lt. Ralph C. Battin, died on March 19, 1929.

2nd Lt. Clarence M. Knight, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 2nd.

MARCH 21, 1929.

1st Lt. George Esau, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Orrell A. Inman, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Edwin A. Pollock, relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, and ordered to resume his duties aboard the USS "Galveston."

The following named officers detached Department of the Pacific to stations indicated:

Captain Prentice S. Geer, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Captain Louis Cukela, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Captain Edward B. Kalbheisch, MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 22, 1929.

1st Lt. Caleb T. Bailey, detached MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. John M. Greer, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB. NA, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. David F. O'Neill, detached MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. William M. O'Brien, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Major Ralph J. Mitchell, 1st Lt. John D. Muncie, 1st Lt. Philip L. Thwing, 1st Lt. William E. Burke, Chf. Qm. Clk. Frank M. Sherwood.

MARCH 23, 1929.

Major Joseph D. Murray, detached MB. NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB. NYd, New York, N. Y.

Captain Ross L. Iams, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

Captain Ray A. Robinson, detached Department of the Pacific to MB. Quantico, Va., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. Joseph F. Burke, detached Department of the Pacific to MB. Quantico, Va., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. George L. Maynard, detached Department of the Pacific to MB. Quantico, Va., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Cushman, detached AS, WCEP, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, First Brigade, Haiti, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. Cyril W. Martyr, detached Department of the Pacific to MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. William W. Scott, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua.

MARCH 25, 1929.

Brig. Gen. Logan Feland, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available conveyance.

Brig. Gen. Dion Williams, on or about April 5th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to

Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

Lt.-Col. Percy F. Archer, AQM, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. William P. Kelly, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

2nd Lt. Joseph C. Burser, on April 8th detached MB. NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB. NYd, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. James F. Shaw, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 26, 1929.

No changes were announced.

MARCH 27, 1929.

Colonel Julius S. Turritt, on April 10th detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Robert W. Voeth, AQM, on April 1st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Office of the Chief Coordinator, Washington, D. C.

Captain Tracy G. Hunter, detached MB. NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the return trip of the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 10th.

Captain Arthur Kingston, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Oregon A. Williams, detached Department of the Pacific to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

2nd Lt. Jesse C. Harmon, detached AS, First Brigade, Haiti, to MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., for treatment.

2nd Lt. Robert O. Hunt, assigned to duty at MB. NYd, Puget Sound, Washington.

2nd Lt. Frank M. June, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECEP, MB. Quantico, Va., to report not later than May 15th.

Chf. Mr. Gnr. William Keogh, retired as of March 21st.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Harold H. Rethman, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB. Parris Island, S. C., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

Chf. Pay Clk. John S. McGuigan, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

MARCH 28, 1929.

Major Howard W. Stone, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB. NYd, New York, N. Y., for duty and to Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y., for treatment.

1st Lt. Thomas M. Ryan, detached MD. USS "Oklahoma," relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, and ordered to duty at Headquarters Marine Corps.

Chf. Pay Clk. Bernard E. Neel, upon the reporting of his relief detached office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

MARCH 29, 1929.

Captain John D. Lockburner, detached MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

Captain Wesley W. Walker, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 10th.

1st Lt. William H. Hollingsworth, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB. Parris Island, S. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Harry H. Couvrette, detached Depot of Supplies, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Garde d'Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 10th.

Qm. Clk. Edward F. Connors, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 10th.

MARCH 30, 1929.

Captain Glenn D. Miller, detached MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB. NS, St. Thomas, V. I., via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 10th.

2nd Lt. John D. Blanchard, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Harry Halladay, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Charles Seifick, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Charles Wiedemann, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Lansley," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 13th.

APRIL 1, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 2, 1929.

Major William H. Rupertus, on May 18th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USAT "Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about May 25.

1st Lt. Bayard L. Bell, detached MD. USS "Mayflower," to MB. Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Lemuel A. Haslup, detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Charlotte, Charlotte, N. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 18th.

1st Lt. Charles J. Lohmiller, detached MD. RS. NYd. Boston, Mass., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 18th.

1st Lt. Henry T. Nicholas, detached MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 18th.

2nd Lt. Nels H. Nelson, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Lansley," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 13th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Rufus L. Willis, detached MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to MB. Parris Island, S. C., via the USAT "Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 10th.

APRIL 3, 1929.

Colonel Randolph C. Berkeley, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB. NYd. New York, N. Y., for duty and to Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y., for treatment.

Colonel Theodore E. Backstrom, on April 12th detached MB. Washington, D. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 18th.

Lt.-Colonel Clayton B. Vogel, detached Office of the Judge Advocate General, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about April 18th.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Walker, on May 1st detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Observation Squadron Nine-M, First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 18th.

Following named officers detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua: Captain Clifford O. Henry, Captain Henry D. Linscott, 1st Lt. George W. McHenry, 1st Lt. Herman H. Hanneken, 1st Lt. Edwin Hakala, 1st Lt. David A. Stafford, 1st Lt. Marvin V. Yandle.

Following named officers detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua to stations indicated:

Captain Glenn E. Hayes, Department of the Pacific.

Captain Victor P. Bleasdale, MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

1st Lt. Herbert B. Keimling, MB. NYd. New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Moses J. Gould, MB. NYd. Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. Lloyd R. Pugh, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Hogaboom, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. LePage Cronmiller, MB. Quantico, Va.

Following named officers detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to stations indicated:

1st Lt. Ralph C. Alburser, Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Daniel R. Fox, Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Frank E. Sessions, Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Raymond P. Coffman, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. John C. Walraven, MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. William C. Purple, MB. Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Wilbur S. Brown, NP. MB. Parris Island, S. C.

APRIL 4, 1929.

Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, on April 16th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Lt.-Col. Nelson P. Vulte, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB. NYd. New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Henry F. Adams, on or about May 1st detached MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NS. Guam, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about June 10th.

1st Lt. William W. Davies, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Emery E. Larson, assigned to duty at MB. NYd. Puget Sound, Washington.

Chf. Pay Clk. Edward J. Donnelly, upon the reporting of his relief on or about April 9th, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Lansley," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 13th.

The following named officers promoted to the grades indicated:

1st Lt. Clarence M. Knight, 1st Lt. Robert G. Hunt.

APRIL 5, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 6, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 8, 1929.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 9, 1929.

Major Alphonse DeCarre, detached Staff of the Commander, Battleship Division Four, Battle Fleet, USS "New Mexico," to duty as Fleet Marine Officer and aide on the Staff of the Commander, Scouting Fleet, USS "Wyoming."

Major DeWitt Peck, on April 15th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to duty as Squadron Marine Officer and aide on the Staff of the Commander, Special Service Squadron, USS "Galveston," via the USS "Vespa," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., to the Canal Zone on May 9th.

Captain Walter E. Billosy, detailed as an Assistant Paymaster effective June 1, 1929.

1st Lt. Ralph W. Luce, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., for duty and to Naval Hospital, San Diego, for treatment.

1st Lt. Emery E. Larson, detached MB. NYd. Puget Sound, Wash., to MB. NAD. Puget Sound, Wash.

APRIL 10, 1929.

Colonel Robert Y. Rhea, detached MB. NYd. Mare Island, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Venezuela," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 25th.

Colonel Rush R. Wallace, on or about April 17th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB. Washington, D. C.

Captain Andrew E. Creesy, on or about June 12th detached Garde d'Haiti to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Captain Patrick W. Guilfoyle, retired as of May 13, 1929.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Burns D. Goodwin, upon arrival in the United States assigned to duty at MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

GRADUATES OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO.

APPLE, C. R., 1st Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic Course.

WORLEDGE, V. W., 1st Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic Course.

WHITEHEAD, F., Captain, USMC, Infantry Advanced Course.

EAKIN, G. W., 2nd Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic Course.

FEIST, H. N., 1st Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic Course.

CHAPPELL, K. B., 2nd Lt., USMC, Infantry Basic Course.

THOMPSON, C. W., 2nd Lt., VMCR, Infantry Basic Course.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Captain James D. Colomy—Spanish.

Captain Arnold W. Jacobson—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Captain Glenn D. Miller—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Captain Fred S. Robillard—French.

First Lt. Ralph B. DeWitt—French.

Second Lt. Kenneth W. Benner—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Earl H. Phillips—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Tilghman H. Saunders—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Joseph J. Tavern—Spanish.

Second Lt. George E. Williams—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Adolph Zuber—Spanish.

Boatswain James R. Balderson, USCG—Good English.

C. M. M. Arthur F. Hartman, USCG—Machine Shop.

C. B. M. Thomas J. Lusk, USCG—Motor Boat Running.

Gunnery Sgt. John Adams—Mechanical Drawing with Mathematics.

Gunnery Sgt. Charles W. Inglee—Warrant Officer's Preparatory.

Mo. M. M. 1st. Amos Stackhouse, Jr., USCG—Elementary Steam Engineering.

Sergeant Harold L. Maryott—Warrant Officer's Preparatory.

Mo. M. M. 2nd. Robert M. Jackson, USCG—Diesel Engines.

Corporal Earl H. Anderson—Civil Service General Clerical.

Corporal A. E. Dubber, Jr.—Reading Architect's Blueprints.

Corporal Carl F. Heitman—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Corporal Jacob M. Sonsteng—Aeroplane Engines.

Trumpeter John H. Cornish—Complete Automobile.

Ph. M. 3rd. Edward W. Brown, USN—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Private 1st. Flavius R. Isenhardt—Livestock.

Private 1st. Jacob M. Sonsteng—Stationary Internal Combustion Engines.

Private 1st. Franz E. Swaty—Salesmanship.

Private 1st. Edgar B. Walker—Civil Service Clerk Carrier.

H. A. 1st. Gifford P. Cheshire, USN—Spanish.

Private Albert W. Armstrong—Radio.

Private John W. Barker—Civil Service Post Office.

Private Frederick C. Cleghorn—Automobile Mechanics.

Private Alexander L. Cowie—Aeroplane Engines.

Private Charles R. Dray—Motor Boat Running.

Private Saul Gross—Spanish.

Private James C. Heley—Naval Electrician's Preparatory.

Private Herbert Youngs—Good English.

DEATHS

BATTIN, Ralph C., First Lieutenant, died of disease March 19, 1929, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Newport, R. I. Next of kin: Helen I. Battin, wife, 5 Charles Street, Newport, R. I.

CLAUSING, John G., First Lieutenant, died March 1, 1929, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mr. E. E. Patrick, step-father, P. O. Box 63, Rawlins, Wyoming.

BLACK, Elmer S., Pvt., died March 26, 1929, of wounds received in action in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Isabel D. Black, mother, Montezuma, Colo.

DOUGHTY, John H., Sgt., died March 6, 1929, at Roanoke, Va. Next of kin: Helen C. Doughty, wife, 26 Waite St., Malden, Mass.

HASTINGS, Ira C., Pvt., died March 17, 1929, of disease at Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Anna Hastings, mother, 18 Park St., Albany, N. Y.

MacDONALD, James H., Pvt. 1st., died March 19, 1929, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Clarence MacDonald, father, 167 West Falls St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

MANN, James E., Sgt., died March 21, 1929, of disease, at Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mertie L. Mann, wife, 818 Pennsylvania St., Vallejo, California.

MEISTER, William A., Pvt., died March 4, 1929, at Panama City, Republic of Panama. Next of kin: Anthony W. Meister, father, White Bear Lake, Minn.

NIXON, George B., Pvt., died March 11, 1929, of disease, at Parris Island, S. C. Next of kin: Annie L. Nixon, mother, Box 267, Greenwood, S. C.

SAVULICH, Michael, Pvt., died March 17, 1929, of wounds received in action in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Anna Savulich, mother, 323 Johnston Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

SORRELLS, Ralph S., Pvt., died March 24, 1929, of disease in Haiti. Next of kin: Virginia Sorrells, mother, 88 Anderson Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

ALLEN, John, 1st Sgt., retired, died March 8, 1929, of disease, at Norfolk, Va. Next of kin: Charles Foster, friend, 633 Harrison St., Portsmouth, Va.

McSWEENEY, Michael, 1st Sgt., retired, died March 18, 1929, of disease, at Newark, N. J. Next of kin: Patrick McSweeney, father, Whitby, Ontario, Canada.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS.

BARKER, William D., at Baltimore, 3-29-29, for Recruits, Atlanta.

BELL, Winfield H., at Washington, 3-28-29, for Recruits, Washington.

MANNING, Philip J., at San Diego, 3-23-29, for MB. San Diego.

GARRITY, Peter, at Philadelphia, 3-29-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.

BALAHAN, Thomas, at Chicago, 3-29-29, for MB. Parris Island.

RATHBONE, Ray M., at Tacoma, 3-25-29, for MB. Puget Sound.

WISE, Johnnie H., at Eugene, 3-13-29, for MB. Puget Sound.

GILMORE, Clifford G., at Pearl Harbor, 3-14-29, for MB. Pearl Harbor.

RIEWE, Fred, at Puerta Cabezas, 3-24-29, for 11th Regt., Nicaragua.

HIXENBAUGH, Earl L., at Los Angeles, 3-27-29, for MB. San Diego.

BAUER, Scottie W., at Quantico, 3-30-29, for MB. Quantico.

DAHMS, Henry, at Quantico, 3-29-29, for MB. Quantico.

BRADFORD, Fred W., at Portland, Me., 4-2-29, for MB. Quantico.

McMILLEN, John E., at Philadelphia, 4-1-29, for MB. Quantico.

CONGE, Herbert A., at Cleveland, 4-1-29, for Recruiting, Cleveland.
 CHILDRESS, Sidney L., at Charleston, S. C., 4-1-29, for MB, San Diego.
 STERBAK, Frank M., at Baltimore, 4-1-29, for MB, Quantico.
 RATLIFF, George W., at Philadelphia, 4-1-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 BURNWORTH, James W., at Los Angeles, 3-30-29, for Recruiting, Seattle.
 WILSON, John R., at Vallejo, 3-29-29, for MB, Mare Island.
 O'CONNOR, William F., at Portsmouth, 4-3-29, for MB, Norfolk.
 SAXTON, Lee L., at New London, 4-3-29, for MB, New London.
 STRONG, William H., at Quantico, 4-2-29, for MB, Quantico.
 FARROW, Roy, at Oklahoma City, 4-5-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 MATHEWS, William G., at Managua, 3-19-29, for Nicaraguan National Guard.
 PRUNTY, Hugh J., at Hingham, 3-6-29, for MB, Hingham, Mass.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived San Francisco 13 April. Will proceed to Navy Yard, Mare Island, for overhaul. Scheduled to leave Mare Island 7 June; arrive San Francisco 7 June, leave 10 June for the Asiatic Station on the following itinerary: Arrive San Pedro 11 June, leave 12 June; arrive San Diego 13 June, leave 15 June; arrive Honolulu 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive Guam 4 July, leave 5 July; arrive Manila 10 July.

HENDERSON—Sailed San Diego 10 April for the Asiatic on the following itinerary: Due Honolulu 18 April, leave 19 April; arrive Guam 1 May, leave 2 May; arrive Manila 8 May.

KITTERY—Sailed Hampton Roads 10 April for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 15 April, leave 16 April; arrive Port au Prince 17 April, leave 18 April; arrive Cape Haitien 19 April, leave 20 April; arrive St. Thomas 23 April, leave 24 April; arrive Hampton Roads 29 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 15 May for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 20 May, leave 21 May; arrive Port au Prince 22 May, leave 23 May; arrive Guantanamo 24 May, leave 25 May; arrive Hampton Roads 30 May.

NITRO—Arrived Iona Island 13 April. Scheduled to leave Iona Island 22 April; arrive Newport, R. I., 23 April, leave 24 April; arrive Boston 25 April, leave 29 April; arrive Hampton Roads 1 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 11 May for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 18 May, leave 20 May; arrive Corinto 22 May, leave 22 May; arrive San Diego 30 May, leave 31 May; arrive San Pedro 1 June, leave 3 June; arrive Puget Sound 7 June, leave 15 June; arrive Mare Island 18 June.

PATOKA—At Navy Yard, Philadelphia, for overhaul.

RAMAPO—Sailed San Pedro 23 March for Shanghai. Due 19 April. Will leave Shanghai 2 May; arrive Guam 9 May, leave 17 May for San Francisco via Honolulu.

SALINAS—Sailed Norfolk Yard 9 April for Port Arthur. Due Port Arthur 16 April, leave 19 April; arrive Boston 29 April, leave 30 April; arrive Melville 1 May, leave 3 May; arrive Port Arthur 13 May, leave 15 May; arrive Hampton Roads 22 May.

SAPELO—Sailed Port Arthur 12 April for Norfolk. Due 19 April.

SIRIUS—Arrived Boston 17 March for overhaul. Will leave Boston 8 May on the following itinerary: Arrive New York 9 May, leave 15 May; arrive Philadelphia 16 May, leave 20 May; arrive Hampton Roads 21 May, leave 1 June; arrive Guantanamo 5 June, leave 5 June; arrive Canal Zone 8 June, leave 10 June; arrive Corinto 13 June, leave 13 June; arrive San Diego 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive San Pedro 25 June, leave 26 June; arrive Mare Island 27 June, leave 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July.

VEGA—Arrived South Brooklyn, N. Y., 12 April. Scheduled to leave S. Brooklyn 19 April; arrive Philadelphia 20 April, leave 27 April; arrive Hampton Roads 28 April, leave 9 May; arrive Guantanamo 13 May, leave 14 May; arrive Canal Zone 17 May, leave 19 May; arrive Corinto 22 May, leave 22 May; arrive San Pedro 31 May, leave 3 June; arrive San Pedro 4 June, leave 6 June; arrive Mare Island 7 June, leave 17 June; arrive Puget Sound 20 June.

BRAZOS—Sailed Port Arthur 8 April for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 15 April.

BRIDGE—Sailed Hampton Roads 27 March for Gonaves.

ARCTIC—Sailed San Pedro 12 April for San Francisco.

CUYAMA—Arrived San Pedro 2 April.

KANAWHA—Sailed San Pedro 13 April for Pearl Harbor.

NECHES—Arrived Puget Sound 8 April.

PECOS—Arrived Olongapo 6 April.

SCHEDULE OF 75 MM BATTERIES — (Continued from page 27)

Date	Hour	Enlisted	Officers
	11:00 AM	and B Batteries fill and inspect recoil mechanisms; hold service practice. (Register on base point. A fire axial PP and calibration. B fire same on different target.)	
	11:00	A return to gun park. Clean up. B	Remain in field. Practical
	11:30 AM	remain in position. C fill and inspect.	figuring firing data. (Capt. Nettekoven.)
	12:45 PM	C Battery to firing point.	
	1:00	Service practice. C register on base	With batteries.
	3:00 PM	point and fire a problem in axial PP. B demonstrate sweeping fire.	
	3:00	B and C return to park, clean up.	
	3:30 PM		
	3:30		School. Terrain board exer-
	4:30 PM		cises, axial PP and time and
			P bracket. (Maj. Under-
			hill.)
20	7:00	B remain in park. A and C fill and	With batteries.
	11:00 AM	inspect and fire service practice. After registration on base point batteries alternate problems in axial time bracket.	
	11:00	C return to park, clean up. A remain in position. B fill and inspect.	School. Lateral percussion
	11:50 AM	B to firing point.	precision. (Capt. Jones.)
	12:45 PM	Service practice (forward O. P.) B	With batteries.
	1:00	register on base point. A and B fire	
	3:00 PM	problems in axial PP and time and P bracket.	
	3:00	A and B return to park, clean and	
	3:30 PM	overhaul.	School. Lateral PP and
	3:00		lateral time and P. Bracket.
	5:00 PM		(Capt. Jones.)
21	7:00	A remain in park. B and C fill and	With batteries.
	11:00 AM	inspect and fire service practice in lateral PP.	
	11:00		School. Lateral T and P.
	11:50 AM		Bracket. (Capt. Jones.)
	1:00	Service practice in lateral PP and	With batteries.
	3:00 PM	demonstration of lateral T and P bracket.	
	3:00	C and B return to park, clean up.	
	3:30 PM		
	3:00		School. K method and Wit-
	5:00 PM		ness target method. (Maj. Underhill.)
22	7:00	B remain in park. A and C fill and	With batteries.
	11:00 AM	inspect and fire service practice using K method on two auxiliary targets, transferring fire to another target. Also fire witness target method.	
	11:00		School. High burst rang-
	11:50 AM		ing. (Capt. Jones.)
	1:00	A and C continue K and witness target firing.	With batteries.
	2:30 PM	Return to park. Clean up.	
	2:30		
	3:00 PM		
	4:00	Formal inspection of camp and reserve batteries by Battalion Commander.	Same as enlisted.
	5:00 PM		
23	7:00	C remain in park. A and B fill and	With batteries.
	11:00 AM	inspect. Proceed to two firing points. Demonstration problems in high burst ranging.	
	11:00	Return to park. Clean up and over-	
	11:30 AM	haul.	
	1:15	Assembly of all reservists. Address by Bn. Comdr.	
	1:45 PM		
	2:00	Pack up. Prepare to break camp.	
	4:00 PM		
24		Proceed by truck to entraining point for transportation to home station.	

BASEBALL SITUATION

(Continued from page 37)

know of them, includes: Jesse Kidd, who can certainly bear down on them; Lefty Smith and Scarlett. Jess has speed which would not be a bit out of place on Daytona Beach. When the boys with their big guns face him, those same big guns are reduced to the effectiveness of water pistols.

Smitty also takes them by storm. Likewise, Scarlett. These two are very quiet and retiring young men. That is, when they pitch. They very quickly quiet and retire the opposing side. They will demonstrate these traits in any game in which they participate.

With the pitching this staff will put out about all the rest of the team will have to do will be to hit the apple when the Marines are up to bat.

And getting around to hitting, there hasn't been any over-abundance of it as yet. Gy. Sgt. "Jim" Crow, the big shot, carries the opinion that the boys are not swinging in the right place. Which, after an hour or two of silent meditation, seems to be about right. But before long they will come around. Just watch the games on the northern trip, and the remaining ones at home. You will see in large type where Cy Young, Jesse Kidd, Peggy O'Neil, Levey and the remainder have hit their stride and are lining them out just like old times in twenty-eight. Gorman is already lining them out. Derr also gets on base about as often as any. Which speaks lots for Derr. He is not fashioned along the delicate lines of a sprinter.

So, judging everything in my own vague way, it shouldn't be long now.

THE WINGLESS ONE

(Continued from page 4)

though it had been a dead snake. Not so good.

Then the blow-off came!

Lord knows how the thing started. It may have been the fault of some dopey radio operator at Brigade; it may have been the lack of experience of one of Aircraft's own radio operators; it may have been that the "Old Man" in Tientsin actually sent the radio in good faith because of a report turned in by his Intelligence Department. It might have happened in any one of a hundred different ways. I am only concerned at this moment with the fact that it did happen.

Anyway, Jerry Baird and Master Technical Sergeant Hammerstrom had been back on the job exactly two days when the word came.

Tientsin had fallen to the Southerners, or was about to fall, and the gray-uniformed myriads of Chang Tso-lin were retreating as fast as their own feet and the Peking-Mukden line would carry them! The Peking-Mukden line was so close to our encampment on the Hai Ho that any one of us could have thrown a rock into the depot of Hsin Ho, while the road leading southward from Tientsin almost ran over the camp—and retreating Chinese soldiers usually have a grudge at the whole world!

They don't know drill or military stuff, as compared to Marines, but where there are several thousand of them to one lousy Marine it's something else again. And on whom could we, or our glorious country, lay the blame if some of the soldiers got out of hand and decided to grab some food and miscellaneous gear out of our galleys and storerooms?

Major Bevans sent for me. He wasn't my commanding officer, but with my own C. O.'s permission I had volunteered to do anything I could from the intelligence angle. I went. "Cocky" Bevans came directly to the point. He gave me the dope on that radio. He informed me that two flyers were in Peitaiho on leave, two were enroute to Chefoo on an aerial mapping expedition, and that he had to get two ships in the air at once. D. H.'s too, because of the fact that each ship needed an observer.

"I'm on," I stated, without waiting for any more. "Whom do I ride with?"

Hammerstrom, and may God have mercy on your soul! There'll be two ships, and Baird takes off the other one. You fly in formation, heading for Tientsin until you pick up the troop movements. Jerry Baird being senior to Hammerstrom will fly in lead, which gives you an out—for Hammerstrom is a flyer, and can keep from crashing Jerry, no matter how he flops her around up there. But it'll be a test on your nerves, old man!"

What a set of circumstances! As though Old Lady Coincidence herself had worked the strings, to the end that we should have our two unforgettable hours in the air. Hammerstrom and Jerry Baird were sent for and Bevans explained what he wished. A gunnery sergeant was to be in the after cockpit of Jerry's ship. Bevans waved us away.

When we got out on the field our ships were already warming up, and ground crews had brought helmets, goggles and suits for each of us. As I put mine on I felt again that old thrill which is always mine when props are filling all the world with deafening sound; when the back-blasts of whirring propellers are kicking great chunks of dust out of the ground under and behind taut ships, and hurling it into the faces of people a hundred yards away; when grim De Havillands are straining at the chocks, eager to be away and into the blue. I'll always be a flyer at heart, and the lure of it will never wane for me. If only I had good eyes—

Which reminded me that I had left my thick-lensed spectacles in my tent. I would need them if I would see anything from the ship, for beyond a few yards my vision is tragic. I dashed back to my tent for the glasses, to be worn, with some discomfort, under the goggles provided for flyers.

The Chinese boy who had been with me as general factotum ever since my arrival in Pe-Chihli Province, grasped my arm.

"Mahster should not fly today," he managed in his queer English.

I shook off his hand impatiently. The sound of engines had died down and I knew that both ships were idling, the flyers probably waiting for me. But the boy grasped my arm again.

"Don't go, Mahster!"

"What the devil—" I began.

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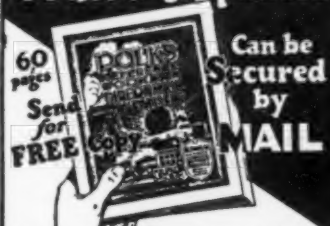
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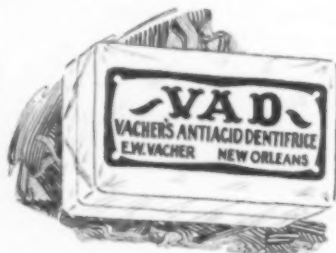


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Wun Bow Shan dropped my arm and pointed excitedly into the west, toward Tientsin. He began to rattle away in his own lingo. I got a few words of pidgin English here and there and gathered that something terrible was about to happen to the weather—just what I couldn't make out. Well, I had a lot of respect for the Chinese as weather prophets; they know more about weather, past, present and future, than all the instruments ever invented; but I didn't intend to be balked if there promised to be any excitement in the offing.

I darted back to the plane, donned my parachute—which I fervently hoped I'd never, never need to use—and climbed into the after cockpit. Hammerstrom, impatience all over his face which still bore the scars caused by Jerry's fists, nodded to the men on the wings, who yanked the chocks free.

Instantly Hammerstrom gave her the gun. Perhaps he didn't intend to do what he did, I don't know. His ship and Jerry's had been side by side, and when he started off down the field he managed to swerve his ship slightly, so that Jerry, Jerry's ship, and Jerry's observer, got the full benefit of the back-blast from our prop. Not very sporting, to say the least, but I gave Hammerstrom the benefit of the doubt. He mightn't have meant to do it. In any case, it was none of my business. I was senior to Hammerstrom, true; but I wasn't a flyer, and Hammerstrom was boss of his ship.

We were headed into the wind and going like a bat out of Hades in less time than it would take a hair-lipped man to say Johann Robinson. Hammerstrom got her tail off, and he'd no more than done that, it seemed to me, before, giving her full gun, he brought her nose up, lifting her so swiftly that her tail must have gone back and touched the ground even after the trucks had left it.

It was as near a straight-up-take-off as I have ever seen, let alone experienced, and Hammerstrom, off the ground, yanked her around in a turn that made me dizzy, wondering whether he was trying to spin her on her left wing. Herein, of course, he violated a certain rule: fly straight unless you're sure the other fellow isn't taking off behind you. Anyway, it didn't bother Hammerstrom, and he was a flyer, I'll say that for him.

We circled the field, climbing at a steep angle the while. We'd made one prodigious leap into the air of almost fifteen hundred feet. Hammerstrom hadn't wasted a moment. He was leaning over the side of his cockpit now, handling his ship instinctively, as he looked down upon the second ship. I looked down, too. Jerry Baird had been delayed a minute or two, and was just starting down the field. The dust was streaming out behind him, hiding from view the ground crew which had got him under way, and his boat looked like a blundering beetle with its wings spread.

I saw the ship lift and settle. Jerry Baird was having his usual difficulty in getting her off—and he had already almost come to the end of the field, plung-

ing hellbent for a row of brick buildings belonging to the Pekin-Mukden line. If he didn't get off, or didn't kick her around or something, he'd crash into those buildings, which wouldn't give any to speak of! Hammerstrom, of course, would be enjoying Jerry's rough going. A man like Hammerstrom had no use for a flyer who couldn't fly.

I darted a glance at Hammerstrom, expecting to see that derisive grin on his face. But he was not grinning. His face was pale and set. Even his lips were pale, and his lips were moving, slowly and fervently, as though he prayed. For Jerry Baird? Well, I'm only telling you.

Jerry did manage to get his ship off the ground, but I'll bet, though of course I couldn't tell from where I was, that he didn't miss the roofs of those brick buildings by the width of a mosquito's chin whiskers.

Once in the air, though, and Jerry Baird wasted no time. He started climbing with all the D. H. had. He might over-control, might under—or over-estimate distances in landing and taking off; but he had guts, and wasn't afraid to gun her—and the faithful old ship climbed up to our level in almost no time.

Hammerstrom leveled off, straightened out for Tientsin, and held her down until Jerry should pass him and take the lead.

In no time Jerry was on our tail, below and to the left, and he was making knots. He waved, and I know he looked straight at me, ignoring Hammerstrom, as he flashed past.

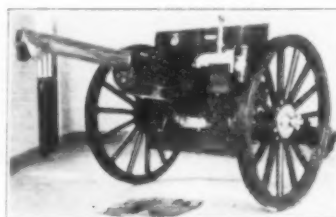
Hammerstrom gunned

her as Jerry slid into the lead, and moved up until he was slightly above and to the right rear of Jerry's ship.

Did you ever fly in formation? Try it some time. Air currents, peculiarities of the flyers, and all that, enter into it. One ship strikes a "bump" and jumps out of her shoes, slamming you down in your seat or jerking you up to the extent of your safety belt, and you're plumb sure that you're going to get your wings all messed up with the other fellow's wings and everybody take a swift ride earthward together.

Your pilot surges ahead, straight on the other ship, which may be rising slightly because of one of those bumps, and the old wings edge in toward each other like hands striving to clasp but lacking length, and you hold your breath until he drops back. You note the pilot of the leading ship, how he looks straight to the front as though he didn't know you were somewhere behind him—common sense tells you he does know, and flying the best he knows in order for the other fellow to "guide" on him—and you wonder what would happen if he'd suddenly bank to the right—well, say, it's a thrill of a lifetime, and I don't mean perhaps!

I was conscious of every movement made by Hammerstrom, without actually watching everything he did. Long ago I'd got over the habit of looking excitedly over side of my cockpit every time the pilot looked over the side of his. Funny how chaps taking their first



hop do that—looking the same direction the pilot does, and looking quick if he does, as though they thought he sensed disaster and were trying, by aping his movements, to read his mind! The Gunnery Sergeant in Jerry's ship was watching our left wing like a hawk, which rather got to me, if you know what I mean—and it came to me that Hammerstrom really was crowding Jerry more than the law provided for.

Even as the thought occurred to me, our left wing slipped over toward Jerry's right wing, and I could feel our ship move up a trifle, until we were almost side by side, on the same level. Was Hammerstrom after Jerry's goat? He didn't get it if he was, for Jerry vouchsafed him not a single glance—

No, not even when the wing-tips actually did dove-tail for a second or two, and a wing walker could have transferred from one ship to the other—and I held my breath until it almost choked me to death! The altimeter said four thousand feet, the ground looked hard and far away, and I hated parachutes fervently, never guessing how soon I was destined to use the one upon which, at the moment, I was sitting.

After a time Jerry turned and looked at us. He didn't grin a bit, either. He knew blamed well that Hammerstrom, banking on his own faultless flying to keep himself out of difficulties, was deliberately baiting him. Dangerous business, with four thousand feet to fall through in case of an error in judgment.

All the time, as we hurtled westward toward Tientsin, I was trying to recall something. You know how it is when you've forgotten something, know you've forgotten something, and yet can't recall what it was? That's it.

Then I remembered, with a sigh of relief. It wasn't anything, after all—only the solicitude of faithful Wun Bow Shan for my safety, his prattling about the weather.

Come to notice it, though, there was something about the weather! It was decidedly cool, and rather damp. This was the time of the fou, and it should have been hotter than blazes, even up here. Perhaps Wun Bow Shan—

Something struck me hard in the face. I raised my hand. It came away damp. Rain! I knew from experience how it could rain along the Hai Ho, whose snaky course was off to our left—and beginning to look blurred!

Nice thing we were facing if it began to rain in earnest, and it hadn't ever bluffed us yet, after a month at Hsin Ho on the Hai Ho. Our landing field would be a sea of mud. The field at Tientsin would be a sea of mud. All North China, where it was raining, would be a sea of mud—and we'd have to come down sometime!

Hammerstrom waved excitedly to catch the eye of Jerry Baird. Jerry looked up at him. Hammerstrom waved excitedly back the way we had come. He wanted to head back for the field before the rain really got well under way. Jerry

Baird shook his head and pointed downward.

Like an endless stream of army ants, ants covered with dust, a column of gray-uniformed figures was moving eastward from the direction of Tientsin, following the road which led to Hsin Ho and Tongku! Our duty was plain now. We had to look these people over, estimate their number and speed of march, and get back to Major Bevans with the story in spite of Hell and falling rain!

To this day I don't know just how it happened. The beginning of the rain, and the sudden appearance of the snaky gray column had made the flyers forget, momentarily, that they flew closer together than safety would have dictated. Maybe this isn't right, I don't know. I do know that Hammerstrom's plane locked wings with Jerry's. There's one thing to remember, according to Major Bevans, when anything goes wrong while flying in formation—dive!

The same thought must have struck Hammerstrom and Jerry Baird at exactly the same moment, for they nosed down and dove together! If Hammerstrom had slid off to the right, Jerry off to the left, it might never have happened. That's my belief, and I'm no flyer. But habit, and discipline, are strong always upon the military man. Bevans had always cautioned his flyers that, in case of trouble while flying in formation, their only salvation was to dive, and in this instance, dive they did!

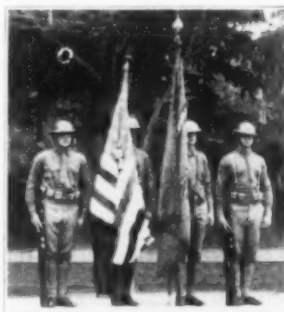
But their wings were locked together tighter than they knew, the ships together, and with their blunt noses pointed toward the ground, and that column of gray-coated Chinese soldiers—every last one of whom now hid himself under an umbrella! Jerry's left wing outdistanced his right wing, infinitesimally, but enough—and the two ships, falling with ever-increasing speed as gravity laid inexorable fingers upon them, were coming together more and more with every foot of altitude lost.

Hammerstrom was frantic. I looked across at Jerry Baird—and the darned fool was grinning!

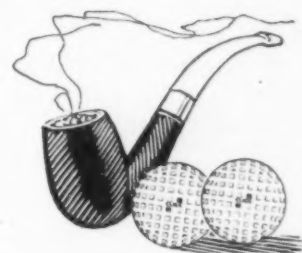
Then Hammerstrom did something, I don't know just what, and the whole ship whirled around to the right. Hammerstrom's ship was intact as our ship disengaged the ship piloted by Jerry Baird, but dangling and flapping in the outer struts and braces of our left wing, until you could hear it above the roar of the engines, was most of the right upper wing of Jerry's ship—the fabric, that is!

I knew, or guessed what that meant. A few minutes of flying with the fabric flapping like that, and the air reaching its searching fingers into the tears in the fabric, would strip Jerry's wings, leaving him in the air—until he hit the ground!—with a heavy engine, a lot of struts and braces, and nothing to hold him up!

Jerry's gunnery sergeant didn't wait. I saw him go over the side as though shot from a catapult, turning over and over in mad somersaults, until his chute



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went mushrooming out above him, hiding him from view save as, swinging back and forth like a pendulum, he appeared outside the edge of the 'chute a time or two while the earth reached up toward him.

Well, we must have hurt Jerry's ship more than we knew, for in a brace of seconds she was spiralling down, out of control. I looked down at that gray-uniformed, endless column. Only now it was not so much of a column as a mob—scattering to right and left like frightened chickens to avoid the down-plunging plane.

Hammerstrom had hurled his helmet aside as though it bothered his thinking processes, and was riding the tail of Jerry's ship. The latter, while it was heading earthward, seemed to be traveling with disconcerting slowness. But even I knew that the spiral wouldn't last long—not with the wing fabric tearing off until long streamers of it stuck straight out behind the ship. We were right on the ship's tail. I saw Jerry stand up, then turn and look dazedly back into his cockpit—and I knew on the instant that Jerry had committed another of those aerial faux pas of his: he had taken off without a parachute!

Hammerstrom turned to me, and his teeth were showing as though he snarled. With a savage gesture he pointed downward, indicating that he wanted me to jump, and to be damned quick about it!

Well, I didn't like the idea; but I did like Jerry Baird, and Hammerstrom had something up his sleeve. Besides, Hammerstrom's own actions had put Jerry in the pickle he was in. Hammerstrom knew his stuff. I didn't. I should obey. But if anybody tells you it's easy to jump out of a ship three thousand feet in the air, trusting to a parachute that may open and may not, you'll know they've never done it, and that they're full of pickled codfish.

It isn't easy, but I closed my eyes, and over I went!

I went down head foremost, being almost jerked out of myself as the 'chute opened and made me change ends. Far below me the gunnery sergeant had struck the ground, and his 'chute was lying on the ground beside him.

Away off to my left Hammerstrom rode the tail of Jerry's spiralling ship, and in the forward cockpit of that ship Jerry was standing erect, tensely watching Hammerstrom's ship as the greatest flyer in China edged closer and closer to Jerry, reaching down to the otherwise doomed flyer with his landing-gear as though that gear had been a helping hand.

CHAPTER IV

Kiwi Passes

SPEAKING just for myself, I had a number of things to think about. That ship of Jerry's, out of control, not because of the torn fabric necessarily, but probably because Jerry, in the sudden excitement, had done something to her, was just as likely to spiral around and strike me and my parachute as not.

I was interested mightily in what was happening to Jerry as Hammerstrom,

the incomparable flyer, edged down closer and closer to Baird with his landing gear—and couldn't watch it all because I was swinging back and forth like a pendulum, in wide arcs, and missed whole pages of the aerial drama each time the 'chute barred my vision. I looked once and Jerry was crouched atop the plane between the two cockpits, or so it appeared, one hand extended toward the landing gear of Hammerstrom's ship—who couldn't by any stretch of the imagination tell when Jerry grasped the gear, and might gun her too quickly, and snap Jerry off the spiralling ship as though he had been a fly.

And he might get too close and brush Jerry off, or tangle the ships up again, crashing them both. I could see, when I wasn't directly under my 'chute—and my pendulum-like movement was less and less as I dropped earthward—but I couldn't signal Hammerstrom. Hammerstrom had to try the hardest stunt I've ever seen a pilot try, and do every darned bit of it by guess. As I say, I saw Jerry crouched down, one hand grasping for Hammerstrom's landing gear. Then I swung under my 'chute. When I came out again where I could see—and the excitement of watching the

efforts of those two flyers made me forget that Old Mother Earth was reaching up for me with a speed and dispatch—Hammerstrom had slipped over Jerry's ship, and Jerry was hanging for dear life to Hammerstrom's landing gear! His dangling feet were easily two thousand feet from the earth, the

D. H. upon which his life depended was traveling like all-get-out, and I doubted like the very devil if Jerry had the strength to pull himself up and get his legs over the bar. Then I slipped under my 'chute again. When I got a glimpse of 'em again, Jerry still held on by both hands, but he had a knee hooked over that life-saving cross-bar, too, and I felt reasonably sure that he was safe.

I heaved a sigh of relief, only to discover that I was half scared to death. It just occurred to me that I'd never before made a parachute jump, that I was getting away with one this very moment, and the sudden knowledge made me feel sick and faint—no kidding! If anybody told me I'd ever take a jump in a 'chute I'd have told him he was sillier than a cross-eyed Chinaman.

But here I was, and it wasn't half bad. The ground was getting closer fast, but not near as fast as it would have if I had jumped without a parachute or had failed to pull the ripcord. Come to think of it, I didn't remember pulling the ripcord. Most assuredly does Satan look after his own.

But we weren't out of the woods by any means; for by this time it was raining like bloody blazes, and in ten minutes Mex, as I have said before, all North China would be a sea of mud. There'll be no chance to land anywhere. A chap like Hammerstrom, who was a faultless flyer, might land in a muddy field, even as muddy as that one would be back at Hsin Ho on the Hai Ho, and save himself; but even Hammerstrom would never get away with such a land-



ing with a man on his landing gear, and have any luck saving that man.

What would Hammerstrom do?

As I saw it in the little time allotted me before I struck the ground, there was one thing to do. Land right here, where the ground looked all right, and get Jerry off that landing gear. That part would be easy. The difficulty would be to keep him on until it was really time to dismount.

Hammerstrom had glided away from the spiralling ship which had been Jerry's, and was swooping down toward the only possible landing field in the vicinity—which happened at the moment to be literally covered by Chinese soldiers in gray, wearing the yellow brassards of Chang Tso-lin!

It was Jerry's doomed ship that settled that matter, and it happened just after I hit the ground, was dragged on my face through mud that wasn't so terribly thick as yet. Those uniformed chaps with the umbrellas, having just witnessed the sudden dropping out of the sky of two foreign devils with great white pangs over their heads to keep off the rain, were scanning the sky to see whether anything else of the sort might be forthcoming.

There was. It was Jerry's ship, whose right wing by this time was a total loss, so much so that the landing of the un-piloted ship was not the least bit graceful. She struck with a loud thud, her engine stopping when she went up on her nose, and the propeller buried itself in the mud. In spite of the rain, which should by this time have stopped any conflagration, Jerry's ship burst into flames. I shuddered as, free of my 'chute, I watched the ship burn. Suppose Jerry had stayed with her!

But Hammerstrom was coming down, and now there was plenty of room. The Chinese soldiers had scattered to all the many winds—and rains, hiding under their umbrellas as chickens hide under the mother hen. Umbrellas as part of a soldier's equipment! It was to laugh. Still, I'd seen a day or two since I'd been in China when our soldiers might have done well with umbrellas.

Hammerstrom wasn't one of those flyers who have to maneuver half a day before going into a field. He swooped down, looked her over once, banked—but not too sharply on account of Jerry—and made a perfect landing. In two shakes he was out of the cockpit, just as a rather shaken Jerry Baird crawled from the landing gear beneath. Jerry was so muddled of face that I couldn't see whether his face was pale or not. But he did something funny. He grinned at Hammerstrom, and stuck out his hand! Hammerstrom didn't take it. He looked Jerry Baird straight in the face for a full minute, and his own face—and I was close enough to see it all—was unreadable as far as I was concerned.

"Quick, sir!" he said. "Climb in my ship and get back to the camp. I doubt if there'll be much chance to make a

decent landing, but you can try. We haven't enough ships in China to take a chance on losing two in one day. There's room in the ship for you two officers. This is a railroad station, Chun Liang Cheng, and the gunnery sergeant and myself can wait for a train back to Hsin Ho. Travel fast and you may make it in before the landing field turns into a lake!"

For a long moment Jerry Baird looked at Hammerstrom. Then he looked at his right hand, which had been extended during the curt speech of Hammerstrom, and grinned cheerfully.

"Hammerstrom," he said, "you know damned well I can't set this ship down in the field the way it'll be when I get back. There's one flyer in China who could do it and, maybe, get away with it—that's you."

But Hammerstrom had faced about and was heading for the railroad station, which was all dim and blurry through the rain. We couldn't waste time in arguing. After all, we were officers; Hammerstrom and the gunnery sergeant were enlisted men. Our rank entitled us to the ship, though it was really Hammerstrom's ship, and he could have insisted on flying it back, even had Jerry asked to do so—which Jerry most emphatically had not.

Well, we climbed in and there was no lost motion. Personally, my heart was up in my mouth. I had never ridden with Jerry, and much as I liked him I had never experienced any desire to ride with him. He was just simply unlucky in the air. Always smashing things. What would he be like, taking off in

one sea of mud and landing in another, with a veritable wall of rain stretching through all the air between? Not so good!

I closed my eyes and prayed as Jerry swung her around, headed her into what little wind there was, and sent her into the wall of rain. And when I say "wall of rain" I mean just that. Ever ride a ship in the rain? Try it some time, especially if you have a tender face, and if your face isn't whipped into the consistency of raw beefsteak within a brace of minutes I'll give you the pot.

Jerry got her off, and she wasn't wobbling as much as I expected—scarcely any, in fact. But how that rain did pelt my face as she lifted, roaring that music which is the most beautiful in all the world in the ears of the born flyer! Jerry lifted her swiftly, leveling off at two hundred. We couldn't waste time in climbing if we were to get back to Hsin Ho and have any chance of landing at all—and if ever a man literally hurled a ship through the air, Jerry hurled that old De Haviland.

Even above the endless roaring of the engine I could hear the whining of the winds and rain through the struts and braces, and the ground below us was a blur that flowed away behind us like a river dashing down a mountain-side. The road to Tongku, which we were following, was as crooked as a snake with cramps, and we traveled so fast—for a





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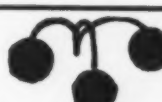
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D. H.—that the snake actually seemed to be in motion below us. When you're away up in the air a plane doesn't seem to travel so terribly fast; but at two hundred elevation it is something else again.

Jerry didn't look back. Hunched forward, his eyes were straight ahead. The old boat rode an even keel and, personally, I couldn't tell a deuce of a lot of difference between his flying and that of Hammerstrom—yet Jerry was the "kiwi of Pe-Chihli," and Hammerstrom the best American flyer in China.

Then we came in sight of the field where Jerry's test was to come. Jerry never had made a really decent landing in that field under the best of conditions. Now he had to make a stab at it through a wall of rain, and the ground most certainly was already so soft that it would have bogged a cow—and a D. H. lands at somewhere around sixty miles an hour!

I was glad that I had plenty of insurance. My family would be taken care of if I died thus nobly. Then I recalled that all my insurance policies had "riders" in 'em which distinctly said my family couldn't get a cent if I rubbed out in an airplane accident! Good Lord! I almost went over the side in my second parachute jump of the day; but recalled just in time that my parachute was back at Chun Liang Cheng, and we were already so close to the ground that it wouldn't have been any use to me anyhow.

Jerry didn't even take a look at that field. He just dove for it. I made a wild guess, as the ground plunged up in our faces, that Jerry had just closed his eyes, pointed her nose at the ground, and let her slide!

But he was on the job, for he kept jazzing her as we swooped down. If he'd been just dropping in, that would never have occurred to him.

Well, Jerry Baird, the "kiwi," who had never made a decent landing in his life—according to his compatriots in the air service—slipped into that field as though it had been especially oiled and prepared to receive him. I had closed my eyes. When I opened them again, wondering if we had crashed and I had been killed—but right away I knew I was alive, for it was still raining, and I have it on good authority that there's little rain where I expect to go—it was to discover that the worst was over, and that Jerry had accomplished what, in all probability, Hammerstrom couldn't have done to save his life.

Jerry had no more than cut the gun before he had turned to me and was trying to slap me on the back—bashing the top of my head instead, for the simple reason that he couldn't reach my back—and I never saw a happier, crazier flyer in all my life!

"I've got it, Marine, I've got it!" he bellowed in my ear. "I've got the old flying sense I never expected to have! I've always over-controlled; but I was so anxious to get back here, and was so worked up over my narrow escape back yonder, that I forgot all about the actual

flying end of it! Just what I needed. I'll never be nervous about handling a ship again. Wait until I take the next one up! I'll turn her wrong side out and make her like it! You'll have to go up with me!"

Very emphatically I shook my head.

"Nevermore," I stated positively, and then there came a flash of inspiration on my part, as I continued: "I'll bet that Hammerstrom knew all the time—"

And then I stopped. It wasn't my pidgin to get Hammerstrom and Jerry Baird back into friendly relations. But I carried my idea to "Cocky" Bevans. He nodded.

"Yeh," he said, "Hammerstrom has made more flyers than you could shake a stick at. He knows the game from A to Izzard, and he either makes a flyer, if it comes within his purview, or breaks him. He really likes Jerry Baird, you know, and he knew if he stung him enough he'd make him fly. Of course, this affair this afternoon was accidental; but it worked right in with Hammerstrom's intentions. Everything happened so fast that Jerry hadn't a chance to get scared. Jerry doesn't know yet what Hammerstrom's done to him; but I'll bet you're friends—as far as discipline allows—before the day is over."

Funny thing, that. Evidently "Cocky"

Bevans knew something about men.

Hammerstrom and the gunnery sergeant came in a couple of hours later, and slogged through mud a mile deep from the depot to the camp. Hammerstrom went straight to the hangar where his ship should have been if she had landed.

Ten minutes later, violating all the

rules for the government of the Navy and Marine Corps, he came to the tent of Jerry Baird, who was still telling me how good he was going to be from then on, broke right in without so much as by-your-leave and insisted in shaking hands with Jerry!

Jerry was puzzled, I could see that; but he was darned glad there was no longer bad blood between himself and Hammerstrom. I only smiled. "Cocky" Bevans knew his groceries—so did Hammerstrom. Between them they had made a flyer of Jerry Baird.

Those Chinese soldiers? Certainly, glad to oblige. Chang Tso-lin had quite a large garrison at Chun Liang Cheng—and still has—and some bamboo American who hoped to get an assignment with Brigade Intelligence, had seen the soldiers drilling as he passed through the little station on the train.

He promptly turned in an alarm at Tientsin upon his arrival, exaggerating the story to suit his own case, and had tried to give the impression that Tientsin was in imminent danger of falling to some Chinese general or other. Brigade had simply radioed Aircraft to take a looksee down upon the "invaders" from the air—and the resultant series of events, coupled with Hammerstrom's plans already laid, had made a real pilot of "kiwi" Jerry Baird.

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CHEVRONS

(Continued from page 7)

"That's all he's givin' any one," said Ham, who still lingered.

"You don't mean to say that I've got to start a drive with ten cartridges, do you?" cried Eadie. "Why, my God, I could shoot all that off at one boche."

"That's all you get," said Cokey, tying up the neck of the sack. "There ain't much here and the Old Man says ten rounds per man. Whoop! Run along now, little boy!"

"Listen," said Eadie, "these gunners don't need pistol ammunition any more than a toad needs a pocket. If the boche got close enough to them to use pistols, they'd take wings to themselves like a bird. But I've got to run around out there in the woods all alone!"

"You tryin' to tell me you'd stay an' shoot it out with a boche? Ho! Ho! Sergeant Eadie, you'll kill me laughin'. Ten rounds per man, them's orders. If you shoot all them off at a German, you come back and I'll give you more."

"Time flies," said Ham.

Eadie pocketed his ammunition and followed Ham away from the pile of boxes. The horses were being led from the picket line and harnessed to the guns and a number of men were lashing tarpaulins on the fourgon, a small four-wheeled wagon that seemed filled to bursting.

"They better get a move on with those others," said Eadie, pointing to the huge slat wagon, another fourgon, and a two-wheeled cart like a dump cart. These wagons were still in line, the harness on the poles, covered with tarpaulins.

"They ain't going," said Ham. Nothing goes forward but the firing battery and one fourgon with instruments, my guns, and as much field gun ammo as they can get into it."

"I'm going to get some food!" said Eadie suddenly. "If the kitchen doesn't go, then there ought to be some chow left. I've got a million things to do, but the first and most important now is to eat. The best knowledge of the country in the world won't help a man if he collapses from hunger. And I haven't had the oat bag on since morning."

"Where yuh going to march?" asked Ham.

"With the machine gunners," said Eadie, "my old gang of thugs."

"Good," said Ham, "you an' me an' the gunners will follow up the fourgon like we always do. See yuh later." Ham looked at his watch. "Boy, we got fifteen minutes. I gotta step." He darted away at a run.

CHAPTER VI

Lieutenant Connor

EADIE wended his way toward the end of the encampment farthest from the picket line. Here he knew the kitchen would be and, sure enough, under a dirty tarpaulin he found the chow gun, a greasy table, and the cook, smoking a cigarette.

"How's chances on a feed, Joe?" called the sergeant.

"Well, if it ain't Eadie. Heard you was dead. Come in. Got some slum left

and coffee and bread and jam. How's that suit you?"

"Fine," said Eadie, "only make it fast, because we move out of here in a few minutes."

"Got it right here," said the cook. He ladled slum into Eadie's messkit, gave him a can half full of jam, and handed him several slices of bread. "Mug o' Java," said the cook, filling Eadie's cup, "an' there you are. Well how are yuh? What happened to you up on the Marne? We heard all kinds o' yarns. First off when you didn't come back we heard you was gone home to the States to be a officer. They had it all round the regiment. Then we heard you bumped off a shavetail outta the machine guns. Last we heard you an' Collins an' Mike Sergovsky an' Red Sloan was all killed in a heap."

"Most of it's true," said Eadie, gulping coffee. "I was up on the front and some of the gang from the battalion were up there orienting. They told me I was detailed to go home. So then I started on the run for the battery and met Sloan and the rest of them waiting at a crossroads. We took a short cut across a field." Eadie paused, his eyes looking into space, his mind on that red night above the Marne. "We heard it coming," resumed Eadie, "and we flopped. 'Lie down,' says the nurse to me, 'you're at Jouy-sur-Morin.' The next I knew I was on a hospital train. Joe, if you want to know what fun is, you want to ride on a hospital train, three in a bunk, said bunk being built for one."

"Are you a member of this battery?" asked a disagreeable voice.

Eadie looked up. An officer stood before him, a thin man, with a nervous petulant mouth, angry eyes, and the air of a spoiled child looking for some one to bully.

"Yes, sir," said Eadie.

"What do you mean by loafing in the kitchen when we're all trying so hard to get away on time? Why haven't you eaten your supper long ago?"

"I just rejoined, sir," said Eadie.

"Where have you been?"

"I've just come back from hospital, sir." Eadie shifted his arm ever so slightly so that the officer might see the wound stripe.

"Where were you hit?" asked the officer.

"I wasn't hit, I was gassed."

"Oh, said the officer. There was a short pause. "Have you authority to wear that wound stripe?"

"No, sir," said Eadie, "but I expect—"


"Well, you'd better take it off then. Hurry and finish your meal and do some work. I daresay you've done little enough the past month or so." The officer walked coldly away.

"For God's sake, who is that?" gasped Eadie. "Where the hell did he come from?"

"Oh, don't mind him, he's simple," said the cook, throwing away his cigarette and starting to pick his teeth with a splinter. "Name's Connor. I think they got him off a salvage pile somewhere."

"What's his job?" asked Eadie. "He throw any weight around?"

"Naw. Shavetail. In charge o' the echelon now, wheeled transport an' the like o' that."



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"He your boss?" asked Eadie, attacking the slum again.

"Huh!" said the cook, "he thought he was. I had a shin bone cookin' here the other mornin' an' he says to me, 'What's for dinner to-day?' Sye, 'Soup.' 'Taint enough," says he. Sye, 'I'm takin' orders from the mess sergeant.' 'Don't be insubordinate,' says he. Sye, 'This here is a regular outfit an' there ain't but two men rates hell-high round this kitchen. Them's the battery commander an' the mess sergeant.' 'We'll see about that,' says he. Sye, 'Do! There's the captain's tent right over there under that big tree.' Well, sergeant, he went over there and his ears was red as fire. Well, when he come out, they was redder'n ever. Why, goddamn him!" cried the cook, throwing away his toothpick and leaping to his feet, "I was slingin' hash in this man's army before he was pupped!"

"Don't mind him," said Eadie, "he's simple." He started to laugh and choked on a piece of bread.

"I ain't riled," said the cook, "I'm just tellin' you about it."

"I'm glad he's staying here," said Eadie. "There'll be enough things at the front to bother me. Look, can you let me have a can of hardtack and some canned willy? I want to take them along in my musette."

"That shavey won't go nowhere near the front," said the cook, rummaging for the hardtack and willy, "there are too many solda-does eager an' willin' to let go a slug at him. There! There goes the whistles. I'm glad I'm a cook. It's gonna be a wet night."

"Damn it," muttered Eadie. He stood up and put the can of hardtack and the canned willy into his musette. Whistles were blowing all over the woods, he could hear the rattling bang of the gun carriages forming column on the road, and the hoarse cries of the dismounted men answering to their names as the roll was called. "So long, Joe," said the sergeant. "Good luck," replied the cook. "Bring us back a few souvenirs."

Eadie ran to where he had left his pack and found the fourgon already drawn out on the road with the machine gunners grouped behind it.

"Come on, Eadie," called Ham. "Leave your pack. Orders is to leave packs, they come up later if we're in need of 'em. Shove it under that tarpaulin over there with the rest of 'em. Got your name on it?"

"Sure has," said Eadie, untying his overcoat from the pack. "That isn't such a bad order. I won't have to hike all night with a full pack. Oh, hell, that damned map!" The sergeant looked desperately around for Lieutenant Sawyer, the officer to whom the captain had directed him to report to memorize the map. He discovered the officer, already mounted, moving down the road. The sergeant pursued him.

"Oh, lieutenant," he gasped, "I'm supposed to memorize the sector and I couldn't get a second to do it until now. Could I borrow your map while there's a little daylight left?"

"Hullo, sergeant," said the lieutenant,

leaning from the saddle to shake hands. "It wouldn't do you any good to borrow the map now, you couldn't see, and we won't be allowed any light. I wouldn't dare lend it to you, because it's the only fire map we've got."

"Oh, man!" muttered the sergeant helplessly.

"It isn't really necessary for you to bone the map," said the lieutenant, moving out again. "Don't worry. Have you got a first-aid packet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's all you need."

With a loud cry from the different drivers and the slapping of whips the column began to move. Six-thirty exactly. In those days of thousands of men and few roads, columns were scheduled and routed like railroad trains and they must move with the same regularity. A commanding officer that moved out his column five minutes late was liable to lose his job, for other columns were waiting to use the same road and would move out from different places with the expectation of finding the road clear when they got to it. If it wasn't clear, they would have to wait and others behind them, with the result that all would be confusion and delay and some units would arrive at their destinations after daylight, with the consequent danger of discovery by the enemy. Often at a certain hour a narrow road, wide enough for one-way traffic only, would be switched from north-bound to south-bound columns. And if the



north-bound column was late, and the south-bound column started on time—as it would have to—things would be interesting. There are few worse places in the world to be than on a narrow road near the front in the small hours of the morning, when a mile long column of trucks has encountered a mile long column of field artillery going in the opposite direction. If the enemy starts to shell the road about the time that the two columns meet, joy will reign supreme.

The battery turned out onto the main road. There was a little knot of men gathered there to take a last look at the departing troops and among these Eadie recognized Coke Mullins, the supply sergeant.

"Whadda yuh say on some more ammunition?" called Ham.

"Can't give it to you boys to waste. Whoop! Ammunition costs money."

"He's going to keep it to sell to the Algerians," said Eadie. The chorus of jeers that followed this remark nettled the supply sergeant.

"What's that on your arm, Eadie?" replied Coke with a red face.

"It's something you'll never wear," yelled back the sergeant.

"Right," agreed Ham. "Get in your hole, Coke, the soldiers are goin' to war. Come up to-morrow and souvenir what's left of us."

The column rattled and bumped along the road northward. It began to rain and Eadie put on his slicker.

"Well, so we're driving," said he. "And I broke my neck to get up here in time to go with it. Figure that out! Well,

I suppose if I'd got here too late for it I'd have been just as mad!"

"Wait till you see the place we're drivin' at," said one of the machine gunners. "I wouldn't give a Dijon franc for our chances o' goin' ten yards."

"Have you been up on the front?" asked the sergeant in surprise.

"Up on the front?" cried all. "Damn right we been up. Every night for the last coupla weeks."

"We been buryin' ammunition," explained Ham. "We go up and bury shells where the battery is going to be. Fifty rounds here, fifty rounds somewhere else. Every one in the outfit went up and worked like hell."

"Have we got a good place for the guns?" asked Eadie.

Again every one tried to answer at once. "I'll say it's good," they cried. "It's out in No Man's Land about fifty yards in front o' the trenches."

"And there's a great big hill there," said Ham, "the biggest hill I ever see and on top of it's the boche. Boy, they can lean out of their observatories and spit on the gunners."

"Kid us along!" scoffed Eadie.

"All right," said the gunners. "Wait till it gets daylight an' see."

Darkness fell and the rain increased. Eadie remembered that his gas mask had not had its eye-pieces greased and that the rain would blur his vision when he put it on. His pistol would be still gummy with cosmoline. The barrel was not even clear. After the fatigue of the previous day the night march was doubly exhausting, even though he could rest by sitting on the steps of the fourgon during the frequent halts. Try as he could, he could not shake off a deep depression, which, as the night and the march progressed, began to develop into downright fear.

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked Ham, sitting down beside Eadie during one of the halts. "You don't seem to have much to say."

"I tell you, Ham, I'm scared," said Eadie. "I've been running around France for the last ten days or so and I'm all tired out. And then to be wet and cold. This rain gets my goat. They say that a man's first battle is the worst, and after that he doesn't mind. What a damn lie! This isn't my first scrap by a long shot, but I'm twice as scared as I ever was on the Marne."

"So'm I," said Ham. "Wait till you see the front, though, and what we've got to drive against, an' if you don't put in for a new suit of underwear, I'll eat my tin hat. Man, my teeth rattle every time I think of it."

"It is colder than hell here, or is it my imagination?" asked Eadie, shivering violently.

"Yeh, it's cold," said Ham. "There's swamps around here makes it that way. Damp comes out of 'em."

Before Eadie's eyes the dim shapes of the gunners moved back and forth in the darkness. A horse stamped, rattling his trace chains and his driver cursed softly. From the head of the column came a wailing cry, "Forwar-r-rd, hooooooo!"

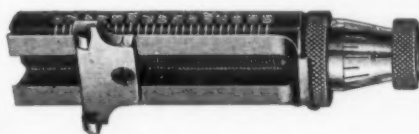
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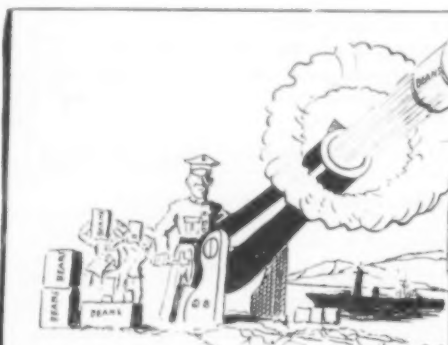
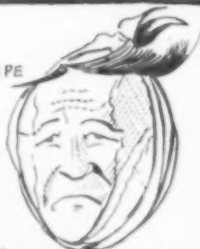
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